

William Branham
A Prophet
Visits
South Africa

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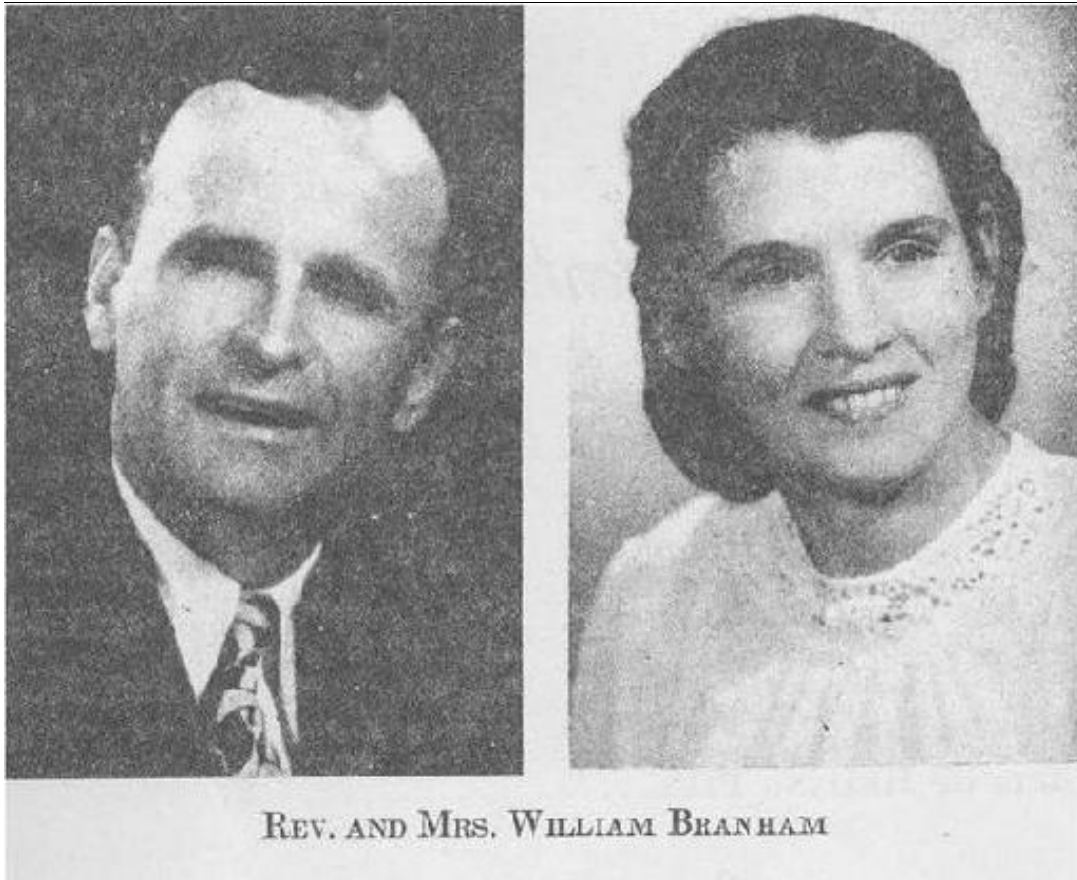
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Preface

The writing of this book has a threefold purpose. First, David tells us in Psalm 105 that we should "make known his deeds among the people." God did many great and wonderful deeds in South Africa through the ministry of the Branham Party. Oh, for words to express what He did in South Africa those last three months of 1951. But human ability, even at its best, could never fully portray the signs and wonders which God wrought in our midst. One writer, making a report of some of the meetings, said, "One would like to have supernatural words to express the supernatural ministry of the Lord among the people."

As I write to you about what I saw God do in South Africa, I feel like the writer must have felt when he tried to describe the love of God and could only say,

"Could we with ink the ocean fill,
And were the skies of parchment made;
Were every stalk on earth a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;
To write the love of God above Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole,
Tho' stretched from sky to sky."

David had seen God work in the midst of His people and as he meditated upon this his every other expression was "for his mercy endureth forever" (Psalm 133). This "forever" included our day and age. Yes, His mercy endureth forever. It endureth for the most influential business man in a thriving South African city. It endureth for the most insignificant native in a segregated African reservation.

The first time that a supernatural voice spoke to Brother Branham it came out of a whirlwind. This is the same way that the Lord spoke to Job, that old patriarch of the early ages, according to the thirty-eighth chapter. There are so many unusual similarities between the life and ministry of William Branham and that of the Old Testament prophets that there can be no doubt in any honest mind that he is a prophet of God just as Elijah, Elisha, Isaiah, Jeremiah and the rest of those who have been recognized as prophets of God.

Knowing therefore that truly God did marvelous deeds in South Africa, proving again that His mercy endureth forever and working through a prophet in our day- this is written to -"make known his deeds among the people."

En-route from Johannesburg to Klerksdorp the Branham Party traveled in two different cars. At one place we stopped to take advantage of an unusual scenic view. As I stepped out of the car Rev. A. J. Schoeman, Chairman of the National Committee, came over and said that Brother Branham wished to speak to me. After exchanging a few remarks with the various ones there, Brother Branham turned to Brother Bosworth and myself. He told us that the angel of the Lord had told him that a report should be written pertaining to the meetings in South Africa and that it was my responsibility to do this. Thus, in the second place, this report is written in accordance with the request of the angel of the Lord.

The third purpose for which this book is written is that God might be able to speak to you through it. As you read some of the highlights of William Branham's early life and the gift that operates through him, may you too realize that he is a prophet of God. Therefore, the message that he brings is not from man but from God, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases" (Psalm 103:3).

As you read the typical service may you take the truths to your own heart and claim the things for which God has paid the supreme price, the death of His only begotten Son.

May the testimonies be a living example and an inspiration to you to believe God. God's universal laws establish faith in Him to be the most powerful force in all the world.

It isn't attending Brother Branham's services, it isn't obtaining a prayer card which enables one to enter the prayer line, it isn't being prayed for by any one person that brings healing for your soul or healing for your body. It is only accepting Christ and His finished work on Calvary, accepting His promises and clinging to them with a faith that wavereth not. Having done this "Only believe, only believe, All things are possible, Only believe." Jesus said, "Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?" (John 11:40.)

A Prophet Visits South Africa

By Julius Stadsklev

CHAPTER 1 - WHO IS WILLIAM BRANHAM?

William Branham was born on a farm near Burkesville, Kentucky, not far from the place where Abraham Lincoln was born approximately a hundred years before. No one is sure of the exact date because no birth records were kept in Kentucky in those days. However, it is believed he was born the sixth day of April 1909 and weighed only 5 pounds. His mother was 15 years of age and his father was 18.

The first day of his life something very unusual happened. After the midwife had washed him and placed him by his mother she went to a window to open the shutter.

There was no glass in the windows in the Branham house in those days and the air and light was regulated by the opening and closing of the wooden shutters. Dawn was just breaking over the fields, sending a few rays of light into the room. With this light came a small circular halo about a foot in diameter which shown with brightness above the bed where the mother and baby lay.

This halo has since been seen by thousands of people and is no doubt the same one that shows in the photograph taken in Houston, Texas, during the January 1950 campaign. A report of this photograph with a photostatic copy of the statements made by George Lacy, U. S. examiner of questioned documents, will be found at the end of this chapter. When the midwife and parents saw this halo they began to cry; they were afraid and did not understand what it all meant. Not until many years later did those who knew about the halo understand that God had His hand on this man for a great ministry to the people of the world.

Religion in any form was not taken into consideration in the Branham family. His grandfather had been a Catholic but his mother and father apparently gave no thought to Christianity. But because of the unusual incident that happened at his birth, his mother took him to a neighborhood Baptist Church. This was his first visit to the church and the last one for many years.

In the early fall of 1909 Kentucky experienced one of its worst snow storms. At this time William Branham's father was away working in a lumber camp where he was stranded because of this severe storm. Soon the supply of food and

fuel at their home began to run out. His mother would go outside and bring in anything she could find to burn in order to keep her child and herself from freezing to death. They never had much food on hand and when their meager supply was gone, she could feel that her strength was leaving her. Help would have to come shortly if they were to live. Finally she became so weak that she realized if she went outside for more wood she might not be able to return.

She took the baby and wrapped him the best she could and put him to bed, waiting for death to come and take them both. They would have died had it not been for a saintly old neighbor of theirs who became strangely concerned about the Branham household. Upon investigation, he found there was no smoke coming out of the chimney. Although the snow was deep, the elderly man made his way to the humble clapboard shingled cabin and found that the door was locked from the inside. He realized that there must be someone inside and seeing no sign of heat in the cabin, he broke in.

He was startled by what he saw when he entered. The mother was near death because of cold and starvation. He prayed that God would spare their lives and not permit this young mother and child to pass from the world this way. Quickly he gathered firewood and stayed there until he had a good blazing fire which soon warmed the humble little two room home. Next, he secured food for the mother and child and soon they were on their way to recovery.

Not long after this the Branham family moved to Utica, Indiana, and the following year to a farm five miles out of Jeffersonville, Indiana, two miles from where he now lives. His early life was marked by tragedy, poverty and misunderstanding.

Some of the most vivid memories of William Branham's youth are pertaining to the poverty in which they were forced to live. His father worked for a wealthy farmer for seventy-five cents a day. He recalls seeing him come home with his shirt stuck to his sunburned back so that his mother had to take the scissors and cut it loose. Their humble home was a little two room cabin with dirt floors and the kitchen sink out underneath the apple tree in the yard.

The first time that God spoke audibly to William Branham was when he was about seven years old. He had just enrolled in a rural school a few miles north of Jeffersonville, Indiana. He came home from school that afternoon and was intent on joining the rest of the boys in some fishing. But as young Branham was about

to leave, his father called him and told him that he would have to carry water for his moonshine still. This of course was a disappointment to him because as a boy he was very fond of hunting and fishing. But he realized that since his father told him to carry water, he'd have to do as he was told.

While carrying the water, he stopped to rest under an old poplar tree half-way between the house and the barn. Suddenly, he heard the sound of wind blowing in the leaves. He looked around and realized that it was a still, sunny, warm day. Listening more intently, he noticed that in a certain place, about the size of a barrel, the wind seemed to be blowing through the trees. Just then a voice came out from the trees saying, "Never drink, smoke or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older."

This frightened him and he ran to the house. Crying, he fell into the arms of his mother who thought that he had been bitten by a snake. He told her that he was just scared and did not tell her about the wind blowing through the leaves nor about the voice. His mother put him to bed thinking he was suffering from a nervous shock. Whenever possible he would avoid going near that tree, choosing rather to detour around the other side of the garden.

Two weeks later as he was playing on the banks of the Ohio River, he saw a vision. He noticed what appeared to him to be a bridge coming up from the Kentucky side of the river, over towards Indiana. As the bridge was progressing towards Indiana, he saw sixteen men drop from the bridge into the water. He went home and told his mother about this but she said that he had been sleeping and had a dream. But young William Branham knew that he had not been sleeping or dreaming. Yet he did not understand what he had seen.

Twenty-two years later the Municipal Bridge was built between Louisville, Kentucky, and Jeffersonville, Indiana, over this exact spot. During the construction of the bridge, sixteen men lost their lives. God was speaking to the young man and laying the foundation for him to have faith in the things that God would show him in the future years.

He was conscious of the fact that there was somebody around him who seemed to always want to talk, but he, having been warned by his mother of spiritualism and demon powers, was afraid and always tried to ignore it.

To add misery and sadness to poverty, his father became a drunkard. William recalls how one whole year he went to school and never owned a shirt which he

could wear. He remembers how at school he sat and looked at the other children who had clothing and began to realize that liquor had stolen from his family the necessities of life.

He read about Abraham Lincoln, who as a young man got off a boat down in New Orleans and saw the white people auction off a large Negro, separating him from his family. His wife and child were there crying, as the man was being sold as if he were a horse. Lincoln realized this was wrong and vowed that some day he would do something about it even at the price of his own life.

In like manner young William Branham sat there in school and thought of the poverty that his family was experiencing because of liquor. He said that this was wrong and he was going to do something about it some day, even at the cost of his life. He has not forgotten his vow, for even to this day he does and will continue to do everything he can to enlighten the people as to the damaging effect of liquor and tobacco.

William Branham tells about the time when his teacher, Mrs. Temple, asked him why he did not take his coat off in school. He couldn't tell her that he did not have a shirt, so he told her that he was chilly. She said, "All right then, go over and sit by the fire." Of course he had to do as she told him, so he went over and sat by the stove. There he was warmer than ever, and although the perspiration was running down his back, he still could not take his coat off. She could not understand it and asked if he wasn't warm yet, to which he replied, "No, Ma'am." Finally she concluded that he was getting the flu, so she sent him home.

Although he did not mind going home from school, he could not help but cry. In order to hide the fact that he did not have a shirt like the other children, he had lied to his teacher by telling her he was cold. Finally he did get a shirt. A shirt made from an old dress one of his cousins had left at his house. He cut the skirt part off but it still did not look much like a shirt. The other children laughed at him, saying he had a girl's dress on. Again he lied saying, "No, I haven't. That's my Indian suit." But they didn't believe him and he went home crying.

Lloyd, a classmate of his, sold the Pathfinder Magazine. In selling this magazine he joined what they called the Lone Scouts, and got himself a uniform of the organization. It was during the First World War and uniforms were very popular. Young William Branham certainly admired that scout suit as he had always wanted to be like a soldier. Of course, he did not have a shirt, much less a

scout suit. So he asked his friend, "Lloyd, when you get that worn out will you give it to me?" He said, "Sure, I'll give it to you, Bill."

He waited and waited, but although the boy was always wearing the suit, it never seemed to wear out. Finally he noticed that Lloyd wasn't wearing the suit any more so he asked him for it. By this time his friend had forgotten that he had promised to give him the suit and his mother had cut it up for patches. The only thing that he could find left from the scout suit was one legging and so young Branham asked him for that.

He took it home and put it on. It made him feel proud because this was the only piece of clothing he had which bore any resemblance to that of a soldier. He thought to himself that certainly now he was a real soldier because he had on one legging. He wanted to wear it to school but didn't know how he could do it without having the children laugh at him again. So he decided to make up the story that he had injured his leg and was using the legging as a bandage. However, when he came to school the children wouldn't believe him. Again they made fun of him; again he went home crying.

Saturday was the most important day around the Branham household. It was the day they would hitch Kootsie, the old mule, up to the lumber wagon and Mr. and Mrs. Branham and all the little Branham's would get into the wagon and take off for town. There they would obtain their weekly supply of groceries and the grocery man always gave them a sack of peppermint candy for the five children.

His father always had to be careful to divide this candy very evenly, to avoid difficulties, because ten hungry eyes would watch him very carefully. William Branham, the eldest of the sons, made a practice of not eating all his candy on Saturday but kept some of it until the following week when he could make a bargain with some of the other children. In exchange for a couple of licks of his candy he could get them to help him with the chores around the place.

William Branham's father was a bootlegger and made moonshine on the farm. One Sunday morning at the age of ten William Branham was with his father and a neighbor down by the Ohio River. As they were walking there along the banks, his father took a bottle out from his back pocket and, after taking a drink, handed it to his neighbor. The neighbor took a drink and handed it to young William Branham who said, "No, sir, thank you, I don't drink." The neighbor answered in

surprise, "A Branham and an Irishman and you don't drink?" "No, sir!" he still insisted. His father replied by saying, "I've got four boys and one sissy," the sissy being William who had just refused to drink.

This cut very deeply into his tender heart, for he was conscientious and desired to do that which was right. Here his own father had called him a sissy when he had turned down partaking of liquor, which had been such a source of grief and poverty in their own home. This was more than young Branham could take and he said, "Hand me that bottle and I'll show you that I'm a Branham and that I can drink."

He took the bottle and started to put it up to his mouth. As he did, again the familiar sound of the wind came. He was reminded of the time when the angel first spoke to him telling him never to smoke, drink, or defile his body in any way for he had a work to do when he was older. He had not been thinking of this and when he heard it, he became frightened, dropped the bottle and started to cry. His father said, "See, I told you he was a sissy."

He may have been a sissy in the eyes of the world but God was speaking to the boy. God was preserving him for something great in the future, something through which he would not only be a help to his neighbors and to the people that knew him but a help and a blessing to millions of people around the world. This incident is the most disheartening and bitter experience of his early life.

Feeling that he was not understood and suffering from an inferiority complex, he did not have many friends. He was very shy of girls and did not like them. Boys did not seem to understand him. Instead of associating with people, he would much rather take his gun and dog and go out hunting. For an example, the young people of the neighborhood had decided to have a surprise birthday party on him but he found out about it. The early part of the evening before anyone came, he got his dog and went out coon hunting and didn't return until about ten o'clock. He thought the party would be over by then and everybody gone home. Instead he found out that everyone was still there playing games and apparently enjoying themselves. As he looked in the window and saw them, he decided that he didn't want to go in. He wouldn't feel at home; he wouldn't enjoy himself there with those people. So he decided to go out to the barn and sleep for the night.

At the age of fourteen he was out hunting and had an accident which caused

him to be hospitalized for seven months. At this time the voice came back to him many times, but he was afraid of it as his mother had warned him of spiritualism and evil spirits. Because he was afraid of this voice he always refused to listen and refused to respond. But God dealt with him during those months while he was in the hospital, even though all this time he rejected and refused to listen to God.

The other young men would associate with the girls and apparently enjoyed themselves but William Branham just couldn't seem to enjoy himself with any of them. Finally, when he was about eighteen years old, he was persuaded to have a date with one of the girls. As they were out riding around, they stopped at a little cafe on the outskirts of town. He went in to get some Coca-cola and sandwiches.

When he came out he found this girl smoking, this girl whom he thought was such a fine girl and one whose company he would be most apt to enjoy. To him this was shocking. He couldn't think of anything worse for a woman to do than to puff on a cigarette. And then as he came into the car, she said, "Will you have a smoke, Billy?" He said, "No, Ma'am, I don't smoke." To this she replied, "You don't smoke? You told us that you don't drink, you don't dance and now you say you don't smoke. What do you like to do?" "Well," he said, "I enjoy hunting; I enjoy fishing; I enjoy just being out in the woods." The girl laughed and ridiculed him. Soon the other boys joined in with the girls in belittling his interests and again he was reminded of the fact that he wasn't like other people. Finally the girl said, "Well, I don't care to keep company with a sissy." This was more than he could stand because this was just what his father had called him that day down by the river, when he had refused to take a drink of moonshine. So he said to the young people, "Nobody is going to call me a sissy, give me that cigarette; I'll smoke it."

He took the cigarette and was about to put it to his mouth when he heard that familiar sound like wind blowing through the leaves. And again the voice came to him saying, "Never drink, smoke or defile your body in any way, for I have a work for you to do when you get older." At this he became frightened and just could not put the cigarette to his mouth. Knowing that everyone would laugh at him if he did not smoke, he broke down and cried. He went out of the car and started running down the road towards his home. They started driving after him, turning the lights on him, and laughing and making fun of him. As they continued to follow him, he left the road and started across the field toward his

home. He ran as far and as long as he was able.

Finally exhausted, he was forced to sit down. Here he cried his heart out, and wished that he could die because he was not like other people. People did not understand him and he was not able to enjoy himself with them. As he sat there on a rock crying, he felt the presence of someone near. At first he was too afraid to turn around and look. Finally when he did, he was not able to see anyone although he felt sure somebody was over there in a cluster of bushes, about fifty feet from the rock. He did not understand what it was at that time. So then he was not only wishing he could die but he was frightened as well. Again he took off across the field, crying and running as fast as he could.

As a young man he always dreamed of going out west. He always enjoyed the open country and it was there, out in the fields with nature, that he spent his most pleasant hours. So when he was nineteen he decided that he would go out west where perhaps he would be able to find work on a ranch. One September morning he told his mother that he was going on a camping trip to Tunnel Mill, a place about 14 miles from Jeffersonville, where he had often gone. He told her this, knowing that if he told her he was going out west, she would plead with him and persuade him not to go.

He did not write to her until he was in Arizona and had a job near Phoenix. In reality he realized that he was running away from God, but he did not want to admit it. He enjoyed the life on the ranch but like other pleasures to him, the novelty soon wore off and he was wishing that he was back home.

He had not been out west very long when he received a letter from his mother informing him that his brother Edward was very ill. He did not take it very seriously because up to this time there had been no deaths in the Branham family and he felt that shortly he would be well again. However, a few days later as he returned to the ranch from the city, he was given a note which read, "Bill, come out to the north pasture. It is very important." He immediately walked out to the pasture and the first person he met was an old ranger whom they called Pop. Pop had a sad expression on his face as he informed William Branham that he had sad news for him. At that time the foreman came up and told him they had just received news that his brother Edward had passed away. This news came as a terrific shock to him as he began to realize that never again would he be able to see his brother alive.

As he stood there, events moved before his mind. He had resisted God; he knew it. Yet God was speaking to him even through the death of his brother. The first thought that came to William Branham's mind was that of whether or not his brother was ready to die. As he turned around and looked across the prairies, tears streamed from his eyes. He recalled how they had worked together as little lads and how life had been cruel and hard to them. He remembered how they went to school with not enough food in their lunch buckets, not enough clothing on their backs, and with toes sticking out of their shoes. They had to wear old coats pinned up at their neck because they had no shirts. He remembered that one day his mother had given them popcorn in their lunch buckets and wanting to be sure that he got his share, he had gone out and taken a handful of popcorn before the noon lunch hour.

As he stood there looking toward the east, across the prairie, he again wondered. Was his brother ready to die? What if it had been him that had died, would he have been ready? And again he had to admit to himself that he was not ready nor did he want to meet his God.

The first time that William Branham recalls of hearing prayer was at the time of his brother's funeral. The Rev. McKinney of Port Fulton Church was conducting the funeral service. During the service he said, "There may be some here who do not know God. If so, why not accept Him now?" This struck home to William Branham, who had returned for the funeral. He realized that he did not know God.

After the funeral he did not return to the west but got a job with the Public Service Company of Indiana. After working with them for two years, testing meters in the meter shop of the gas works in New Albany, he was overcome with gas. This was the beginning of his illness which forced him to accept and listen to God. He visited all the doctors he could but none gave him relief. Finally he was taken to a specialist in Louisville, Kentucky, where he was told that his appendix would have to be removed. Being he had no symptoms of appendicitis he couldn't understand this, but nevertheless they said that the operation was necessary for recovery.

He concluded that if it was necessary for him to have an operation, maybe he was more sick than he realized. In that case he wanted someone with him who knew God. So he called for the Pastor of the First Baptist Church who stayed there with him as he went into the operating room. Just before they started to

operate, he felt that he was rapidly growing weaker. Fear entered his mind that he would never come out of this operation but that he'd be called upon to meet his God, and he realized that he was not ready. For the first time in his life he called upon God for help.

Immediately after the operation he experienced another vision which was the turning point in his life. He saw himself deep in a great forest. The sound of wind and rustling leaves was coming closer and closer. He thought to himself that it was death, coming to take him away. Oh, how he cried to God because he was not ready to meet his Creator. The wind came closer and louder. Then it seemed as if he were back again in his boyhood days, standing there in the lane underneath that poplar tree where he first heard the voice speak to him when he was seven years old. Again the voice spoke, "Never drink, smoke or defile your body in any way... I called you and you would not go." The words were repeated three times. Then Mr. Branham cried, "Lord, if that is You, let me go back to earth again and I'll preach your Gospel from the housetops and street corners. I'll tell everyone about it."

The vision was over. He felt stronger and realized that death was not near but that he would be well. The doctor had not left the hospital because he wanted to check on the progress of his patient. When he saw William Branham he said, "I'm not a church going man; my practice is so great I don't have time. But I know that God has visited this boy." Evidently the doctor had felt that William Branham would not live through the operation, but not only had he lived through it but appeared to be stronger and well on his way to recovery. Neither the doctor nor William Branham understood it. I'm confident, however, that had he known then what he knows now, he would not have been confused but could have very easily explained it to the doctor and the others concerned.

After a few days he was released from the hospital and returned home. He then started out to seek God. Up until this time he had had no religious training; he did not know how to find God, had not considered the Word important. From church to church he went, trying to find some place where Christians would help him and instruct him as to how to contact God.

One night at home he became so hungry for God he was afraid he could not live unless he found Him. Not wanting to bother anyone in the house, he went out into an old wood shed back of the house and there he tried to pray. He did not know how to pray but he lifted his heart to God and cried out the best he

could. Suddenly there appeared a light in the form of a cross and a voice spoke to him in a language he did not understand. Then it went away. He became frightened and wondered as he said, "Lord, if this is You, please come back and talk to me again." The light re-entered the shed. As he prayed it appeared again the third time. Now he realized that he had met God. He was happy; he was thankful.

He lifted his heart to God in thanksgiving as he jumped and ran into the house as though he were running on air. His mother said, "Bill, what has happened to you?" He answered, "I do not know, but I sure feel good." Rather than stay in the house where the people were, he went outside where he could be alone with his new found Friend.

He became acquainted with Rev. Roy Davis, Pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church, who was a great blessing to Brother Branham in his early Christian life. One of the first things he realized was that God wanted him in the ministry and therefore would have to heal him. He went to a church that believed in anointing with oil and after prayer was healed instantly. Realizing that the disciples had something modern ministers did not have, he asked God to give him what the early disciples had. The disciples were baptized with the Holy Ghost, healed the sick, and did mighty miracles in the Name of Jesus. He began to pray for the baptism of the Holy Ghost. About six months later when he received the baptism, God spoke to him telling him to preach the Word and pray for the sick.

After William Branham had turned to God and responded to God's call, everything seemed to go lovely for him. He was happy; he enjoyed the company of people. For the first time in his life he felt that he was not a black sheep, he was not an outcast, and that God was probably able to take this hopeless case of humanity and make something of it.

Within six months after his conversion, plans were being made for his first service. He began tent meetings in his own home town of Jeffersonville. It was estimated that as many as three thousand people attended a single service and a large number were converted. This was unusual for even an outstanding minister, and here it was his first campaign.

At the baptismal service which followed the campaign, over a hundred and thirty people were baptized in water. It was at this time that the heavenly light appeared above him as he was baptizing the seventeenth person. This light was

witnessed by the large congregation that stood on the banks of the Ohio River and the newspaper carried an article pertaining to it.

The people who had been saved in the Jeffersonville tent meeting decided to build a tabernacle, which is now known as the Branham Tabernacle.

The next few years were fruitful, during which time God's blessing rested upon him. He received visions of things which would come to pass. He could not understand them at that time but as they came to pass, he was able to see that God had given him an accurate picture.

During the early years of his ministry he met Hope Brumbach, the girl he later married. After about five months of courtship, William Branham decided that he would have to ask her if she wanted to marry him. After all, she was a nice girl and if he was never going to marry her, he shouldn't be wasting her time. I shall narrate to you the story of his bashfulness, the proposal by letter, his marriage and other events which followed their happy marriage, as it was told by Brother Branham in his simple, yet dramatic style.

I was just a little country boy and real bashful. Considering how shy I was, you probably wonder how I ever got married.

I met a fine Christian girl. I thought she was wonderful. I loved this girl and wanted to marry her, but I didn't have nerve enough to ask her. She was too good a girl to waste time with me—she would get someone else; so I knew I had to ask her soon. I only made twenty cents an hour and her daddy made five hundred dollars a month. Every night I saw her I would resolve that I was going to ask her that night. Then a great big lump would come up in my throat and I just couldn't do it. I didn't know what to do. You know what I finally did? I wrote her a letter.

Well, that letter had a little more romance in it than "Dear Miss." I did my very best to write a good letter, although I'm sure it was poor. So in the morning I got ready to put it in the mailbox. Then the thought occurred to me of what would happen if her mother got it. Still I was afraid to hand it to her. Finally I got up enough courage to put it in the mailbox on Monday morning. Wednesday night I was supposed to meet her and take her to church. All week until Wednesday I was really nervous. Wednesday night I went to see her. As I went I thought of what would happen if her mother came out and said, "William Branham!" I knew I could get along all right with the father, but I wasn't so sure

of the mother.

Finally I went to the door and called for her. She came and said, "Oh, hello Billy, come in." I said, "If you don't mind I'll just sit on the porch." I made sure that they wouldn't get me inside. She said, "All right, I'll be ready in just a few minutes."

Although I had an old model "T" Ford, she said, "It's not far to church; let's just walk." This alarmed me and I was sure something had happened. We went on to church but she didn't say anything. I was so nervous that night I didn't hear what the preacher said at all. You know a woman can keep you in suspense.

After we left the church, we started walking down the street. It was a moonlight night. Still she didn't say anything. At last I decided that she hadn't gotten the letter. This made me feel better. I thought that perhaps the letter had been misplaced by the postman and soon I was my old self. We kept on walking. I looked at her when we came out from behind the trees. Her dark eyes sparkled as the moonlight shone on her. I thought, Oh my! She looked like an angel.

Finally she said, "Billy?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "I got your letter."

Oh, my! I thought, oh, oh. Here it is. You're going to get it now, Bill. It's all over now. I thought she had waited till after church. She didn't say another word. Then I said, "You did?"

She said, "Uh huh."

I thought, go on, hurry up. I couldn't stand it. You know how ladies are; they'll keep you in suspense. We had walked almost a city block and she hadn't said a thing. Finally I said, "Did you read it?"

She said, "Uh huh."

Whew! I said, "What did you think about it? Was it all right?"

She said, "Uh huh."

I wished she would say something. Then I said, "Did you like what was written in it?"

She said, "Uh huh."

I said, "Did you read it all?"

She said, "Uh, huh."

Well, we got married. We finally made it. Before we did, though, we decided that we would have to ask her parents. I knew I could get along with her daddy best, so I agreed to ask him. She was to ask her mother's permission. I kept putting it off as long as I could, because it made me nervous just to think of it. Finally, one evening I had said good night and was about to leave when Hope motioned to me and pointed to her dad. Oh, my! I knew what that meant. The time had come; I could put it off no longer. So I asked him if I could talk to him out on the porch for a minute. He said, "Sure, Bill."

When we got out on the porch I said, "It's a nice evening, isn't it, Charlie?"

He said, "Sure, Bill."

Then I said, "Well-uh-uh,-."

He said, "Yes, Bill, you can have her."

I said, "Thank you, Charlie." Oh my! He saved me a lot of trouble. Then I said, "Now look, Charlie, I can't make her a living like you do." He was one of the organizers on the Pennsylvania Railroad Brotherhood. Oh, my; he made good money, and there I was making twenty cents an hour with a pick and shovel. "But I know this one thing," I continued, "I've never seen anybody in the world I love like her. I love her with all my heart. I'll promise this to you, Charlie, I'll work as long as I can work and I'll do everything I can to be true and good to her. I'll do everything I can to make her a living."

He said, "I'd rather you have her than anybody I know of because that's what counts, Bill. It's not money; it's how happy you are."

I'm awfully glad he felt that way about it. Happiness does not consist in how much of the world's goods you own, but how contented you are with the portion allotted to you. That's right. Whether you have much or whether you have little, just thank God for it.

We were married and I don't believe that there was any place on earth any happier than our little home. I remember what we had when we started housekeeping in two rooms. I bought an old stove from a junk dealer for a dollar and a half and spent seventy-five cents to put grates in it. A lady gave us an old folding bed. I went down to Sears and Roebucks and got one of those little breakfast sets that you have to paint yourself.

It wasn't much, but friends, it was home; and I would rather live in a shack and have favor with God than live in the best house there is without His favor. We did not have very much of this world's goods. I remember once I told my wife that I would have to ask the church to give me an offering to help enable us to pay our debts. Before this time I had never taken an offering in my church. That Sunday evening I asked one of the elders to get his hat and take up a collection. But after I had announced what I was going to do, I saw a little old mother open her purse and take out some of her pension money. Oh, my! I didn't have the heart to take her money. So I got up and told them I was just fooling and wondering if they would do it. Later a member of the church gave me an old bicycle which I painted and sold.

After two years a little boy came into our home. When he was born that just tied us together better. When I first heard him cry in the hospital something told me he was a boy. I said, "Lord, there is your boy. I will call him Billy for his father and Paul from the Bible. His name shall be Billy Paul."

The doctor came out and said, "Your boy is in there."

I said, "Yes. His name is Billy Paul."

So then we were happy. I remember we worked together. She'd work at a shirt factory trying to help us make a living. I'd preach every night. All day long I'd work in the ditches. Sometimes when I'd come home at night my calloused hands would be frozen, and often bleeding. Hope would sit and dress my hands at night before I'd go to church. Then she said she wanted me to take a vacation. She had about twelve dollars saved up, and she wanted me to go on a little fishing trip. So I said, "All right. But don't you want to go fishing, too?"

She said, "No. I would rather be here for the Summer Bible School."

So I went up to Lake Pawpaw in Michigan, just above Indiana, with an old minister friend. My money didn't last very long and I had to return. On my trip back as I crossed the Mishawaka River I saw a great number of people gathering for a meeting. Wondering what kind of meeting it was, I decided to stop. That is where I got acquainted with Pentecostal people.

The people had gathered for a convention. They were singing "I know it was the blood, I know it was the blood." Pretty soon a bishop got up and began to preach on the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I decided that I would stay until the following day. I didn't have money for a hotel room, so I went out in the country and parked in a cornfield where I slept that night. Next morning I got up early and returned to the church. I had bought some rolls and milk so that my money would hold out. When I returned to the church, quite a number of people had already gathered for morning worship.

That night there were a great number of preachers sitting on the platform. The leader said, "We haven't time to hear you all preach so we are going to ask each one just to get up and tell us your name." So when they came to me I got up and said, "Rev. William Branham," and sat down.

The following afternoon they had an old colored man get up and preach. He was rather decrepit and I was a little surprised to see them choose such a fellow to preach before that great congregation. He preached from Job 7. "Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth, when the morning stars sang together?" Well, that old fellow picked up about ten million years before the world was ever formed. He just about covered everything in heaven, came on down the rainbow and preached on everything on earth up till the Second Coming of Christ.

That night I went out to the cornfield again and slept. In the morning, since I supposed nobody knew me, I decided that I would put on an old pair of seersucker trousers. My other pair had gotten rather creased from using them as a pillow. This was the last day that I could stay as I only had enough money left to buy gas to go home. I went back to church and when I arrived the people were singing.

The minister in charge got up and said, "We have just had the testimony service led by the youngest preacher here. The next youngest minister is William

Branham of Jeffersonville." He said, "Come up here, Rev. Branham, if you are in the building."

You may be sure this startled me. I looked down and saw my seersucker trousers. So I just sat real still. In fact, I had never seen a public address system before, and I certainly didn't want to get up there and preach before all those powerful preachers.

They called again, "Does anyone know the whereabouts of Rev. Branham?"

I only crouched down in my seat lower than before. The call was repeated again. The colored man sitting beside me turned around and said, "Do you know who he is?"

I said, "Listen, I'm Rev. Branham, but I have on these seersucker trousers and I can't go up on that platform."

The colored man said, "These people don't care how you are dressed. They care about what's in your heart."

"Well," I said, "please don't say anything about it." But the colored man didn't wait any longer.

He shouted out, "Here he is! Here he is!"

My heart sank; I didn't know what to do. The night before out in the cornfield I had prayed, "Lord, if these are the people that I have always wanted to find, that seem so happy and free, you give me favor before them." Well, the Lord gave me favor with them, but I hated to go up before the crowd in those seersucker trousers. Everyone was looking at me and I had to do something. So I went on up to the platform. My face was red, and as I turned around I saw the microphones, and I thought to myself, "What are those things?" I prayed, "Lord, if you ever helped anybody, help me now."

I opened the Bible and my eyes fell on the verse, "The rich man opened up his eyes in hell." And then he cried. There were no Christians there, and then he cried. There was no church there, and he cried. There were no flowers there, and he cried. There was no God there, and he cried. As I preached, I cried. Something got a hold of me and the power of God came down upon the congregation.

The service went on for about two hours. After it was over, I walked outside. A great big fellow with cowboy boots on came up and introduced himself to me. He said, "I'm from Texas and I have a good church down there. How about holding a two weeks' meeting for me?"

Another preacher from Florida came up and said, "How about coming over and holding meetings for me?"

I got a piece of paper and took down names and addresses, and in a few minutes I had enough revivals lined up to last me throughout the year. Well, I was happy. I jumped into my little model "T" Ford and down through Indiana I went, 30 miles an hour—15 miles an hour straight ahead and 15 miles an hour up and down.

When I reached home, my wife came running out and threw her arms around me. As she looked at me she asked, "What are you so happy about?"

I said, "I have met the happiest bunch of people I ever met in my life. They are really happy, and they are not ashamed of their religion. These people had me preach up at their convention, and what's more, I have received invitations to preach at their churches. Will you go with me?"

She answered, "Honey, I have promised to go with you anywhere until death separates us." May God bless her loyal heart.

So I decided to go up and tell my mother. When I got there I told her about the invitations. She asked, "What are you going to do for money?" We felt the Lord would supply. She put her arms around me and blessed me and still prays for me. She said, "Son, they used to have that kind of religion in a church I knew of years ago, and I know it's real."

And friends, what I say now, let it be for your education. Let my mistakes be a lesson to you. Friends and relatives warned me against accepting what I knew was God's call to me. Some said that the people I had met at the convention were trashy people. I later found out, and I say it reverently, that what was called "trash" was the "cream of the crop." I was told that my wife would get enough to eat one day and go without food the next. Others told me that it was my job to stay there and look after the work in Jeffersonville. My wife spoke to her mother and she said she would go to her grave with a broken heart if Hope went with me. My wife cried and I told her that we must go home and talk it over. She

decided she would go with me, but I said we better not. Dear friends, this is where my troubles started. I listened to what a woman had to say instead of to what God had to say. Within eighteen months I lost my father, brother, sister-in-law, wife and baby and almost my own life. I will never forget it.

During this time I was working as a game warden in the State of Indiana. The income that I received from this job was determined by the arrests I made. But I never did make any arrests. Instead I'd sit down and talk to the violators about sportsmanship, which I felt produced a greater return than the fines I could have imposed.

In the meanwhile our little girl had come on the scene, little Sharon Rose. Bless her sweet little heart, she's in heaven today. She was a darling to me. I just love little children, and I remember how happy we were together. I wanted to call her a Bible name. I couldn't call her the Rose of Sharon after Jesus so I called her Sharon Rose. We lived in a little old house. I remember I used to come home in the evenings and she'd be sitting out there in the yard with her little four-comers on and as I came around the corner I would touch the siren on the car that I used as a game warden. She'd know that I was coming and she'd say, "goo goo goo." Then she'd hold her little old arms out and I would get her and hug her. My, she was just as sweet as she could be.

Soon my wife took sick with a lung infection. Next my brother was killed right near by me. See, the way of a transgressor is hard. Then my father at the age of 52, had a heart attack one night and died in my arms an hour later. Just a few days before he died he was in a saloon and someone asked him to take a drink. He took the glass but started to shake. Setting it down, he started to cry and talked about his son who was preaching. He went on to say that all these years he had been wrong and his son was right. He said, "Because I am a drunkard don't let it reflect on my boys. This is the last drink I'll ever take in all my life." Then he picked up the glass and tried to drink the contents but spilled it all over his face. Again he cried, picked up his hat and walked out. This incident was relayed to me by an insurance agent whom I later led to the Lord. Shortly before his death, he had given his heart to the Lord.

God was still speaking to my heart. Then my sister-in-law died right there in her home. Everything didn't seem to be going right at my church either. The way of a transgressor is hard. See, I kept going down then. But when I failed, I believe that God still protected His gift. Then I said, "Oh, what can I do; I've

made a mistake." The anointing of God had left me and it never really returned until the Angel met me in 1946. These years were the dark period of my life. All this was the result of not doing what I knew God wanted me to do.

After awhile my wife got pneumonia. The 1937 flood came up suddenly and she was caught in it. I remember that night. I shall never forget it. The dike broke through up there and the city was being swept off the map. I took Hope and both babies up to a temporary hospital, set up by the government. There they were all up there very sick. Hope had a temperature of 105. When I had gone to pray that evening she had taken sick, I looked up and said, "Lord, have mercy on my wife and heal her. Will You, Lord? Because I love her." It looked like I saw something falling like a black sheet and it came right down like that. I just knew then that something was going to happen. I went and told my church people. They said that it was because I was so concerned and sympathetic being it was my wife. I said, "No, there is a black curtain that has come between God and me. Something has separated me from Him and He doesn't hear me."

Oh, I was weary. The night when the flood broke through, I was on a patrol squad on the river. I was rescuing people everywhere, hauling them, piling them out like cattle. I was called then and told to come down to a place where the flood broke through on the other side. I ran down there real quick, I could hear people crying. I heard a woman scream, "Help! Help!" I thought of what I could do and then ran and got the speed boat. I started up but I couldn't buck those waves. The dike had broken through and those two-story houses were just shaken on their foundations. Although I tried to go against those waves, I couldn't make it. Finally I went one way and was swept down so I could get a rope around the post of the porch when I went by. I tied the boat and left the motor running to hold it against the waves.

I ran into the house and found three or four little children, picked them up and got them in the boat. Then I got the mother, packed her in the boat and started out. It was about one o'clock in the morning, snowing and sleeting, as I jumped in the boat and started back. Just as I got over to the land where a group of people were waiting to catch the boat as we came by, the woman started crying, "My baby, my baby!" I thought she had left her baby behind and so leaving them there I went back again. Part of the house had already gone, when I finally reached it. I ran in and looked all around without finding anyone. Later I came to find out the baby was about two years old. I thought she had a little baby in

there. Then as I heard the side of the house go out, I ran and jumped out of the window and landed on top of the porch. When I did, I saw my boat leaving, I grabbed hold of the rope and got in the boat as wet as I could be. I tried to start it, but there was ice all over the starter string. I just pulled and pulled but it wouldn't start.

The current caught me out in the river and the boat was just about to capsize; I couldn't get the motor started. I had a sick wife and two sick children in the hospital. I had just buried my daddy a few weeks before that. And there I was. I knelt in the boat and said, "Oh, God, have mercy on me, a sinner. I know I've done wrong, but please, dear God, don't let me have to leave my wife and babies and be drowned in this river." I pulled again and again, There I was going right straight for the falls. I pulled the string but it wouldn't start. I prayed again and said, "God, have mercy." I had time to think a lot of things over, friends. I tell you, when that hour comes and death is pushing right up against you, you'll think a lot of things that you're not thinking about now. I pulled and I pulled, and by God's grace the motor started. I went back and bucked the waves again and came out way down in Howard's Park, down below Jeffersonville, about three o'clock in the morning.

Then they told me the other side of the dike had broken and come down through Lanky Kank Creek and cut off the Government Depot. I went up there real quick and found the waters had reached the temporary hospital. I met a captain standing there and said, "Captain, sir, did anybody get drowned?"

He said, "No, there was nobody drowned."

I said, "I had a wife and two sick children in there."

He said, "Well, I think everybody got out as far as I know."

I went on a little farther and I met my associate pastor. He threw his arms around me and hugged me as he said, "Billy boy, if I never see you again, I'll see you in the morning." That was the last time I saw him. He was killed during the time of the flood.

Later I met Major Weekly who said, "Reverend Branham, your wife and the babies went out on a cattle car towards Charlestown, Indiana."

It was sleeting and hailing as I ran to get my boat and start up there where Lanky Kank Creek comes through. Somebody said, "Oh, that cattle car was washed off the track up there and everyone in it was drowned." Oh, my!

Then somebody said, "No, it wasn't; it went through. We heard a dispatch that it went through."

Well, I got in my boat and started over there. I saw that current coming through; I couldn't pierce that water. It trapped me and there I was marooned in a place called Port Fulton for about seven days. Then I had time to think it all over. Then I prayed. I cried and wondered if my wife was dead or alive. How were my children, my mother? Finally, when the water was down I got across and started walking. I was going up the road and I met an old friend of mine, Mr. Hay, from Charlestown. I asked, "Is my wife there?"

He said, No, Billy, Mrs. Branham is not there but we'll find her somewhere."

I said, "There was a train coming through with a cattle car full of sick people."

He said, "It never stopped there."

I went down to the Dispatcher's Office. He said, "Oh, the engineer that took that cattle car will be here in just a few minutes. He was here a while ago."

When he returned he told me, "Yes, sir, I remember a sick mother and two children. I left them off at Columbus, Indiana. They were very sick."

That was about seven or eight days before, and I wondered if they were still alive. I had no way of getting around, so I just started walking up the road. As I was going along there crying, a car came up to me. In it was a friend of mine who said, "Bill, I know what you are looking for. You're looking for Hope, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes."

He said, "Well, she's laying by the side of my wife at the Baptist temporary hospital in Columbus, Indiana, with tuberculosis, near death." He said, "I don't know where your babies are. I never saw them, but I saw Mrs. Branham there. You won't know her when you see her. She's lost at least twenty-five pounds of

weight. She thinks you're dead."

Oh my, friends, when I think about that something just boils in my heart. I got in the car and finally got to the Baptist Church which was used as an emergency hospital. I ran in; the place was crowded. I shouted, "Hope! Hope!" just as loudly as I could. I looked over at an old cot in the corner and I saw a little bony hand raised up waving at me. It was she. Her face was very thin and I ran to her quickly and fell down at her side crying. Oh my! She was almost gone. Her dark eyes, expressing the intense suffering she had gone through, looked up at me as I took her pale, thin hand in mine and prayed the best I knew how. But seemingly it was to no avail. There was no answer. Then I felt a hand touch me on the back. It was a doctor who said, "Are you Reverend Branham?"

I said, "Yes sir."

He said, "Could I speak to you a minute?"

And I said, "Yes sir."

I walked over to one side and he said, "Aren't you a personal friend of Doctor Sam Adair in Jeffersonville?"

I said, "We have lived together, fished together, slept together; we've just very good friends."

He said, "Well, I want to tell you, your wife is dying, Brother Branham."

I said, "No, Doctor, God won't let her die."

"Well," he said, "as far as medical aid is concerned, she's finished. She has galloping tuberculosis and I don't think anything can stop it, now that it has gotten a hold of her."

"Are my babies all right?" I asked.

He said, "They're in another room. The reason they won't let them around her is because she's got tuberculosis. One of your babies is pretty good, but the other one is very sick."

"Will you take me to them, Doctor?" I asked. I went over there to see my poor little Billy and Sharon laying there. I looked at them and then went back to where Hope was. "Honey," I said, "you'll be all right. You'll be able to come home, and everything will be OK." I cried and begged God with all my heart; I did everything that I knew how to do. Doctor Adair, bless his heart, worked as faithfully as any man could work. We sent to Louisville for a specialist to come over, a Doctor Miller, from the Sanatorium. He came into the room that day, checked her over, and advised certain treatments.

Doctor Adair told him, "That's what she's getting and that's all we can do."

And I said, "Doctor, isn't there any hope at all?"

He said, "No hope at all, sir, unless God has mercy. I presume that she's a Christian and you're a Christian."

I said, "Yes sir. She's ready to go, but Doctor, I love her. Isn't there something you can do?"

He said, "Reverend Branham, my hands are tied. We've done everything that we know to do for tuberculosis."

I said, "Oh my!" I looked at her and thought, "Oh, what can I do?"

I said to her, "I think you're going to be all right, don't you?"

She said, "I don't know, dear. It doesn't matter; only thing I hate to leave you and the children."

I said, "Well, honey, I believe you'll be all right."

She said, "I want to talk to you just a minute, honey."

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Did that doctor tell you anything?"

I said, "Don't ask me, sweetheart. I've got to go to work now but I'll come back every few hours." I would look at her and pray and cry and beg and plead. It looked like the heavens were brass before me. I just couldn't get anywhere.

I remember I was up in Scottsburg, Indiana, going along one day, when I heard a flash come over the radio—"Calling Warden William Branham. Report to the hospital. Wife dying. Come quick. Wife dying." Oh my! I took off my hat, looked up and said, "Father, I've done all that I can do. You know You're tearing the very soul of Your servant, but I probably tore Your soul when I listened to what I did instead of listening to You. Please, don't tear my heart out of me. Won't You spare her? Let me talk to her, will You, Lord?" I turned on the siren and went just as fast as I could to the city about thirty miles away. I pulled up there, threw the gun in the car, and ran up to the hospital. As I came rushing in, there coming down through the hall was my old friend, Dr. Adair. He is a real doctor. He saw me and broke out crying just like a baby and turned sideways. I said, "Sammy, what about it?"

He said, "Bill, she's gone.

I said, "Oh, no, doctor, it can't be. Come with me."

He started crying and said, "Bill, I can't go with you, Hope is like a sister to me. I can't go in there and look at her again. I just can't. Here, call one of the nurses."

I said, "No, I'll go in by myself." I walked in there and looked at her. I shall never forget it. She had her eyes closed and her mouth open. I put my hand on her and she felt real cold with perspiration. I saw that she wasn't gone yet. I took hold of her hand and said, "Sweetheart, do you know me? Look, honey, do you know me?" I shall never forget those great big eyes, which belong to an angel now, as they opened up and looked at me. She smiled and I just couldn't hold myself together.

She motioned for me to bend down and she said, "I'm awfully weak. Why did you call me?"

I said, "Honey, I just had to say something to you."

She said, "I'm going, Bill."

I said, "Oh, honey, you're not going, are you?"

She said, "Yes." A nurse came into the room and as Hope patted my cheek she

looked over to the nurse and said, "I hope when you get married you get a husband like mine. He's so good to me." Oh, friends, it just broke my heart.

I said, "You'll be all right, honey." The nurse just couldn't stand it and walked out.

Hope began telling me about the Paradise I had called her from, how beautiful it looked with lovely trees and flowers and birds singing. For a moment I thought that perhaps I shouldn't have called her. But bless her heart, she's been enjoying that place a long time now. She seemed to revive for a few moments and said, "There are two or three things I want you to know."

I asked, "What's that?"

She said, "Do you remember one time when you were over in Louisville and you wanted to buy that little .22 rifle?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "Remember you didn't have the money to make the down payment?"

I said, "Yes, I remember."

She said, "I always wanted you to have a rifle. I've been saving whatever I could to get it. I can't do it, but when you get home, look under the paper on the old folding bed and you'll find the money I've saved up there." You'll never know how I felt when I went home and found six or seven dollars there in nickels and dimes that she had saved and pinched from here and there to get me the rifle. And she said, "Do you promise me that you'll get the rifle?"

I said, "I will, honey." I bought it and still have it. I intend to keep it as long as I live. Afterwards, it will be Billy's.

She continued, "I want you to promise me that you won't live single."

I said, "Oh, honey, don't talk like that."

She said, "No, I don't want you to be single and our children pulled from post to post. You get some real good Christian girl that will be good to the children,

and I want you to get married again."

I said, "Honey, I can't promise that."

She said, "Promise me. Don't let me go like this. Just awhile ago I was going over to the most beautiful land where there was no sickness, no sorrow. It was just as easy and there was no pain. There were white beings walking at my side taking me to my home. I heard you way down the road calling me and I came back to see what you wanted." Friends, I believe the gates of Paradise were opening and she was just ready to enter in. She spoke to her loved ones and she called some of their names. I often wonder when death comes, if God just doesn't permit some of our loved ones to come to the river when we are crossing over Jordan. Perhaps God says, now that mother is coming home, you go down and stand by the gate and wait until she comes over. Friends, there is a land beyond the river, somewhere in the far beyond, maybe millions of light years away. But it's there-and we're traveling that way.

Then she said, "Honey, you've preached of it, you've talked of it but you can't know how glorious it is. Now I'm going. Bill, you take me up on Walnut Ridge and bury me up there. I don't mind going since I saw how wonderful it is."

"Are you really going now, dear?" I asked tearfully.

"Yes." She looked into my eyes and said, "Will you promise me to always preach this wonderful Gospel?" I promised. She said, "Bill, God is going to use you." (Bless her heart. I've often wondered if God might not allow her to look down upon us as we go about from place to place in our ministry, trying to obey the calling she felt that God would send.)

I told her, "Honey, I'll be buried by your side, right by you. Otherwise, I'll be back here somewhere on the battlefield, so help me God." I said, "Now, if you go before me, the dead in Christ will go first, you go over to the east side of the gate and wait there for me." Her lips started to quiver. Tears were coming to her eyes.

She said, "I'm so happy." I pulled her next to me and kissed her good-by for my last date with her until I meet her by the side of the Eastern Gate. By God's grace and help I'm on the road today. I'll be there one of these days. That's right.

Oh, it was hard to go home after her going. I saw her old coat hanging there. Everything reminded me of her. I started to cry as I looked around. Just then somebody knocked on the door and I asked who it was. It was a member of my

church. He said, "Billy, did you hear the bad news?"

I said, "Yes, I was with Hope to the end. I just left the hospital."

He said, "Your baby's ready to die, too."

I said, "What?"

He said, "Sharon Rose is dying."

I said, "It can't be, Brother Brin."

He said, "Yes, it is. She's dying now. Dr. Adair just examined her before I left the hospital."

"What's the matter?"

"She happened to get a hold of the germ from her mother and she has tubercular meningitis."

I rushed to the hospital. They caught me at the door and said, "You can't go in there." I started in anyway. The nurse said, "Look, Rev. Branham, you've got to think of Billy Paul. That little girl will die in a few minutes."

I said, "That's my little sweetheart. I've got to see her." I thought I heard my little baby call me and I insisted I must go see her.

She said, "You can't see her, Rev. Branham. She is in isolation." She went back in and shut the door. When she did, I slipped in the other way and went down the basement where they had her isolated. It was a very poor hospital. She had a little mosquito netting over her face, but the flies had gotten underneath and on her little eyes. I shooed them off and looked at her. Bless her little heart. She was having a spasm. Because of such intense pain, her muscles were all drawn up. I said, "Sharon, honey, do you know daddy?" Her little lips began to quiver. She knew I was there. But she was suffering so hard that when she looked at me her baby blue eyes were crossed. Oh my! My heart was breaking. I

couldn't stand to look at her crossed eyes. To this day, I remember my little Sharon whenever I see cross-eyed children. I've seen over four hundred cross-eyed children healed in about three months of my meetings. Sometimes God has to crush a rose to bring forth the fragrance of it. You know that's right. I looked at that poor little thing with crossed eyes, and said, "Oh, God!" My strength just wouldn't hold me up any more. I raised my hand and I said, "Oh, Father, You took my wife. Don't take my baby and leave me. Please, dear God, I apologize for all my wrongs. I'll go preach. I'll do anything, anything you say, dear Lord. Please don't take my baby, please, please." Then came that dark curtain. I knew it was over. I said, "Good-by, darling. The angels of God will come to get you soon. You'll go to be with mother. Daddy will take your little body and lay you in your mother's arms. Some day daddy will see you again." I laid my hand over her heart as I said, "Oh, God! Not my will, but let Yours be done."

In just a moment the angels of God came down and took her little soul and went off to Glory with it. Brother Smith, the Methodist pastor there, preached the funeral service. As the casket was lowered down, he picked up some dirt and said, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, earth to earth." Down through the old pine trees there seemed to come a whispered song.

"There's a land beyond the river,

That we call the sweet forever,

And we only reach that shore by faith's degree,

One by one we gain the portal,

Where we'll dwell with the immortal,

Some day they'll ring those golden-bells for you and me."

Oh my! I went home heartbroken. I tried to go to work. At that time I was doing electrical work. I was an electrician by trade. One morning real early I climbed up a pole to take down a pole meter. I was singing, "On a hill far away..." (I was taking down a secondary line. If you're an electrician, you know what I'm talking about. The primary runs right by this.) "Stood and old rugged cross, the emblem of suffering and shame. And I love that old cross..." I looked

down on the ground and was the shadow of my body and the pole, forming a cross and reminding me of the Cross that Christ died upon for me.

I pulled my safety belt up tight. I got real nervous. I took off my rubber glove to lay my hand on that primary—running down with 2300 volts. It would have broken every bone in my body. I said, "God, I'm a coward to do this." "But," I said, "Sharon, honey, daddy's coming home to meet you in a few minutes. I can't stand it any more."

Friends, I'll never know to this day what happened, but I believe God was preserving the Gift. The next thing I knew I was sitting down at the bottom of the pole with my hands right across my knees, crying and perspiring. I thought to myself, "I'm a wreck; I can't work." I took my tools to the truck and went home.

I had wanted to go and be with my loved ones that were with the Lord. Life on earth held nothing for me any more. All that I had to live for was in the next world; without them my broken heart could not find the courage to keep up the struggle. But it was God's will, I guess, in holding His Gift. He had a plan and it must be worked out. I am sure it took every tragedy and deep sorrow that I had to go through to bring me to the place where He could use me. God knows what is best.

My mother had said to come and live with her. Others offered their home. But look, I wanted to stay where Hope and I had lived. We didn't have anything but a couple of pieces of old furniture but it was ours. It was home. We had been happy together and I wanted to stay with that because it was hers and mine. A neighbor kept Billy Paul and when I was home I'd go get him and take him home with me.

That day when I came in I picked up the mail. The first letter I saw said, "Miss Sharon Rose Branham." It was her Christmas savings—80 cents. Oh my! I lay down and started crying. I thought to myself that I would get my gun and take my life. I was going crazy, losing my mind. I was worrying about it too much. I began to cry and cried until I went to sleep. I shall never forget it. I dreamed I was coming down alongside of a prairie. I used to work out West on a ranch. I came along there singing, "The wheel on the wagon broken." You've heard it. "Down on a ranch for sale." I happened to look sideways and there was an old western prairie schooner with a wheel broken off. The wheel on the wagon broken. I said, "Yes, that right." Walking around from behind, there came a young, beautiful blonde girl, about 18 or 20 years of age. She was the prettiest

girl I'd ever seen. I took off my hat and said, "How do you do, Miss?" and started walking off.

She said, "Hello, dad."

I said, "I beg your pardon? Did you say dad?"

She said, "Yes. Don't you know me, daddy?"

I said, "No."

She said, "What do you teach about immortality?" I teach that there will never be any real old people in heaven or little babies. We will all be one age, maybe about the age of Jesus when He died, about 30 years old. She said, "Don't you know what you teach about immortality?"

I said, "Yes, but what's that got to do with you?"

She said, "Oh, daddy, don't you know me? Down on earth I was your little Sharon."

I said, "Sharon?"

She said, "What are you worrying about, daddy?"

I said, "Honey, you're not Sharon?"

She said, "Yes, where is Billy Paul?"

I said, "Well, honey, I don't understand you."

She said, "I know you don't. Mother is looking for you."

I said, "Mother! Where's mother?"

She said, "Daddy, don't you know where you are?"

I said, "No."

She said, "This is heaven."

I said, "Heaven?"

She said, "Yes, and mother is up to our new home."

I said, "New home?"

She said, "Yes, your new home, daddy."

I said, "Honey, I haven't any new home. All of our people are vagabonds. We just travel, pay rent, here and there. Never did a Branham own his own home. I haven't any new home."

She said, "But, daddy, you've got one up here."

I looked sideways. It looked like the glory of God was coming up. Then I looked at a great big beautiful home sitting there.

She said, "You run up to the house. I'm going to wait for Billy."

I went on up. I couldn't understand it, but as I walked up the steps there was Hope. She was just as sweet as ever, young, her dark hair hanging down on her shoulders. She was dressed in white. As she reached out her arms for me, I just fell at her feet.

I said, "Sweetheart, I don't understand this. I've seen Sharon."

She said, "Yes, she said she was going down to wait for you."

I said, "Honey, there must be something wrong here somewhere. Isn't she a beautiful young lady? Didn't our daughter make a pretty girl?"

She said, "Yes, she's awfully sweet."

I said, "Oh honey."

She said, "You're just worrying so much, aren't you?"

I said, "Yes."

She said, "I've seen you. You've cried and worried about Sharon and I. We are much better off than you are. Don't worry any more."

I said, "Hope, I'll try not to worry, honey."

She said, "Now you've never promised me anything in your life, but what you've done it." I've always tried to keep my promise. She said, "Look, you promise me that you won't worry any more."

And I said, "I'll try not to, honey."

She put her arms around me. Then she looked around and said, "Won't you sit down?" I looked and there was a great big chair sitting there. I looked back at her. She said, "I know what you're thinking, about the old chair you had to give up."

I said, "Yes." My thoughts were back there at our old house. I was so tired and we just had those old chain bottom chairs, you know what they are; you'd have to sit up so straight on them. We wanted to get a Morris chair. They cost over fifteen dollars then, and I remember we had to pay two dollars down and a dollar a week. We bought one and I paid about six or seven dollars on it and I just got to the place where I couldn't make the payments any more. They told me that they would come and get it. I remember that day. Hope knew I liked cherry pie, bless her heart, and so she had made a cherry pie for me. I'd come in at night so tired after preaching and sit down on this chair and study the Bible awhile. Many times I'd fallen asleep in it. And that night she knew the chair was gone, so she wanted to make me happy. That's a real wife; that's a real sweetheart. I knew she was extremely nervous about something. She wanted me to go down to the river and fish a little while that night. I thought there was something wrong. I said, "Let's go in the front room." I saw her countenance drop. I knew as we walked into the room our chair was gone. She looked at me and started to cry. We put our arms around one another and I said, "Oh, sweetheart, we couldn't help it. We couldn't help it." Now, as she looked at me and that big chair, she said, "Honey, they will never come and get this one. That one's already paid for." We sat down and rested awhile.

Oh, brother and sister, sometimes I get so tired out down here. Worn out. No rest. Going day and night. When I go home for rest there are people everywhere in desperate need. Oh, God, what can I do? But one thing I know, one of these days I'm going to cross over the river. When I get over on the other side I've got a home over there. I've got a chair

that's already paid for. Loved ones are waiting for me. And one of these days I'm going to cross over Jordan and then I can rest.

Almighty God was forced to put me through this bitter experience because I had refused to heed His call. Gifts and callings are without repentance. Had I listened to God instead of man the Gift would probably have started operating sooner and therefore my ministry might have been a hundred-fold of what it has been in the past. In addition I could have been spared years of untold grief.

Because I repented and am daily permitting God to direct and use my life, He has restored to me, as He did to Job of old, and I am thankful.

Take Him into your heart and dedicate your life to Him, dear reader. Christ is not a disappointment. You will never regret it. God bless you in Jesus' name.

A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SUPERNATURAL

This amazing photograph was taken of Brother William Branham in Houston, Texas, in January of 1950, by the Douglas Studios. It was taken during the same campaign in which Brother Bosworth brought to him the prayer request of Florence Nightingale, whose story is told in the chapter telling how William Branham decided upon a visit to South Africa.

When the photographers, Mr. James Ayers and Mr. Theodore Kipperman, developed the picture they were amazed to find the evidence of a light above the head of Rev. Branham. Never had they seen anything like it before and none of them could understand the presence of this halo. The following day they contacted Brother Branham and the others in his party. It was then explained to them that pictures similar to this one had been taken before but never had the light been so definite as it was in this photo.

The negative was taken to George J. Lacy, Examiner of Questioned Documents, in order to ascertain whether or not the light over the head of Brother Branham could be the result of improper exposure, developing or retouching. Mr. Lacy agreed to examine the negative and then give his opinion

concerning it. At the appointed time when he was to have his examinations completed and his conclusions formed, he came out into his waiting room where members of the Branham party, press agents and others were waiting. Stepping into the room he asked which one was William Branham. Brother Branham rose to his feet and made his identity known. Mr. Lacy said, "Rev. Branham, you will die like all other mortals but as long as there is a Christian civilization, your picture will live on."

This picture is now copyrighted, a photograph of a supernatural being. A copy of it hangs in one of the halls of Washington, D. C.



WILLIAM MARRION BRANHAM

George E. Lucy
Chairman of Presidential Commission
on the Assassination
of President Kennedy

January 29, 1950

R E P O R T A N D O P I N I O N

Re: Questioned Negative

On January 28, 1950 at the request of Reverend Gordon Lindsey, who was representing Reverend William Bramham of Jeffersonville, Indiana, I received from the Douglas Studio of 1610 Rush Avenue in this city, a 6x5 inch exposed and developed photographic film. This film was purported to have been made by the Douglas Studio of Reverend William Bramham at the Sam Houston Coliseum in this city, during his visit here the latter part of January, 1950.

R E Q U E S T

Reverend Lindsey requested that I make a scientific examination of the aforesaid negative. He requested that I determine, if possible, whether or not in my opinion the negative had been re-trimmed or "doctored" in any way, subsequent to the developing of the film, that would cause a streak of light to appear in the position of a halo above the head of Reverend Bramham.

E X A M I N A T I O N

A macroscopic and microscopic examination and study was made of the entire surface of both sides of the film, which was Eastman Kodak Safety Film. Both sides of the film were examined under filtered ultra-violet light and infra-red photographs were made of the film.

MAILED JAN 30 1950 U.S. DEPT. OF JUSTICE

A photographic copy of George Lucy's
William Bramham

January 26, 1952

The microscopic examination failed to reveal retouching of the film at any place whatsoever by any of the processes used in commercial retouching. Also, the microscopic examination failed to reveal any disturbance of the emulsion in or around the light streak in question.

The ultra-violet light examination failed to reveal any foreign matter, or the result of any chemical reaction on either side of the negative, which might have caused the light streak, subsequent to the processing of the negative.

The infra-red photomicrograph also failed to disclose anything that would indicate that any retouching had been done to the film.

The examination also failed to reveal anything that would indicate that the negative in question was a composite negative or a double exposed negative.

There was nothing found which would indicate that the light streak in question had been made during the process of development. Neither was there anything found which would indicate that it was not developed in a regular and recognized procedure. There was nothing found in the comparative details of the highlights that was not in harmony.

O P I N I O N

Based upon the above described examination and study I am of the definite opinion that the negative submitted for examination, was not retouched nor was it a composite or double exposed negative.

Further, I am of the definite opinion that the light streak appearing above the head in a halo position was caused by light striking the negative.

Respectfully submitted,

GJL/H



*statements pertaining to the photo of Brother
with the supernatural halo.*

CHAPTER 2 - GIFTS OF HEALING PLUS

By F. F. Bosworth

For more than thirty years during great evangelistic campaigns, I have overworked, praying for the sick and afflicted. During fourteen years of this time, we conducted the National Radio Revival during which time we received about a quarter of a million letters, most of them containing prayer requests from sick and suffering people who could not have recovered without the direct action of the Holy Spirit in response to the "prayer of faith." We have received multiple thousands of unsolicited testimonies from those who have been miraculously healed of every bodily affliction I know anything about, including leprosy. To God be all the glory because these results are impossible to anyone but Him. As a result of these miracles, many thousands have been joyfully converted, whom we would have missed had we not preached the healing part of the gospel once a week in all our evangelistic campaigns.

Because this healing ministry has required labor beyond human strength, we have prayed, oh so earnestly, for God to raise up more laborers to help in this so greatly neglected phase of the ministry. And during the past few years, I have often wept for joy over God's recent gift to the Church of our beloved brother, William Branham, with his marvelous "Gift of Healing." This is a case of God doing "exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think" (Eph. 3:20), for I have never seen or read of anything to equal the healing ministry of William Branham.

An Angel Appears

On May 7th, 1946, an Angel who had spoken to Brother Branham in audible voice at intervals from his childhood down to the present time, finally appeared to him, and among other things told him that Christ's Coming was near at hand. And the Heavenly Messenger said: "I am sent from the presence of Almighty God to tell you... that God has sent you to take a gift of healing to the peoples of the world."

On page 1291 of the Scofield Bible, Dr. C. I. Scofield, D.D., in his footnote on Angels says: "Though angels are spirits (Psa. 104:4; Heb. 1:14), power is given them to become visible in the semblance of human form (Gen. 19:1 and many other Scriptures in both the Old and New Testaments). In Exod. 23:20, God said

to Moses: 'Behold I send an Angel before thee, to keep thee in the way and to bring thee into the place I have prepared.' And in Gen. 24:40, we read, 'The Lord... will send His Angel with thee, and prosper thy way.'"

This is exactly what God has done for Brother Branham. He does not begin to pray for the healing of the afflicted in body in the healing line each night, until God anoints him for the operation of the Gift, and until he is conscious of the presence of the Angel with him on the platform. Without this consciousness, he seems to be perfectly helpless.

Two Signs Given

Now notice that God not only sent an Angel to be with Moses, He also gave him two perfect miracles as signs and proofs to the people that God had appeared to him and commissioned him, under divine guidance, to be their deliverer (Exod. 4:1-31). The first sign was that of Moses' rod becoming a serpent, and the second sign was that of putting his hand in his bosom and having it become "as leprous as snow," etc. God said to Moses, "It shall come to pass, if they will not believe thee, neither hearken to the voice of the first sign, they will believe the voice of the latter sign" (Exod. 4:8). In the last three verses of this chapter we read that when these two signs were repeated "in the sight of the people, the people believed... and they bowed their heads and worshipped."

Just so, in addition to sending an Angel to be with and to prosper Brother Branham, He has also given him two perfectly miraculous signs which have served to raise the faith of thousands of the humanly incurable to the level where the "Gift of Healing" operates.

Supernatural Diagnosis

The first sign: When the Angel appeared to Brother Branham, he told him how he would be able to detect and diagnose all diseases and afflictions; that when the gift was operating, by taking the right hand of the patient he would feel various physical vibrations or pulsations which would indicate to him the various diseases from which each patient was suffering. Germ diseases, which indicate the presence and working of an "oppressing" (Acts 10:38) spirit of affliction can be distinctly felt. When the afflicting spirit comes into contact with the gift it sets up such a physical commotion that it becomes visible on Brother Branham's hand, and so real that it will stop his wrist watch instantly. This feels to Brother Branham like taking hold of a live wire with too much electric current

in it. When the oppressing spirit is cast out in Jesus' Name, you can see Brother Branham's red and swollen hand return to its normal condition. If the affliction is not a germ disease, then God always reveals the affliction to Brother Branham by the Spirit. This first sign usually raises the faith of the individual to the healing level; but if not, the second sign does.

A Seer

The second sign: The Angel told him that the anointing would cause him to see and enable him to tell the sufferers many of the events of their lives from their childhood down to the present time. He even tells some their thoughts while they are coming to the platform or before they came to the meeting. I heard him say recently to a mother bringing her little girl, "Lady, your child was born deaf and dumb; and as soon as you discovered she could not hear, you took her to the doctor." And then Brother Branham told the mother exactly what the doctor said. The mother said, "That is exactly right." The great audience hears all this over the public address system. Brother Branham actually sees it enacted and pushing the microphone away so the audience won't hear it, he tells the patient any un-confessed and un-forsaken sins in their lives which must be given up before the Gift will operate for their deliverance. As soon as such persons acknowledge and promise to forsake the sin or sins thus revealed, their healing often comes in a moment before Brother Branham has time to pray. These statements by the Angel are verified in the Branham meetings nightly before the eyes of thousands.

Thus the great audiences witness nightly over and over again three distinct types of miracles. The first two do not heal the sufferers, but only serve as signs to raise the faith of the afflicted to the level where the "gift of healing operates for their deliverance." Of course, these two miraculous signs are possible only while the anointing of the Holy Spirit is upon Brother Branham for this purpose.

More Than "Gifts Of Healing"

No doubt a few Christians here and there, during the Church Age, and some at the present time have been endowed with the "Gift of Healing" which is listed among the nine spiritual gifts in the 12th Chapter of I Corinthians, each of which is defined as "The manifestation of the Spirit." (I Cor. 12:7-11) There should be laymen in every church thus endowed.

But Brother Branham is a channel for more than the mere gift of healing; he

is also a Seer as were the Old Testament Prophets. He sees events before they take place. I asked him, "What do you mean? How do you see them?" He replied, "Just as I see you; only that I know it is a vision." Just as clearly as one sees material things around them, Brother Branham, while in prayer during the day, sees in vision some of the principal miracles before they take place. He sees some carried in on ambulance cots, or sitting in wheel chairs, and can describe how they look and how they are dressed, etc. While being shown these miracles in advance, he usually becomes, for the time, unconscious of things going on around him. Not once during the more than six years since receiving the gift have these revelations failed to produce perfect miracles exactly as he had already seen them in vision. At these times he can say with absolute certainty, "Thus saith the Lord," and he is never wrong. He told me that he simply acts out what he has already seen himself doing in the vision. The success of this phase of his ministry is exactly 100.

Looking At The Unseen

When the gift is operating, Brother Branham is the most sensitive person to the presence and working of the Holy Spirit and to spiritual realities of any person I have ever known. Under the anointing which operates his spiritual gifts and when he is conscious of the Angel's presence, he seems to break through the veil of the flesh into the world of spirit, and seems to be struck through and through with a sense of the unseen. Paul wrote (II Cor. 4:18), "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Paul's words here indicate that we are now living in two worlds at the same time—the world of sense, and the world of spirit. The world of spirit surrounds, enspheres, and interpenetrates the world of sense. Both worlds occupy the same space at the same time. The material realities which we see with our natural eyes exist in the midst of the far better realities which are unseen by the optic nerve. The Scriptures teach us that the superior "eternal" realities encompass us now. What sights might every one of us see at every moment of our existence, at every turn of our path, had we anointed eyes with which to see them! "The seen" exists in the midst of "the unseen," the "temporal" in the midst of the "eternal."

Paul says, "He that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." While filled with the Holy Spirit, our spirit and God's Spirit are blended into one in the same way that the ocean and the bay are one because the ocean flows into the bay. Then it is

that the glorious spiritual realities gain the ascendancy and become the most dominant. We see truth and spiritual realities through God's eyes. At such times future events seem to be present like a preview of a coming motion picture attraction. Jesus said that "The Spirit will show you things to come."

Miracles Seen In Advance

During a Fort Wayne meeting a lady came into the healing line carrying a child which was born with a club foot which with its leg was in a plaster cast. The moment Brother Branham saw them, without stopping to pray for the child's healing, he said to the lady, "O, yes, will you do what I tell you to do?" The lady answered, "I will." Then he said to her, "Go home and get that cast off, and when you come back tomorrow night, bring the child, and she will have a perfect foot." The microphone carried these words to all in the great audience. It took them more than an hour that night to get the cast off. When the lady brought the child the next night, the child had a perfect foot and was wearing a new pair of little white shoes and was walking. The doctor X-rayed the foot and found it perfect. I asked Brother Branham the next day why he passed the lady and the child through the healing line without praying for the healing of the child. He answered, "It wasn't necessary, for in a vision in the afternoon I saw the child healed." It would make this article too long if I should relate many other cases much more wonderful in detail than this case. This phase of his ministry alone would furnish matter for a book.

In the 5th Chapter of St. John, Jesus says, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work... The Son can do nothing of Himself, but what He seeth the Father do: for what things soever He doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise, for the Father loveth the Son and showeth him all things that Himself doeth." What did Jesus mean? Of course, Jesus was a Seer as were the Old Testament Prophets. He saw his miracles before they happened. He saw the man which had an infirmity 38 years who could not get into the pool when the Angel went down and troubled the water. Jesus came to him and said to him, "Take up thy bed, and walk." Jesus saw Lazarus raised from the dead before He performed the miracle. He said to Nathanael, "Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig tree, I saw thee." (John 1:48) He saw where the ass colt was tied without being there. He said to two of His disciples: "Go ye into the city, and there shall meet you a man bearing a pitcher of water; follow him..." (Mark 14:12-16) And the indwelling Christ is now perpetuating His works through human instrumentality

according to His promise for this age: "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also... because I go to the Father, and whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son." (John 14:12, 13)

The Pull Of Faith Is Felt

In the case of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was made whole, Jesus said, "I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." (Luke 8:46) When this became known, we read in Mark 6:55, 56, that "Whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch but the border of His garment: and as many as touched Him were made whole." Thank God that same virtue is still flowing from the indwelling Christ into the bodies of the sick and afflicted, and they are made whole.

The two sign miracles which God manifests through Brother Branham to raise the faith of those in the healing line to the right level, are given also to raise the faith of the afflicted in the audience to the same level. This faith draws the same virtue from the indwelling Christ who is operating the gift, and heals those sitting in the audience. It makes no difference whether it is your diseases being supernaturally diagnosed, or the person's in the healing line, the signs are the same, and have the same effect on those sitting in the audience. Why should the signs be repeated for each individual who has already seen them? Moses did not repeat his two signs for each individual Israelite. A thousand could witness the demonstration and be caused to believe at the same time. Faith at the right level in any part of the great audience pulls on the virtue in the indwelling Christ, who is operating the gift; and this can't take place without Brother Branham knowing it. He feels it as distinctly as you would if I should pull on your coat, and knows the direction it is coming from; and he even points out the individual whose faith is touching Christ.

One time in the Louisville meeting, while he was praying for the sick on the platform, he felt a steady pull of faith from the audience, and as soon as the pulling ceased, he pointed in that direction and said, "A lady right back there has just been healed of a cancer." And she was.

While reading the Scripture to another audience, he stopped and pointed to a man he never saw before, and said to him, "Brother, your faith has just now

healed that running cancer between your knee and your ankle." The cancer dried up on the spot.

While praying for those in the healing line in a Flint meeting, he stopped and pointing up toward the second gallery to his right, said, "I have just now had a vision of a lady dressed in a blue suit wearing a striped waist. She has just been healed of a cancer." The woman sprang to her feet and with great joy said, "I am the lady." Her faith did for her in the second gallery what faith was doing for those on the platform.

A young lady who was born with her eyes crossed and who was attending Bible School in Fort Wayne during the meeting there said to Mrs. Bosworth who was back at the book stand, "I can't see how I can ever get into that healing line, there are so many." Mrs. Bosworth said to her, "You won't need to. You just sit back here and ask God to lift your faith to the healing level, and you will pull from the gift the healing virtue." She did this, and during the service Brother Branham stopped and pointed in her direction and said, "A young lady way back there was just now healed of crossed eyes." Her eyes have been straight ever since.

A young lady was carried into the meeting on a cot. She was dying of leukemia. Both at Johns Hopkins and at the Mayo Clinic she was told that everything possible had been done and that there was no hope of her living. Her mind had begun to give way. I slipped off the platform to her cot and told her to be praying that God would lift her faith to the healing level and that it would either operate the gift or pull Brother Branham down to her. I watched her lips moving in prayer and all at once Brother Branham felt the pull of faith, jumped off the platform and went to her cot, prayed for her, and said, "In Jesus' name arise from your cot, receive divine strength and be well." She obeyed and with hands uplifted and with tears of joy and worship flowing down her cheeks, she walked back and forth before all the people and down the aisles. Her sister told me afterwards, "My sister is wonderful."

In the great Fair Park Auditorium at Dallas, Texas, one night when the orchestra pit was full of stretcher and wheelchair cases, while Brother Branham was busy praying for those in the healing line, he kept feeling the pull of faith from his right which finally stopped. When he got through with those he was dealing with, he pointed to a man on a cot in the orchestra pit, and said to him, "Man, get up, you have been healed about five minutes." He got up praising

God. His wife came to him and they threw their arms around each other and wept for joy together. He had been brought from Chicago in a dying condition with his lungs being eaten up with cancer. He was healed and came to the next meeting in Ft. Wayne a few days later to give his testimony. He has attended two other meetings since. I could go on and on reciting many pages of similar healings of those healed while sitting or lying on stretchers in the audience without Brother Branham ever touching them.

No Hard Cases

There is no such thing as a hard case with God. A lady from Greece who had no opening in her throat entered the prayer line. She could not swallow a single drop of water or any kind of food. As soon as Brother Branham prayed for her she drank a glass of water and ate a candy bar. A night or two later in that same meeting nine deaf and dumb mutes came in the prayer line and all nine were healed.

Those born blind received their sight. After praying for one totally blind man. Brother Branham said to him, "Walk to the pulpit and put your finger on that preacher's nose." He walked straight to the minister and pulled his nose, causing the audience to laugh.

A very noted missionary from Palestine in the last stage of T.B. was brought from Yakima, Washington, in an ambulance to the Civic Auditorium in Seattle, Washington. The government paid his plane fare home. When he was commanded, in Jesus' Name, to rise and be well he did so, and two days later he was doing manual labor around his home.

Mass Healing

Just as an altar-call or invitation to sinners follows an evangelistic sermon, so after the supernatural diagnosing and healing of those in the prayer line, the invitation is now being given to those in the audience who are prepared to accept their healing. The healing of one at a time on the platform is only preliminary to the main healing service. It is only an object lesson sermon so to speak to all in the audience who need the benefits of the healing part of the Gospel.

Just as a hundred sinners may respond to the invitation of an evangelist and experience the still greater miracle of the new birth in mass, so it has been amazingly demonstrated that the sick can be healed in mass by the gift of

healing. Towards the end of the service Brother Branham usually points rapidly to one after another saying, "Christ has healed you." Some people throw their prayer cards into the air, throw down their crutches and those who could not stand or walk spring to their feet, some of them jumping and praising God for joy. Such a demonstration is beyond description. At one certain meeting a boy in a chair who could not stand or walk, sprang to his feet praising God. A few minutes later, I motioned to him and asked the crowd to make way and let him through to the platform. He walked to the microphone and fairly preached to the weeping audience. The gift operated for mass healing just as it had already done in the prayer line where they were healed one at a time.

Sinners Surrender In Mass

And the best of all, sinners are thus brought under conviction for sin and want to be saved. In Romans 15:18, 19, Paul speaks of making "the Gentiles obedient, by word and deed, through mighty signs and wonders, by the power of the Spirit of God... from Jerusalem, and round about unto Illyricum." I have seen as many as thirty thousand sinners in a single day stand to their feet in tears to give their hearts to God. No wonder Jesus said, "Into whatsoever city ye enter-heal the sick that are therein."

Quoting Psalms 68:18, the Apostle Paul said in Eph. 4:8, "When He ascended on high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men." The news of this divine gift to the Church in six short years has traveled around the world, and many urgent calls are coming from all parts of the world. Some sufferers have been flown across the waters from other countries by plane to the United States to be prayed for.

Before closing, I feel that I must say to those who read these lines but who are unable to attend a Branham Meeting, that this need not hinder you from being healed, too. Thousands have been miraculously healed through their own prayer. God desires your healing more than it is possible for you to desire it. Jesus died to make it possible. Calvary makes everything which God has promised your personal property. "Every whit whole" is God's will proved and demonstrated to multitudes. Our healing literature together with the "prayer of faith" has brought healing within the grasp of many thousands. A continuous stream of unsolicited testimonies are still coming to us from our radio friends and their acquaintances. My book, "CHRIST THE HEALER," now in its seventh edition (250 pages), contains and explains clearly the Bible truths which have set multitudes free

from all manner of humanly incurable bodily afflictions when there was no one present with the gift of healing, not even an elder to pray the prayer of faith. They were healed by simply believing and acting on the Scriptures concerning the healing of their body, in the same way that sinners believe and act on the Scriptures concerning the healing of their soul. My booklet entitled "The Christian Confession," which shows what our affirmations should be for obtaining all redemptive blessings, is working wonders. Its truths, practiced, will bring about the fulfillment of God's promise to heal or to do anything else which He has promised in the Bible.

Rev. F.F. Bosworth

CHAPTER 3- WHY DID WILLIAM BRANHAM VISIT SOUTH AFRICA?

Daily there comes to the home of William Branham countless numbers of prayer requests. Many of these are accompanied by airplane tickets requesting him to come to pray for the sick. It was one of these requests that caused Brother Branham to make it a definite matter of prayer pertaining to his trip to South Africa. He had considered South Africa before, but the Lord had always directed him to go elsewhere. This year he had thought of Australia and Japan, but the Lord definitely led him to Africa.

During the month of January, 1950, Brother Branham and Brother F.F. Bosworth were conducting meetings in Houston, Texas. On the same evening that the photograph was taken of Brother Branham, which registered the halo above his head, Brother Bosworth showed Brother Branham a lady's picture. It had accompanied a letter and airplane ticket from Florence Nightingale of Durban, South Africa, a distant relative of the Florence Nightingale who founded the Red Cross. She was a mere skeleton and reminded them of Georgia Carter, a young lady from Milltown, Indiana, who was in a similar condition before she received her healing. For nearly nine years she had been on her back with tuberculosis and weighed hardly forty pounds at the time Brother Branham prayed for her.

This Florence Nightingale of Durban suffered from cancer at the entrance of the stomach which causes one to die of starvation. She weighed only about fifty pounds. She had been fed through the veins on glucose until that was no longer possible. Hearing of Brother Branham, she cried for him to come and pray for her. Thus she wrote for him to come, sending along her picture and plane ticket.

That night in Houston they prayed for Florence Nightingale, promising God that if He would heal her and make her completely well, they would take it as an indication from God that they should go to South Africa.

Eight weeks later the Branham party landed in England on their way to Finland. The King of England had sent a cable requesting Brother Branham to come and pray for him. When the Branham party stepped off the plane, William Branham's name was called over the loud speaker. Florence Nightingale had arrived at the airport just fifteen minutes before and those with her had put out

this call for Brother Branham to come quickly because they thought she was dying. The place was so crowded that they were informed to get in touch with him at the Piccadilly Hotel. This was done and arrangements were made for him to come to her hotel.

It was one of those foggy days in April when they motored to the hotel where she was staying. No one in the party had ever seen a human being in such a pitiful condition as the woman in that room. She was so thin that the skin stuck to her bones. Their hearts were moved with compassion. Florence Nightingale could hardly speak as tears ran down her cheeks for she was suffering with such pain.

They all, including a minister of the Church of England as well as her nurses, knelt and began to pray for her. As they started to pray a dove came and sat on the window sill, looking inside as it started to coo. After prayer, when Brother Branham said, "Amen," the dove flew away. The minister started to speak saying, "Did you see that dove?" Before he finished the question the Spirit of the Lord moved upon Brother Branham to speak these words—"Thus saith the Lord, you will live, sister."

Eight months after Brother Branham had prayed for Florence Nightingale in England he received another picture from her. At this time she was a perfect picture of health and weighed 155 pounds. Fie had made his vow to God and was now convinced that he had to go to South Africa. God had called him to South Africa and now his desire was that he might be a blessing to the people he had been called to minister unto.

While we were still in Johannesburg, and weeks before we came to Durban, Brother Branham told us that our greatest meetings would be in Durban. Fie always spoke of Durban with the anticipation of great things being done for God. Later on in this book you will find a report of the meetings which were held there, the greatest meetings which were ever held in South Africa. We did not have the opportunity to meet Florence Nightingale while we were in South Africa because we understand she is now living in England.



This is a copy of the photo that accompanied Florence Nightingale's prayer request



This photo accompanied her testimony of healing

CHAPTER 4 - A TYPICAL SERVICE

Good evening, friends. God's great mercy and peace be with you all. My stay here in your city is short, but I have enjoyed every hour of it. I do feel in my heart that this will not be my last trip to South Africa. If God will permit, we would be glad to come again. No doubt you will then have even more faith, because of what you have seen and will see tonight. I know that in the audience tonight there are many people who are already healed. You may not realize this right now, but mark what I tell you. In weeks to come you will see people who were once sick come to their pastors and friends and say, "That stomach trouble is gone," "The cancer—I don't have it any more," and "Look at my arm; I can use it," and many other things such as that. You will see that I have told you the truth.

I would love to see a revival in all the churches in South Africa. We are all one in Christ. We are one Spirit united in one body. Won't it be wonderful to see the walls of denominations broken down so that we will all act as one in Jesus Christ? This will bring revival.

Now I wish to readjust a portion of the Scripture for I think that no service is complete without the reading of the Word. My words will fail, as any man's but God's Word will never fail. Remember, the Word of God will defeat Satan anywhere, any time and under any condition. When Jesus was here, the Father was in Him and He was equal with the Father. However, when He met Satan, He did not use any of His gifts. He only said, "It is written." Every time Jesus said, "It is written," He defeated Satan. You have the promise in God's Word, and every time you use the Word in Faith, Satan will leave you. This is the Word of God and if what I say does not correspond with this, then my words are no good. But if my words correspond with God's Word, then God will respect them, which He has already done in our meetings.

Now I wish to read from the second chapter of St. Luke, starting at the twenty-fifth verse:

"And behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ. And he came by

the Spirit into the temple; and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, Which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel. And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; And for a sign which shall be spoken against; (Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) That the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed. And there was one Anna, a prophetess, the daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Aser: she was of a great age, and had lived with a husband seven years from her virginity; And she was a widow of about fourscore and four years, which departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day, And she coming in at that instant gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

May the Lord Jesus add His blessing to the reading of the Word.

I want to speak just a few moments on expectations. Usually you get what you expect. Now if you went to a meeting just to criticize, Satan will certainly show you something to criticize. If you come to get blessed, God will see that you get blessed, for whatever you are expecting you will receive.

Let me give you an example of what I mean. My mother once sent me to a party and told me that I would meet her sister. She described her to me, saying that she was small, rather sharp featured, had a high forehead, and combed her hair back, and twisted it in the back. I went to look for her. I had some kind of a conception of what she would look like.

Now, if you are coming for Divine healing, you must have some conception as to what God is. Do you believe that? Now, God is a Spirit, but you can watch the way He moves. Jesus said that He would send back the Holy Spirit and He would testify of Christ, and bring these things to our remembrance which Jesus had said. He also would show us things to come. He said, "He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father." He also said that He could do nothing until the Father showed Him, and then when the Father showed Him a vision, He did that. Now, Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. Then we ought to have the

same kind of manifestations in our meetings as Jesus had in His day.

Many times you have heard people say, "Seeing is believing." You've heard that expression. I will prove to you that that is only partially correct. Right here I see a man standing by me with a dark suit on. He has a white tie with red dots on it. How many believe that's true? Sure, you can see him; you know that he is here. Now I'll turn and look the other way. I don't see that man but he is here anyhow. How do I know? Because I have another sense. There are five senses in the human body—see, taste, feel, smell and hear. They are separate, one from the other. First I knew he was here by the sense of sight. Turning away I cannot see him, but I know he is here because I have my hand on him and can feel him. Now my sense of sight is inactive, but my sense of feeling is active. Turning back to him again and removing my hand from him, feeling will not declare him, but sight will. You have another sense. Listen, I hear music. How many think I am right? Did you see it? Did you feel it? Did you smell it? Did you taste it? No. But you have a sense of hearing. Now, seeing is not believing. In that case hearing is believing. Now, there are five senses.

God made man in His own image—a spirit man. Then He put in him five senses in order for him to contact his earthly sphere. They have nothing to do with God. The five senses were given to contact the earthly sphere. But the soul of man, the spirit, has a sense too, which is faith. Through faith man contacts his Maker. The five senses have nothing to do with it. They touch the earthly sphere but your spirit touches the heavenly sphere. So the sense of feeling, like my touching this man, is real to the body. Sight is real to the body. It is a reality. But faith is more of a reality to your soul. Now listen, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things you do not see, taste, feel smell or hear. Yet it is just as real, more real than any of the other five senses.

What if nobody had ever seen in his life and suddenly someone received eyes and could see. We would think that person was crazy when he said that he could see things and objects and bright sunshine, etc. If we only had four senses, we would think that person was mad. But to him it is real. So it is with faith. Would you say that shirt is white? How many believe that shirt is white? That shows you can see. Now, if your faith says you are going to be healed, and is just as real to you as your sight which says that shirt is white, you are healed. Faith declares it. It is perfect.

Now let us go to our text for a moment. Simeon was an old man who lived in

the temple. By the theologians we are told that he was in his eighties. One day he had a promise by the Holy Spirit that he was not going to see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ. He went around telling everybody, "I am not going to die until I have seen the Christ." They said he was crazy. They said, "David and all the prophets looked for Christ, and now just look at that man, old as he is, yet he thinks he is going to see the Christ." He had a right to believe it for the Holy Spirit cannot lie. Now notice, he was not ashamed. It didn't matter how much prestige he had, what his back-ground was, nor how honorable he was. He had a promise by the Holy Spirit that he was not going to see death until he had seen the Lord's Christ. He was not ashamed to testify of it, because the Holy Spirit had told him so.

Now, the same Holy Spirit that was with Simeon is here tonight. How many believe in Divine healing? Well, if you believe that, remember David said, "When the deep calleth to the deep." In other words, if there is a deep in here calling, there is a deep out there to correspond with it. It's like this: before there was a fin on a fish's back there had to first be water for him to swim in. Otherwise, he would not have had that fin. Before there was a tree to grow in the earth there had to first be an earth, or there would have been no tree to grow in the earth. You see what I mean?

Now, long ago I read in a newspaper of a little baby who ate the rubber pedal of a bicycle and the rubber off the pencils. They took him to the doctor who examined him and said the little fellow hadn't any sulphur in his body. Rubber has sulphur in it, so he was eating the rubber to get the sulphur. If there was something in you craving for sulphur, there has to be sulphur somewhere to respond to that craving. When there is a creation in a human heart, there is bound to be a creator to create that creation.

If you pray for more of God, there is bound to be more of God to be received. When you were a sinner, your soul cried for God. The heathens cry for God. There is something in them crying for worship. They did not know what to worship, so they made an image and worshipped that. It was ignorance of God, but it shows there was something crying for God, crying for worship. There had to be a God somewhere to create that creation, or there would not have been that desire in them. Now you people here who raised your hands and said you believed that there was Divine healing, and that you desired it, there has to be a fountain of healing open somewhere or else you would not have that desire. See,

it's the deep calling to the deep.

Simeon had been promised to see the Christ. Let us say it was Monday morning when Jesus was born. They did not have the newspapers and radios we have today, but the only way they had to send a message was from lip to ear. There were a few star gazers that came over and recognized Him by signs. The angels came down and proclaimed His birth. A few shepherds came to worship Him, but not many knew. There were about two million people in Israel then, and probably overnight there were many children born. As the Jewish custom was, on the eighth day the mother had to come and offer a sacrifice for purification and have the child circumcised. Just imagine the many people at the temple that morning, everybody stirring around. A long row of mothers stood with their babies, and down on the road stood a little virgin with a veil over her face holding two turtledoves as an offering for purification. The rich children could offer a lamb but this was a peasant's offering, a pair of little doves or two young pigeons. And then the little baby was wrapped in swaddling clothes.

Mary had a black name to begin with. They told her that was Joseph's child, that Joseph was the father. So I can just see the women step back from her and her child, born out of holy wedlock. But in the little virgin's heart she knew it was God's Son, although He was wrapped in swaddling clothes. There He was, Emmanuel, tabernacled in flesh. She rocked the baby, everybody moving back from her.

Way over in the temple sat Simeon writing. He had the promise that he would see the Christ. I can imagine seeing the Holy Spirit coming down and saying, "Simeon, rise. Go out, Simeon." He did not know where he was going but out of the temple he went. Down along that row of mothers he walked, stopping in front of the little mother with that bad name. He took the baby in his arms, the tears rolling down his beard. He prayed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy Word: For mine eyes have seen thy salvation..."

Way back over in a corner was an old woman praying. For years she had waited for the consolation of Israel. She was blind and she was a prophetess. At this same time the Holy Spirit said, "Anna, rise to your feet." There she came, blind, moving around among the people, led by the Holy Spirit. She came to the side of Mary, took the baby in her arms, and blessed God.

And that same Holy Spirit that led blind Anna to the Savior is here tonight to

lead you to the Savior, the Christ of God, the One who died on Calvary and sent the Holy Spirit. And does it seem strange to you when I tell you this, that you people who are hungry for God to heal you have had that desire created in your heart by the Holy Spirit. As He led Simeon and Anna of old, so has He led you here tonight. You have been expecting it. Now it is here for you. For there is a fountain filled with blood, flowing from Emmanuel's side, where everyone can plunge beneath the flood to remove his guilty stains and every sick person can lose his sickness.

"He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with His stripes we are healed." Every one of us. And you, dear people, who believe that there is a fountain somewhere, here it is—open before you, free. Whosoever will, let him come and receive his healing. The same Holy Spirit that gave Simeon the promise, gives you the promise. The same Holy Spirit that led Simeon to the Christ has led you to the fountain of healing. He is the same Spirit yesterday, today and forever. Believest thou this? It is true. They that are sons and daughters of God are led by the Spirit of God. You believe that?

I am just a man but I was born a prophet, to see visions. About five years ago an angel appeared to me. He was dressed in white, and above him was a bright light. He weighed about two hundred pounds, was clean shaven, barefoot, and wore hair to his shoulders. He walked toward me and said that I was born into the world to pray for sick people. He told me that he was sent from Almighty God to tell me this. He said, "If you will be sincere and get the people to believe you, nothing shall stand before your prayer, not even cancer." Then I told him I could not go; I am unlearned. He said that as the prophet Moses was given two signs, so I would receive two signs which would be a witness of what I tell you. I would take the person by the hand and he said he would speak to me, revealing what was the matter with the person. Many things would come to pass and I would see visions. I would know the secrets of people's hearts, understanding their past and also things in the future.

Before he left I asked him how these things could be. He said that when Jesus was here He could never do anything Himself, but what the Father showed Him. How many people know that is true? What does the Bible say? "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and forever." If He is the same today as He was that day, then He will heal the same today as He did then. "Yet, a little while, and the

world seeth me no more; but ye see me..." Isn't that right?

Now, I have just a moment to give you a testimony before we start praying for the sick. Once in America, while I was riding on a train going South to meet Brother Bosworth, I received a vision. I saw a little boy lying on the ground with his clothes all torn. I saw rocks and trees; it was a strange country. His little body was all broken up, and there he was dead. That night in the meeting I told the people about this vision. I said, "Write it in your Bible and see if it does not come to pass."

A few days later they took me to a small boy who had drowned in an irrigation ditch. But he wasn't the boy I saw in the vision, who was about eight or ten years old and had been killed by an accident. This boy who was drowned was a little fellow, black headed, well dressed. He wasn't the child. Across America and Canada I testified and told them, "Write it in your Bible." It was written in thousands of Bibles. I told them that when the vision was fulfilled and the boy came back to life, it would appear in "The Voice of Healing."

In April, 1950, while we were in Finland, we left Helsinki and went up to Kuopio. A group of us had been up to a lookout tower from where we could see Russian territory. I had been fasting much and said to my managers, "Something is going to happen." On the road down we came upon the scene of an accident. A car had struck two boys. One had been knocked on his side and thrown up against a tree, crushing his head and his ribs. The car, going about seventy miles per hour, hit the other boy right forward, rolled him up under the car and threw him out behind the back wheel up into the air. Some twenty minutes later we arrived. There was a great crowd of people. They had him laid out with his coat over his face.

Mr. Lindsay and the others went out and looked at him, but I could not go. I thought of my own boy and my heart was sad. Finally they asked, "Why don't you go?" So I did. When I looked at the little boy, they had taken the coat off his face, my heart almost failed. I thought of little Billy Paul thousands of miles away from me. All of them were weeping. I started to turn, when I felt a hand on me. I said, "I do not understand what this is." (Some of the people standing there said, "There is the miracle man from the States. Let us see what he will do." See how people do not understand.) I turned around and said, "It seems like I have seen that boy somewhere. Let's look again." And they raised his coat again. I said, "I have seen that boy." I was so excited, I could not place him at first. I said

to the ministers, "Is he a member of your churches?" "No," they said. Then I realized he was the boy that I had seen in a vision back in America about a year and a half before.

You will never know how I felt. There weren't enough devils in torment who could hold him. I said, "Get around and you shall see the glory of the Lord." I knelt down just the way it was shown me in the vision and prayed: "Almighty God, in my homeland some year and a half ago, You showed me this boy and You told me that he would rise." There he laid, all broken up, and I said, "Oh, Lord, hear the prayer of Your servant. And now death—you can hold him no longer, for Jesus Christ gave a promise that this boy shall live." The boy rose to his feet, alive and normal. There stood the businessmen, the important men of the city. I have statements from them confirming this, signed by a notary public.

I could go on for hours giving you testimonies of how God has miraculously healed, but we cannot take more time because we must get into the healing service. I wish that I could pray for each one of you individually, but that is impossible. I will offer a prayer for the whole audience and you can all be healed, just as a sinner taking the Word and believing can be made a new creature. I must get you to believe. You obtain your healing by the same faith that saves or heals your soul.

Tonight again as usual we want to call up to the platform approximately ten or fifteen of you people down there who have prayer cards. This is not the healing service but a demonstration of what can happen to you all out there. My son Billy gave out prayer cards earlier in the evening. Billy Paul, what numbers did you give out tonight? "L-50 to L-100." All right, he gave out fifty cards tonight and I believe we will call up the first fifteen, from L-50 to L-65. Look at the number on the back of your card and see if you have any of the numbers from L-50 to L-65. If you do, come on up here as rapidly as you can so that we can line you up and start the prayer service.

Do not think because you have not received a prayer card that you are not going to be healed. I want you to see that it has nothing to do with prayer cards. I call a few people up here so that you can see the Gift operating and thereby believe. Also it helps to bring the Anointing upon me.

While they are getting the prayer line ready I do want to say, Christian friends, that I do not come to you as a divine healer. I come as your brother. I do

not come to take the place of your doctor. I come to pray for you by Divine revelation, Divine rule of God. Gifts and callings of God are without repentance. Doctors are God's servants and they do all they can for us. But their power and knowledge is limited. God's power is not limited. If doctors and nurses were not needed, they would not be here. They are a great help to us. I certainly appreciate what the nurses have done for the sick and weak in these meetings. May God bless you all, doctors and nurses alike. My little girl, whom I left behind to come to you, wants to become a nurse, and if my son does not become a minister I wish him to become a doctor.

Many people say they know God is able, but is He willing? In Psalms 103, healing of diseases is put in the same classification as forgiveness of iniquities or sins. And so if it is God's will to forgive sin, it is His will to heal diseases.

I want to pray over these handkerchiefs. Here are hundreds of letters. Every month I receive thousands of them from all over the world and great things have happened. This is according to the Bible, Acts 19. Paul knew that God was in him, and if only you will realize God is in you. Now, be reverent while I pray.

Merciful Father, these handkerchiefs laying here in these boxes and on the chairs, I ask You in the name of Your Son Jesus, to bless them. Away across the country are mothers and dads and children, waiting for the return of these handkerchiefs. Many are seriously ill, and I pray for them, dear Father. There is a poor old dad who is blind sitting in a house, a mother lying on the bed afflicted, waiting for these handkerchiefs to return. It is written in the Scriptures that there were taken from the anointed body of St. Paul, handkerchiefs and aprons, and diseases and unclean spirits went out of the people. Father, we know we are with St. Paul and all Thy people. Oh, God, do that for them again, that the people may know Thou art Jesus, the Son of God, the same yesterday, today and forever.

You've been so good to us, Heavenly Father, and time gets away so easy when we are talking about Jesus, talking about His wonderful works. When He was here on the earth He said a little while and the world will see Me on more. But the world doesn't understand. They are blinded by the god of this world, walking in darkness in their own way and their own sinful lusts. But we thank Thee, Thou hast said that You would be with us, even in us unto the end of the world.

Tonight, wherever You can find a sincere heart, You will lead them by Your

Spirit. Oh, God, this Saturday night when many people are shopping, many are out to road houses and places of ill fame, and young boys lying on the barroom floor, and young girls on the road that is wrong—dancing their way to a Christless grave, oh, Master, somehow lead those people. Tonight speak to them and may they find a place at the good old-fashioned altar and become Your servants, Lord.

There are many here tonight, Father, that are sick and needy. I feel Your Spirit now and we all know that You are here. You said, "Wherever two or three are gathered. I'll be in their midst." We feel You, literally with spiritually feeling, and we know that You are here.

And now, Father, as I have testified to these people concerning Your Divine gift, they only have my word unless You speak, Lord. But I know that You will speak, vindicate, testify, and all praise and glory be to Thee, Thou marvelous Son of God. You are so wonderful to redeem us poor lost sinners, worthy of death and separation, worthy of hell, but Thou hast redeemed us. Oh, how my heart jumps when I think that I am redeemed and just as surely as You rose from the grave, some day we shall come forth with a new body and we'll never be sick or suffer any more.

Now, dear God, bless tonight those that are here. May the Holy Spirit just move right out over this audience now. May they sweetly accept You and be saved and healed tonight, for we ask it in the Name of Thy Son, Jesus. Amen.

Bring me the first patient.

Good evening, lady. Now, sister, do you believe with all your heart that God has sent me to help you? I have nothing to heal by. If I were a doctor, I would give you medicine. I am God's servant and through that I can only inspire your faith so that God can help you. I cannot do what God has already done. I am a prophet and I can only tell you what is wrong with you by a vision. If I can tell you now what is wrong with you, will you believe that God sent me?

Before you came to the meeting tonight you were in prayer. Is that so? You prayed that you might be called up tonight. You have been suffering for a long time from severe headaches. Do you believe with your whole heart? Then, go home and accept your healing.

Come, young fellow. Do you love Jesus? The Spirit of God is already on this

child. If Jesus were standing on this platform and He told you, little boy, that there are certain things wrong with you, would you believe Him? Now, if I tell you, will you believe that God sent me? I am only God's instrument. I see a vision of this little boy in front of me. You suffer from ulcers in the mouth. Is that right? If it is, raise your hand. Go home and rejoice, because God has healed you.

How do you do, lady. Do you believe with all your heart? You have a mighty sweet little girl. I have a little girl at home, just a little smaller than yourself. Her name is Rebekah. But I had to leave little Rebekah to come over here to pray for you.

If Jesus, the Son of God, were here, you know He just loves little children, He would take them up in His arms and bless them. He said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven." If Jesus were here tonight, He would bless you. He would put His hands on you and He would know what was wrong with you. Do you believe that? You believe that Jesus can show Brother Branham what is wrong with you? I think you are a sweet little girl.

Mother, your baby has been born in this condition. It is a nervous condition. It has caused your baby to be weak and run-down. The condition of her whole body is very poor. It is not so much organic difficulties but it is a general run-down condition of the child. The girl is listless, she does not eat well and constantly has bad colds, doesn't she? Isn't that right?

Now, you know that all things work together for good to them that love God. I want to ask you something. The girl means more to you than life itself. Will you promise that if God will let this child be well and healthy, you will raise her, not as a modern girl, but raise her to God's glory, that God will get her life in His hands? Will you teach her in that way and you yourself live the same way and be an example before her of a real true believer, full of the Spirit of God? Will you do that? What I have told you about the child, is that true? Now, I believe there is hope for the child. God is speaking in your home. You understand what I mean, don't you? Even before I said it, you knew. I felt it register back, so I don't have to say it. You go and serve God all your life. I want to bless your little child. Come here, honey. Put your arms around me.

Almighty God, Author of life, Giver of every good gift. This poor little girl,

standing here with her baby blue eyes looking up at me, makes me think of my own little Rebekah, many thousands of miles across the sea.

God, be merciful to this little child. Hear the prayer of Your servant, Father. You heard the promise of the loved one. Thou hast given a vision, and Thou knowest all things. And as she stands tonight with her little body leaned against mine, may it be as in the day of Elijah when he laid his body upon the dead child and it came to life. May health and strength come to this little girl. May the colds and sickness cease in the child's body and may she never forget this night. May this be the turning date when the blessings of God will be upon the child. May she serve you all her days, and the loved ones likewise. I bless this little child as Your prophet, in the Name of Thy blessed Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Sweetheart, don't you fear now. You are going to be all right. Those old colds and things are going to cease. God bless you, honey.

Here stands a lady of whom I know nothing, but my Father knows her and He can drop me any part of His knowledge. Believe with your whole heart and you are healed. Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever.

(He turned to the audience.) I see a man standing there suffering. I see what is wrong with you, but I cannot heal you, sir. Do you believe that Jesus Christ can make you well? If I will be able to say what is wrong with you, then you should believe. Is that right? You are suffering with a double rupture. If that is right, just raise your hand. Now, if you believe, you can go home and get well. God bless you. Have faith in God. Believe Him with all your heart.

It is wonderful to stand here and see the way our Lord is moving through this audience. There is another man with a rupture. He would like to be made well, too. Isn't that right, sir? If you believe, you can be made well. Just have faith in God. Keep on believing. He can heal you.

That is your wife sitting next to you, that lady there. Do you believe I can tell you what is wrong with you, lady? Do you believe me to be God's prophet? You do? All right, you have high blood pressure, haven't you? Isn't that right? If you will believe with all your heart you can go home and be made well. God bless you.

(He turned to the people in the prayer line.) All right, lady, you come. Do you believe with all your heart? Do you believe that Jesus Christ is here to make you

well? I see what is wrong with you and it is a thing that I wish it had never been. But that is the first thing that God promised to heal, tuberculosis. Isn't that true? Come here just a moment. This horrible disease, some fifteen years ago, sent Billy's mother off the earth. That was before this gift was manifested to me. I have always despised T.B. May God give me power tonight to set you free from this.

Oh, Father, be merciful, God. Father, if I know how to be sincere, I am now. Father, I ask you with all my heart, hear my prayer and give me faith as I move into this channel to meet this demon, who will otherwise send this poor little woman into a premature grave. Have mercy, God, and drive him away from her. Give Thy servant power and grace and faith just now, as I go to meet this horrible enemy.

Now, demon called tuberculosis, I come in this duel of faith and challenge, claiming a gift of Divine healing ministered to me by an angel. You are aware of that. Come out of the woman. Leave her in the name of Jesus Christ. Go out of her so that she can live.

My sister, I am just a stranger to you but you do as I tell you. Will you? Some day across the sea will come a letter to me saying, "Brother Branham, I am free now of tuberculosis." You go from here happy, rejoicing, eating whatever you can eat, and you will start gaining weight and getting well. God bless you. Write me your testimony to America.

Next patient, please.

There is an angel of the Lord who is here with us. Satan will try to keep you from believing, but the angel of the Lord wants you to believe. It will be your attitude that will be your approach towards this problem. Keep on believing.

You are ready for surgery. There is supposed to be an operation taking place right away. The trouble is in your stomach, a growth they are fixing to take out. Am I right? Then raise your hand. Do you believe that you are going to get well? God bless you. Go on rejoicing, your faith has made you whole. Praise the Lord.

This lady is suffering from the same thing. You believe with your whole heart. God has healed you. Go now. That's the way to believe.

You have ulcers in the stomach. Is that right? You may go home, you are going to get well.

If God will speak to me and tell me what is wrong with you, will you accept your healing? Diabetes. Is that right? Then what have you done? Accepted your healing, isn't that right? God bless you. Let us say praise the Lord. Now, brother, you go, and after a while as you keep going to your doctor, he will dismiss you. You can write us your testimony. God bless you.

How do you do, sir. Do you believe that you are healed now? You do? Sure, you go home and eat what you want. Your stomach trouble has left you. God bless you. Go home and eat. It has been a long time since you have been able to eat what you wanted.

(Again he turned to the audience.) I see something moving right over there. I cannot make out what it is. Believe now with all your heart. Oh, what could happen if we all believed!

The lady sitting over there, you had female trouble. It has left you. Let's say praise the Lord.

You would like to get over that cyst, would you not, sister? Go home and be well. God bless you. Oh, isn't He wonderful!

I am sure you can appreciate this because there are approximately five thousand souls trying to draw on the Gift. It is like oars, pulling back and forth. I can hardly pick out what it is, but I know that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is here to make you well. Believe with all your heart.

Young man, you over there by the wall, do you believe me to be God's prophet? Do you believe that we are standing in His presence now? I am not reading your mind. You know what your trouble is. Your food keeps on coming back. You get very tired, can hardly stand up. You have a hunger in your heart. You want to serve God. You've never served Him the way you wanted to. Isn't that right? You accept Him now as your Savior, be baptized in the Holy Spirit and be healed.

You there, in that wheelchair. God has healed you of your crippled condition. Go home believing and confessing what Christ has done for you, and you will be made every bit whole. You will enjoy perfect health.

All right, bring the next patient.

Come, lady. Do you believe with all your heart? She doesn't understand

English. Just tell her she is healed. She had heart trouble. Tell her to go home and rejoice. She cannot talk English but she sure knows how to have faith.

Step over here, sir. Will you obey me as God's prophet? All right, you've had arthritis a long time, haven't you? Put your hands up in the air, raise your feet up and down. Walk off the platform. Jesus Christ has made you whole. God bless you. Let's say praise the Lord.

Yes, sister, you are worried about your back, aren't you? All right, stand up. Move you back around, stoop over. Jesus has healed you of that back trouble. You don't have it any more. Amen!

For the baby?

God, in the Name of the Lord Jesus I ask You for this healing. May his little eyes be normal. Leave him, Satan. I adjure thee to leave the child.

How long has it been cross-eyed? Well, it is not cross-eyed now. The eyes are perfectly straight and normal. You can go home now rejoicing, sir. The baby is perfectly well. Let us say thanks be to God. Look at the little baby. Its eyes are perfectly straight. Say praise the Lord.

(He turned to the audience.) I want you to believe with your whole heart and look this way. God want to heal you and all you have to do is to take it, believe it and God is obliged to bring it to pass. Can you see how simple it is?

I see a man down there with cancer of the stomach. Believe with your whole heart. Only believe.

Everybody look this way and believe with all your heart. Jesus Christ is here to make you whole. Only have faith. Yes, sister, you sitting there on the corner. Nervous, aren't you, neurotic, all wound up, isn't that right? Stand up on your feet. Jesus Christ has healed you. Amen! Hallelujah!

Your baby is better, isn't it, brother? Acting different already, isn't it? Jesus healed it tonight in the service. Let's say praise the Lord.

Can everyone hear all right in the back? Sometimes when the Anointing comes down on me it makes my face feel real numb. Don't think that I'm nervous when I'm rubbing my face, but my lips feel like they get real thick. It's a real sacred feeling. I can't explain it. I love Him, I know that. I love Him with all

my heart.

There's a lady sitting there praying, just trying her best. You, sister, you there with the dark coat on. Look this way and believe me with all your heart. You do? Do you accept me as God's prophet? All right, here's your trouble, sister. I see now. There is not really much wrong with you. You have a demon oppression, that's what is wrong. Isn't that right? You get afraid and weary. You're just all wound up. If that is right, raise your hand. God has heard your prayer. Satan can't hold you. Now, just hold your hand up high while I pray.

Lord God, seeing her trouble and knowing the poor woman is bound, Satan trying to tell her she has lost out, I come to You for mercy. For the last few minutes she's been trying hard to get in touch with You. Now, Father, I ask that spirit to leave the woman in the name of Jesus Christ. Let her go out of here rejoicing and happy and well again, through Jesus Christ's name. Amen.

Now, sister, you're finished with it. You're free now. You just have faith and believe with all your heart.

Now, do you want to be healed out there, all of you? Do you believe with all your heart? Friends, I would like to stay here an hour longer but my strength is failing quickly. It is the visions and I cannot explain. Please believe me now. If you will do as I ask you to do, you will go home tonight well. If I take one after the other it will be the same thing. Surely, friends, you know I have told the truth, and God has testified that I have told the truth. Jesus Christ healed everyone about 1900 years ago.

How many of you have faith now to accept Him as your Healer? Raise your hands. That is right, those on cots and sitting on your chairs and so forth. You can be healed. I have done what the angel told me to do. He said to perform the signs as Moses the prophet did. Then ask and be sincere when you pray, and nothing shall stand before your prayer. Do you believe that? Then bow your heads just a moment.

Our Heavenly Father, I pray Thee for mercy at this hour, mercy for all mankind, and especially for these people lying here. I have testified of Thee, oh, great Jehovah, and of Thy loving Son, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost has borne witness of my testimony that it is true. And now, Father, I have told them that Thy Son died for their healing and the angel of the Lord met me and anointed Thy servant to go with this message. Move over this audience now. May the

healing virtue from Calvary, from the sacrificial blood, body and death of our Lord Jesus, come to every sufferer in the hearing of my voice. Dear Father, bless everyone that is now in prayer, everyone that is believing the message. Grant it, Lord. Hear my humble cry to You. I pray that You will let my prayer be answered.

In the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, I rebuke every sick spirit, every demon power, every power that has the people bound, crippled, cross-eyed, blind, and afflicted. Satan, you are exposed. You cannot hold these people. Your powers are broken. Jesus Christ triumphed over you at Calvary. I represent Him now in a Divine gift and you are exposed and called out. I adjure you through the name of my Lord Jesus Christ, whom you will have to obey, for I call His Name in reverence and holiness over these sick people. You come out of them that they will be made well through Jesus Christ, the lovely Son of God. Amen.

Now, while you have your heads bowed I want you to just believe as I say these words. I know what it takes to defeat Satan and I am going to say these words. I want you to pray them from your heart as I speak them. Let the sick people anywhere in the audience now, pray these words from your heart, after I say them.

Almighty God, Creator of heavens and earth, Author of eternal life, Giver of every good gift, send Thy healing blessing upon me, a poor suffering mortal. I now accept the death of Your Son at Calvary, who died for my healing. By Your grace, Lord, from this night on, I will testify of my healing. It is written that Thou art the High Priest of my confession, and I will confess my healing until I am completely whole. Hear me, oh, Lord, for I commit myself to You for the healing of my body, to give You praise in the name of Thy holy Son, Jesus Christ. Amen.

CHAPTER 5 - REPORTS FROM SOUTH AFRICA

In the previous chapters you have been introduced to William Branham, his ministry and the gift of healing which operates through him. You have been told how he was directed by the Lord to go to South Africa. In order to better acquaint you with his ministry, I have given you an electrically transcribed word for word message by him in a typical service at which he prays for the sick. In this chapter I would like to give you a brief report of the ten weeks we spent in South Africa.

The greatest religious meetings ever held in South Africa were conducted by William Branham and his party during the months of October, November and December, 1951. This was the unanimous conviction of every person I spoke to pertaining to these meetings. Upon speaking to ministers, missionaries, public officials and others who were interested in the spiritual, social and moral welfare of the people, we were assured that the effects of these meetings would be felt for years to come

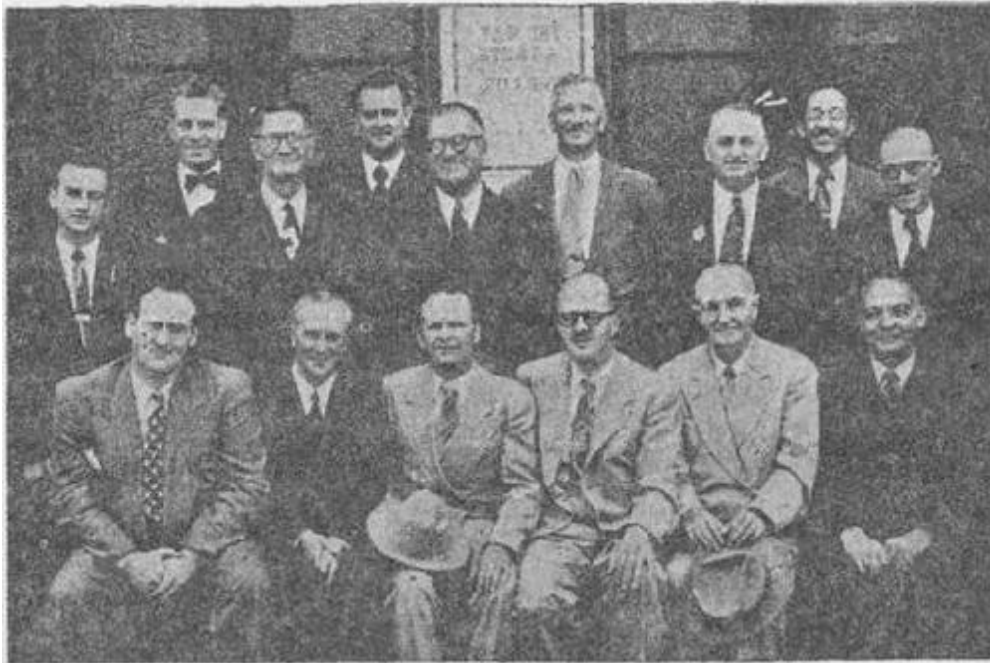


Photo by J. J. Wesselo, Johannesburg

This is a picture of the Branham Party and the members of the National Committee responsible for all the arrangements pertaining to the campaign.

Front row: A. W. Preller, F. F. Bosworth, A. J. Schoeman, William Branham, W. F. Mullan and W. J. Ern Baxter.

Middle row: H. C. Phillips, D. Freeman, G. Vermeulen, J. H. Saayman and Billy Paul Branham.

Back row: E. D. Pettenger, E. King, J. W. Gillingham and Julius Studsklev.

Hundreds of thousands gathered together out in the open, in halls, show-grounds, an airplane hanger and even at a race course in search of God. Tens of thousands have thanked God for their healing. Some were instantly healed, others received healing gradually. Some, having felt the touch of God, could testify as to the time and place. It is impossible to list the various ways people received their healings. There were the cases of those who got up to go home and found their ailments gone. For others their healing was completed on the streets, in cars, in buses and taxis. And then there were those who went home believing and realized, as they were checked by a doctor, that their faith had not been in vain.

Those who accompanied William Branham to South Africa were W. J. Ern Baxter, manager of the party, F. F. Bosworth, a dean in the Divine healing ministry, Billy Paul, son of William Branham, and myself. During the ten weeks' stay, meetings were conducted in eleven of the leading cities with a total of over one hundred and twenty services and a combined attendance of a half a million

people. There is no way of knowing how many tens of thousands stood and signed decision cards for personal salvation nor how many thousand there are who today are enjoying good health because of this campaign.

The Branham Party held services in eleven cities. A lengthy report could be written about the meetings in any one of these cities, but it is not possible to give all the details. It is not necessary, because many of the wonderful things that took place happened again and again in the various meetings throughout the Union.

We have tried to make all reports as exact as possible. If there has been any reason for a doubt as to the correctness of any report, it has been eliminated. We would rather underestimate than overestimate the crowds, number receiving salvation, healing, and the general attendance of the meetings. The figures have only been given so that you can better understand and estimate the effect these meetings have made on South Africa. In the space of these few pages I will by no means be able to include all the testimonies, interesting reports and details. I shall only be able to report to you a cross section of the meetings, helping you to understand what took place in the miraculous healings of both body and soul that were witnessed night after night.

It would be impossible to make a proper report on the meetings in South Africa without first mentioning the wonderful cooperation that we received from the South African Police Force, the Red Cross, the St. Johns Ambulance workers and the nurses. Never have we seen any group of people who cooperated so willingly and were so helpful. Service after service many of them worked without any financial pay. Although the opportunity did not present itself for us to thank them individually, yet we appreciated everything they did and wish now to thank them sincerely.

Needless to say, the great success of the meetings was largely due to the faithfulness of the Christians—pastors, missionaries, workers, and laymen—who stood behind the Branham Party in prayer and faith. The South African campaign was sponsored by the Apostolic Faith Mission, the Assemblies of God, the Pentecostal Holiness, and the Full Gospel Church of God. Rev. A. J. Schoeman was the Chairman of the National Committee and Rev. W. F. Mullan was the National Secretary. Many Christians and pastors of other denominations attended the meetings, cooperated, and took part in the blessings that God so freely gave to those who would believe.

South Africa is a beautiful country, a land of strange contrasts. For an example, the city of Johannesburg is as modern as many of the American cities. Within seventy or eighty miles out of the city and into the country you can motor to a native reservation where the natives are living as they have lived for generations, in their little huts.

The first European settlers of South Africa, the Dutch traders, settled in the Cape of Good Hope. Their struggles were not met with the elements of nature but with the Bushmen and Hottentots. Later the French Huguenots arrived for refuge. In 1688 two hundred of them who had been driven by force into Holland, migrated to South Africa. By 1795, the English began settling there. Consequently, there was a struggle between the Europeans as well as the bloody wars with the native tribes. Then began the great "trek to the North," which brought settlers into the northern part of South Africa. All this makes South African history fascinating. South Africa remained a Dutch colony until 1902, when it was turned over to the English as a result of the Boer War.

This understanding of the background of South Africa permits one to understand the people and realize that South Africa is not typical of the dark continent, of which it is a part. The Union of South Africa has a population of over 3,000,000 Europeans and 10,000,000 non-Europeans. She played an important role in the two World Wars.

We had all planned on leaving the International Airport in New York on the first of October, 1951, arriving in Johannesburg on the third. As we were at the airport and about to board the plane, we learned that William Branham and Billy Paul could not go because, through erroneous advice, their visas had not been completed. Therefore, W. J. Ern Baxter, F. F. Bosworth and myself left without them.

The South African people experienced great disappointment when we arrived in Johannesburg and they learned that Brother Branham and his son Billy were not along. The newspaper in Johannesburg reported that more than 4,000 people had already started to flock into Johannesburg to see him. Hundreds of people had crammed the Palmietfontein Airport to catch a glimpse of him, the United States Evangelist who had seen an angel in 1946 and who was due to arrive for a two months' trip around the Union.



As we entered Johannesburg we soon realized what the other plane passengers had meant when they referred to it as the "Gold City," for around and underneath were the greatest gold mines in the world. Not only Johannesburg but the whole South African economy has been built on the gold reef. In just a little over a half century, Johannesburg with a population of 603,470, has become South Africa's largest city.

The first meetings of the South African campaign were held in the Central Tabernacle in Johannesburg. Although this is one of the larger churches in the city, people began gathering at seven o'clock in the morning for the afternoon service. Long before the afternoon service was scheduled, the building was packed. The evening meetings were conducted in the Maranatha Park Tabernacle because there was no auditorium in the city of Johannesburg large enough to accommodate the crowds, which averaged well over ten thousand each evening.

At the first afternoon service, Brother Baxter brought a message on the truths of Divine healing. He brought to their attention Scripture verses which showed to any honest man that Christ not only died for our sins but also paid for the physical healing of our bodies.

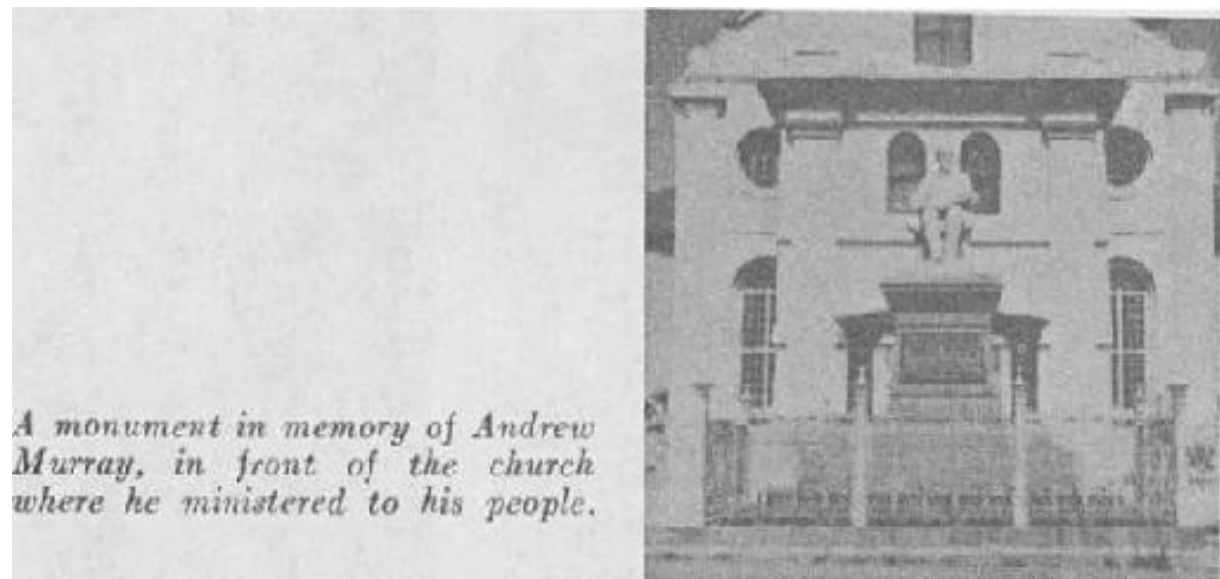
One man from Pretoria at this first service came to the conclusion that if these things were true, which they must be since they were direct from the Word of God, he would go home and claim healing for his body as he had claimed healing for his soul, according to the promises of God. This he did. Several days afterward he went to a doctor for an examination, which revealed that no trace of

the cancer which he had had was to be found.



Photo by J. J. Wesselo

An evening service at the Muranatha Park Tabernacle, located on the conference grounds of The Apostolic Faith Mission.



A monument in memory of Andrew Murray, in front of the church where he ministered to his people.

'MIRACLE' SETS BOY WALKING NORMALLY

(Sunday Tribune Reporter)

A FAITH cure, described by his mother as a "miracle," has enabled 16-year-old Ernest Blom, of Eastview Road, Red Hill, Durban, formerly a cripple, to walk normally for the first time in his life.

Last Sunday evening, Ernest addressed a packed congregation of more than 500 people at the Full Gospel Church in Beatrice Street, Durban, by rising from his seat and walking without the slightest difficulty to the pulpit to testify that "a miracle happened and I am now completely cured."

Excited groups of people gathered outside the church later to watch Ernest walking and to congratulate him on his recovery.

His mother, Mrs. Mary S. Blom, said: "Ernest is the youngest of my family of 10. When he started to walk, I noticed that his left leg was shorter than his right. He could only walk on the tips of his toes, and had to drag his left foot."

WENT TO HEALER

"From the age of four until a month ago, he was under the care of a specialist. For two years he wore a leg iron without any noticeable improvement. The specialist, latterly suggested an operation, but said he could not guarantee that it would be a success, so I gave up the idea."

"I heard of Pastor William Branham's remarkable faith-healing successes in the States. When my daughter and a friend heard he was to visit Johannesburg they notified from Durban three weeks ago and took Ernest along. They attended the opening meeting in the Maratha Park Hall, at which 15,000 people were present."

Ernest himself here took up his story. He said: "I was right at the back of the hall. Pastor Branham asked all the people wanting to be cured to lay hands on each other. I laid my hands on those of a man sitting beside me. Pastor Branham said, 'I will pray for you.'"

"WEIRD SENSATION"

"I experienced a weird sensation. It was just like cold water running through my body. I began to cry. My sister said, 'Are you healed, Ernest?' I replied, 'Yes, I am sure I am healed.'"

"Because of the huge crowd I could not move, but as I was being helped from the back of the hall I kept repeating, 'I am sure I am healed.'"

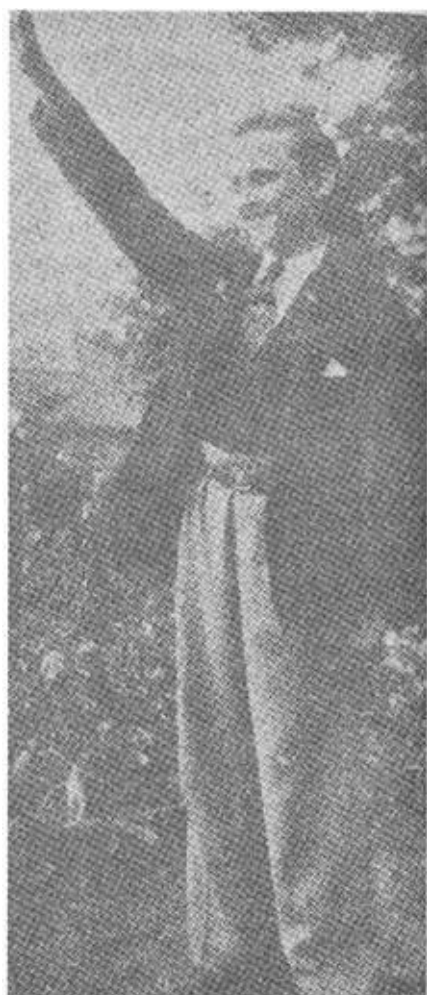
"Pastor Branham said: 'All you people who are healed, will you come forward.' I was assisted to the sick bay by others. He told me to walk up and down the platform on which he was standing."

"URGED ON"

"I broke into a sweat but something urged me on, and I managed to walk normally across the platform and back."

"When I got back to Durban and my school friends at Hunt Road School saw me walking into the classroom, they were staggered."

"My left leg is getting stronger every day. I can now play cricket and other games."



The truth of Divine healing found fertile ground in the hearts of the people of South Africa. This truth was not new to them. Andrew Murray, one of the greatest writers on the subject of Divine healing, was a South African and during his lifetime was a leader of the Dutch Reformed Church. The English Church also believes and practices to a certain extent, praying for the sick. The Apostolic Faith Mission, the largest Pentecostal work in South Africa, was founded by John G. Lake, whose life was profoundly influenced by the ministry of Brother F. F. Bosworth. With this religious background the field was ripe unto harvest.

Brother Baxter and Brother Bosworth conducted the meetings until October 6th, when Brother Branham and Billy Paul arrived from the States. They were due in at five o'clock but the plane was behind schedule and did not arrive until a few minutes after nine.

They were rushed through the customs office, and taken to the Tabernacle at the Maranatha Park in order to conclude the service that evening, Brother Branham spoke for just a few minutes and then closed with a prayer for all those in need of healing. We have testimonies of people who received their healing that first night. Among them is Ernest Blom who had motored from Durban to attend the meetings in Johannesburg. Several weeks after he returned home he was interviewed by a reporter from the Durban Sunday Tribune, which reported the story in an article on November 11, 1951.

The days that followed were days of great anticipation and we beheld things that South Africa had never seen before. As has been mentioned, it is impossible to list all the healings and outstanding events that happened at these meetings, but I would like to relate for you some of the incidents which stand out in my memory.

One evening there in Johannesburg when Brother Branham was talking to someone on the platform in the prayer line, he quickly turned to the audience and pointed out a young lady lying on a cot. He said, "Lady, your back has been broken in three different places as a result of a fall. Jesus Christ has made you whole. Stand up and accept your healing." The lady was dumbfounded, but in faith stood up and praised God for the healing she had instantly received. The following evening she was called on to testify about her healing and at that time we took a photo of her, Mrs. Ann Weiblen, with Brother Branham, Rev. A. J.

Schoeman and Billy Paul.



That same evening a young girl about fourteen years of age was carried in on a cot by Red Cross workers. She also had a broken back and was crying because of the intense pain she was suffering. During the meeting, Brother Branham pointed to her and said, "Your back has been broken. Jesus Christ just healed you. Stand up and accept your healing." At first the girl could not believe what she had heard. She said, "Who, me?" Brother Branham said, "Yes, you." At this, she stood up. Her mother had been sitting on a chair next to the cot and when the girl got up her mother stood up too. She was so overcome with joy that she fainted and fell on the cot that the girl had just gotten up from. We also have their picture which was taken just a few seconds before the mother fainted.

After the service the girl walked around rejoicing in the healing that she had just received. I asked her how her back had been broken and she said it had happened in an automobile accident about a year ago. Asking her how much walking she had done since the accident she replied that she had not been on her feet since the time of the accident until that night after Brother Branham pointed her out and told her to get up and claim her healing.



Photo by Wesselo

These two healings were very impressive because they showed the accuracy of Brother Branham's words spoken under the anointing. Had Brother Branham made a mistake and told them that Christ had healed them when they had not been healed, it could have been a tragedy. No one with a broken back could get off his bed and walk unless he was healed. In the first place he might not be able to move and if he did move, he might sever some nerve which could cause instant death.

Another very unusual incident happened to two Elders from the Dutch Reformed Church. They had come to the meetings and watched. One of them, as he heard Brother Branham diagnose the cases, telling the people what was wrong with them, and then as he witnessed miracles performed, became convinced that it was of God. The other Elder sat there and also watched Brother Branham

diagnose the cases, telling the people secret things of their heart and that in the name of Jesus they had been healed and could get up and go home claiming and rejoicing in their healing. He became convinced that it was the result of demon power. The two men were both sincere but they had come to different conclusions. The first Elder went home; the second one went out under a tree to pray. While he was there praying he asked God to show him if the things he had seen were of God or of Satan. He was sincere and agreed to believe whatever was revealed to him by God. While he was praying, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned around to see who it was, but no one was there. Instead of seeing someone, he saw a vision. He saw two clouds, and there between them sat his Elder friend exactly as he had been sitting shortly before when they were discussing Brother Branham's ministry. At the end of the vision he went as quickly as he could to the Elder's home to tell what had happened. As he was explaining the vision to him, other members of the family who were there noticed an imprint of a hand on his shirt. As they examined the shirt, they found it had been scorched, very plainly leaving the imprint of a left hand. The news came to Brother Branham about what had happened and he said, "I know all about it. I saw it in a vision this afternoon. Bring me the shirt and my left hand will fit perfectly the scorched imprint left on the shirt." This was done and it was as Brother Branham had said. That evening the shirt was brought to the meeting and hundreds saw the scorched imprint of the hand on the shirt.

One evening as Brother Branham called for the prayer line to be formed, we found one of the numbers called was missing. Billy Paul had given out the prayer cards earlier in that same service so we felt sure the person holding that number was present. Brother Branham requested everyone holding prayer cards to re-check their number and if they held the missing number to please come forward. A lady then stood up and explained that she had that number. However, when she had first received the prayer card she felt something go through her body. It was similar to an electric shock, only milder but of longer duration. She had cancer on her lip which was constantly painful. After this shock-like sensation, the pain was gone. She felt that she was healed and therefore it was not necessary for her to go up in the prayer line.

Brother Baxter with Justus du Plessis who was the regular interpreter for the Afrikaans' language.



Rev. William Branham with Rev. A. J. Schoeman, National Chairman, who was interpreting the message into the Afrikaans' language.

Photo by J. J. Wesselo

A Dutch Reformed Elder came into the line for prayer. After praying for him, Brother Branham told him that he had received his healing and could go home praising God. He said also, "You have a wife who is at home suffering with cancer. You can rejoice because she is well too." Later as the man approached his home he saw that all the lights in the house were on and a couple of cars were outside. He became rather disturbed, wondering what was happening. As he entered the house he saw his wife was out of bed, feeling fine, and thanking God for healing her body. She had called some friends when she felt she had been healed, and they had come over. Together they all rejoiced in the healing that both had received.

During another meeting in Johannesburg a young boy about seven or eight years old was called up in the prayer line. Brother Branham spoke to the boy for a few minutes explaining that the weak heart which he had was caused by demon oppression. He told him that he would be delivered and some day would be preaching the same Gospel that was now being brought to the people of South Africa. Suddenly Brother Branham turned to the audience and during the next

few moments of silence it was evident that he was seeing a vision of something over the audience. Then he pointed directly out over the pulpit and said that there was also a little girl and another boy out there suffering with the same affliction. Everyone felt tense as he pointed in the direction he knew they were, but could not find them. As moments passed, he insisted that they were there. He said that the spirit that was binding this boy was calling for help to other kindred demons in the audience. He continued to look but could not find them. Brother Baxter came up from behind and putting his hand on the back of Brother Branham caused him to move forward. As he did this Brother Branham came closer to the pulpit and was able to see those who were just in front of it. There were the two he was looking for, a boy about twelve years old and a girl a couple of years younger. Both of them were lying on cots and had been hidden from his view because of the pulpit. He prayed for them and told them that they had been delivered from the demon which had been causing their weak heart. He had seen a vision of all three being well. Afterwards I interviewed the mother of the boy who had been lying on the cot. She told me that her son was in such a condition that he could not sit up for more than ten minutes a day.

Brother Branham's ministry is very unusual and as Brother Bosworth so often reminded us there has never been anything like it since the time when Christ was here on earth. God has been good to His

people and from time to time has given us seers and prophets, but as far as we are able to find in the annals of history there has been no one else with a ministry such as Brother Branham's. Often he would witness between thirty and forty visions a day and never has any one of them been wrong. Many times he would see visions of the services ahead of time or incidents that would take place in the future. He would sometimes tell us about these before they actually happened and then when we saw them we would be reminded of what he had told us.

Shortly after we arrived in Johannesburg Brother Branham had a vision that the following day he, Brother Schoeman and some others would be down town. They would see a native standing on a corner with a blue shirt and white trousers. Brother Branham described the native, even describing the corner and the buildings by which the native was standing. The next day they went down town and Brother Branham related this vision to those who were with him. As they were walking down town, they rounded a corner and there directly in front of them stood this native, dressed exactly as Brother Branham had described

him. The surroundings, too, were just as he had mentioned.

One day Brother Branham saw in a vision a native girl who had a rather high forehead with a scar on it. She was sitting on the ground looking down as if she were doing something with her hands. Brother Branham related this vision to



*F. F. Bosworth, a dean in the
Divine healing ministry.*



Brother Branham ministering to the natives with three interpreters.

others and a few days afterwards they were out driving around and there was this girl alongside the road selling beads. No one else in the car at first recognized the girl as being the one that Brother Branham had seen in the vision. After they had driven by about a half a mile. Brother Branham asked them if they would not stop and turn around because he wanted to see this girl who was sitting there by the road, making and selling these beads. They went back and stopped to look at some of the beads. Just as they were ready to go Brother Branham said, "Doesn't anyone recognize this girl?" As they looked at her they recognized her as the girl Brother Branham had told them about, sitting on the ground, looking down as if she were doing something with her hands. When she looked up they also saw her high forehead and the scar.

The first evening Brother Branham was in the home of Brother Schoeman, the Chairman of the National Committee, he had a vision of what had happened to Brother Schoeman's daughter. She had had an operation on her eye. Brother Branham described the operation just as it had happened. Brother Schoeman confirmed everything that had been said; it was just as it had happened.

After closing a week of meetings in Johannesburg, we motored to Klerksdorp. This is another mining city about a hundred miles southwest of Johannesburg. The first service there was canceled because of rain and the second service was canceled because of a windstorm and cold weather. Sunday morning God spoke

to Brother Branham through a vision, assuring him that we would have favorable weather during the rest of the meetings in South Africa. These two meetings were the only ones that were canceled because of weather conditions throughout the entire tour of South Africa, even though some of the meetings were conducted in cities which were having their rainy season.

Sunday, October the 14th, was a beautiful day. People drove in from hundreds of miles for the meetings. I was told by several of the towns-people that it was the largest group that ever gathered in the city of Klerksdorp. Brother Baxter brought the Gospel message that evening and when he asked for those who would stand and thereby signify their acceptance of Jesus Christ as their Savior and Lord, approximately three thousand people stood in response to the call. As the people in this town also witnessed the wonder-working power of the Lord, through Brother Branham, they too admitted that a prophet from another land was visiting them. They realized that perhaps they would never again see anything like this in their lifetime. Sunday was one of the greatest days that Klerksdorp had ever seen. There were many who received healing for both their body and soul.

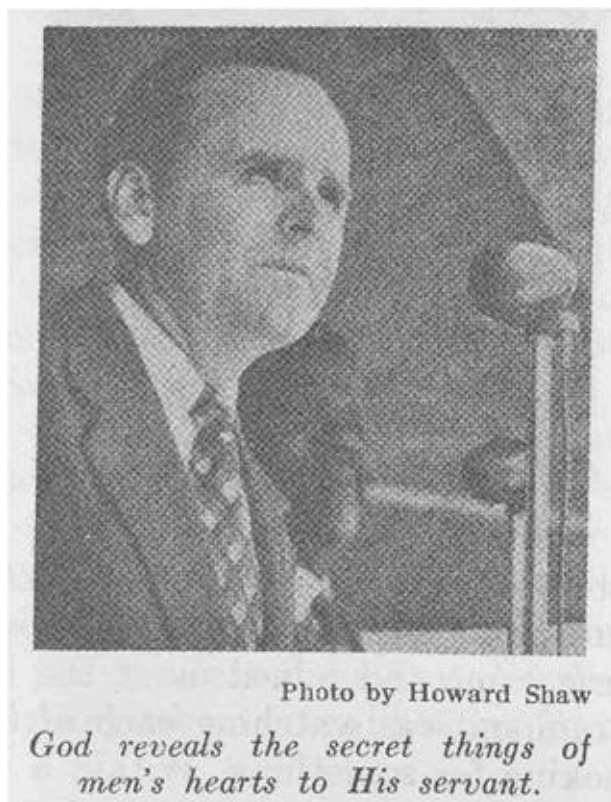
I'm thinking of the little boy that was eleven or twelve years old who had received a prayer card and whose number had been called. As he came up to the platform I noticed that his eyes were very badly crossed. As soon as Brother Branham saw him, he related the story of his little girl whose eyes had crossed because of the intense pain she suffered shortly before her death. Brother Branham never ceases to be moved with compassion when he sees a young child with crossed eyes. He prayed for the boy and then asked him to look up. As he did, his eyes became straight. The boy turned to the audience and the people rejoiced in the fact that the eyes which had been crossed were now perfectly straight. A local doctor examined the boy and declared his eyes to be normal. After the service I obtained a photo of the boy which we have here.



Once his eyes were crossed, now they are normal.

One evening after the service some of us were sitting around the dining room table at the home of Pastor P. F. Fourie, one of the local pastors. We were enjoying some refreshments and Brother Branham was talking to us about spiritual truths. After Mrs. Fourie came and joined us at the table, I noticed that Brother Branham was watching each of us very closely, as if he were looking for something. Within a few minutes he sat back in his chair and told us that he had seen a vision that afternoon. Now we were sitting around the table just as he had seen us. Brother Bosworth sat at one end of the table, Pastor and Mrs. Fourie at the opposite end, and Sidney Smith and I were on one side across from Brother Branham. Each of us was in the exact location and position in which he had seen us in the vision that afternoon. Now he could tell what God had revealed to him. He turned to Mrs. Fourie and related to her some incidents from her youth. As he went into detail, she sat there thrilled to think that God had spoken to His prophet concerning her. He also told her that she had a bad heart and stomach trouble which was caused by nervousness. After talking further concerning the vision and speaking words of encouragement to her, he excused himself from the table and retired for the evening.

Our next stop was from October 17th through the 21st, at Kimberley, the diamond capital of the world. The meetings there were scheduled for the Town Hall, but during the first evening service the building was packed and there were even more people on the outside than there were on the inside. The local committee realized something must be done in order to make provision for the thousands who wanted to attend the meetings. Through the fine cooperation of the mining industry we obtained the use of the De Beers Stadium, which had seating accommodations for about six thousand and is rated as one of the finest sport arenas in South Africa. Only eternity will reveal what was accomplished because of the added facilities.



While Brother Bosworth was eating in a local cafe, a young man came and asked him if he was not a member of the Branham Party. He told him that he had come from Southwest Africa and that his five- year-old daughter was dying of cancer. He asked Brother Bosworth what could be done so that his child might receive the healing which he realized Christ had purchased. Brother Bosworth explained to him that although he might not be able to obtain a prayer card, he still could obtain healing. He advised him to be in constant prayer that God would give Brother Branham a vision of his child who was suffering from cancer. The man came to the service believing God. As he stood on the side, praying, Brother

Branham turned to him and said, "Go home; if you can believe, your child who is at home suffering with cancer will be well." Afterwards, I asked Brother Branham what he had seen in connection with this man, and he told me he had seen a vision of a little girl lying on a bed, suffering with cancer. A halo hanging directly over the man indicated that it was that man's child.

Sidney Smith of Durban, who was traveling with us at this time, related to me a very impressive incident. Mr. Smith had just stopped at the house where Brother Branham was staying to get him for a service. As he stepped out of the gate into the street, he was met by a very thin man who recognized Brother Branham and asked him to pray for him. The man rolled up his sleeves to show how thin his arms were; they were no larger than the size of a man's wrist. Brother Branham looked at him and said, "You're suffering from TB. Do you believe God?" The man said, "I believe God." Brother Branham prayed for him and spoke to him for a few minutes, after which he said, "Let's see your arm again." This time when the man rolled up his sleeve, he was amazed to see that his arm had enlarged and now appeared to be stronger than it had been a few minutes before. This was a case where God not only healed the man instantly, but miraculously gave him physical strength which ordinarily would return gradually.

In every town where we held meetings, people would stop us on the street to tell us cases of healing which they had experienced or heard about. I do not remember of any town where we were encountered by so many people reporting to us the things that God had done for them through the ministry of Brother Branham as there were in Kimberley.

We experienced many thrills on our trip to South Africa. We saw people stand by the thousands to accept Christ as their Savior. The lame were made whole, the blind saw, the deaf heard, the mute spoke, the invalid was raised from his cot, and those in pain were set free. But we shall never forget the thrill of hearing the natives and coloreds sing. Their voices may not have been trained but it seemed that all they had to do was to open their mouth and music would come forth. Such resonance, such true pitch was a pleasure to hear. I recall in Kimberley over 6,000 voices blended together and produced music like that of a mighty organ, pealing forth the anthems of the free.

This singing would inspire anyone and cause him to lift his heart in worship to God. As praises to God were sung and the Word was brought to the hearts of the people, men and women laid hold on the promises of God. Some became new

creatures in Christ Jesus. Others in need of physical healing rose in faith believing God, and received healing for their bodies.

After one of the services a man came to me and said that he had seen an angel of the Lord standing on the platform at the side of Brother Branham. I asked him to describe the angel because others had seen him and described him and I wanted to know whether or not the description was the same. He said that he was a large man, almost the size of Brother Baxter, clean shaven and dressed in a

white robe with a gold fringe at the bottom. He stood directly behind Brother Branham as he looked out over the audience, seeing visions of people being healed and pointing them out, encouraging them to stand and accept their healing.

At one of the meetings conducted for the non-Europeans, an Indian came up in the prayer line. Brother Branham looked at her and said, "You are not a Christian. You are suffering from cancer and ulcers. You have never accepted Christ as your Savior. Christ will heal you, but first you must accept Him as your Savior and Lord. Then go and tell your people what He has done for you and your healing will be complete." He said, "If you will do this, raise your right hand." She raised her right hand. He called for one of the personal workers to take the lady and lead her to Christ so that she might fulfill the vow that she had made.



The next series of meetings were held in Bloemfontein, October 24th through the 28th. The word Bloemfontein means flower fountain. It is a beautiful city with its parks, flowers and wide streets. Arriving in town, the Branham Party was welcomed by a large group of people and a mixed choir singing "Only Believe." Brother Bosworth told the people that they would see something which no person had seen since the time that Christ was on the earth. Never before in the history of the church has God come to work in this way. How true this was because God did work in the city of Bloemfontein as He had never done before. Thousands of people had come for many miles. I interviewed one man who had flown from North Africa, approximately four thousand miles. I was told by a police officer that they estimated over a thousand out-of-town cars were in Bloemfontein. Again there was no auditorium large

enough to hold the anticipated crowds. The local committee had made arrangements to use the Fair Grounds, which seated around 6,000 people. That very first night the grounds were filled with thousands sitting on chairs and benches as near as possible to the platform.



A small group of the tents which had been put up to accommodate some of the out-of-town people who had come for the meetings.

Brother Bosworth brought messages on Divine healing. As thousands would gather there at the Fair Grounds before six o'clock, very often the services would commence at that time. He would explain the truths of Divine healing as set forth in the Bible and explain how that God was working through Brother Branham. Brother Baxter would bring the messages on personal salvation. Each time there was a tremendous response to this call by those who wanted to accept the salvation which had been bought for them on Calvary. There were evenings when over two thousand decision cards were signed and handed in. Men and women would not respond in such numbers, or in any number, unless the Spirit of God was there and spoke to them. Can Bloemfontein or any of the other cities of South Africa which experienced the blessings of Brother Branham's ministry ever be the same?

During the Friday night service in Bloemfontein, Brother Branham saw a vision different from any he had ever seen before. He had been praying for the people and at the time was encouraging them to believe God, to accept the healing which God had bought for them. Christ had paid for their healing but there was no way that He could give it to them unless they would believe and accept it. Then as Brother Branham stood back, still encouraging them to believe, he saw a large wall rising up over the back of the stadium, extending across the full length of it. As this wall continued to rise it came up over the people and large drops of water appeared to be falling over it. As these drops of water came down, they always hit directly on the head of someone. Brother Branham estimated that there were at least 1500 such drops and he was convinced that these people had been healed, but it was up to them to continue in their faith in order to maintain that healing. He estimated that in no one previous service were so many people healed as there were that night in Bloemfontein.

Very often Brother Branham reminds the people that he cannot say anything but what is revealed to him by the Lord. One evening a lady came in the prayer line and after Brother Branham saw a vision pertaining to her he told her to be sure that she was prepared to meet her God. After speaking words of

encouragement to her he told her to serve God with all her heart. Nothing was said about her sickness nor about her getting well.

After the service we asked Brother Branham why he had talked to the lady the way he had. He told us that he had seen a vision of a funeral procession and that the woman would very shortly die. No matter how badly he would have wanted to tell the lady something else he could not say any more than what the Lord had shown him.

The next morning we learned that the lady had passed away during the night.

Although most of the meetings were held for the Europeans, yet three services had been arranged for the natives. Occasionally we were able to squeeze into the already crowded schedule a few extra native meetings. Saturday afternoon



Views like this were common and often the ambulances would return empty.

Brother Bosworth spoke at one such service. After his message he called to the platform about a dozen people who had had radical mastoid operations. These people had one ear drum removed. In order for them to hear through that ear, God would have to create a new ear drum. Thus Brother Bosworth called for the people who had one good ear so that they had heard the Word of God and thereby had faith to believe for complete healing. He used them as a

demonstration, an illustration to his message. He had told them that God would heal them if they would believe and now he had called up approximately twelve individuals to prove the point he had made. He used those who had defective hearing, rather than any other affliction, because that was something which was audible and visible to the audience. He tested their hearing by having them put their finger in their good ear and then whispering into the ear which had the ear drum removed. Everyone of them that he prayed for was able to hear. After this

demonstration he led the people in a mass prayer, asking them to pray after him word for word. This they did, and hundreds received their healing that afternoon.

Thus a wonderful foundation was laid for the services Brother Branham conducted on Sunday morning. At that service there was an estimated crowd of 15,000 non-Europeans. It was the greatest non-European service which we witnessed in South Africa. The natives were from Basutoland and no doubt the great success of that meeting was the result of the good sowing of the Word by the missionaries who ministered to these natives. Many of the cripples who had been carried in walked out. I recall one cripple who walked with his hands and dragged his legs but was able to walk uprightly within two days. There was the water head baby that was normal within four days as well as many other outstanding healings. Several missionaries reported to me that they believed there were an estimated thousand people who had been healed in this one service. Our good friend, Missionary Kast, wrote a report of the native meetings in Bloemfontein and I shall quote the report as he sent it to me.

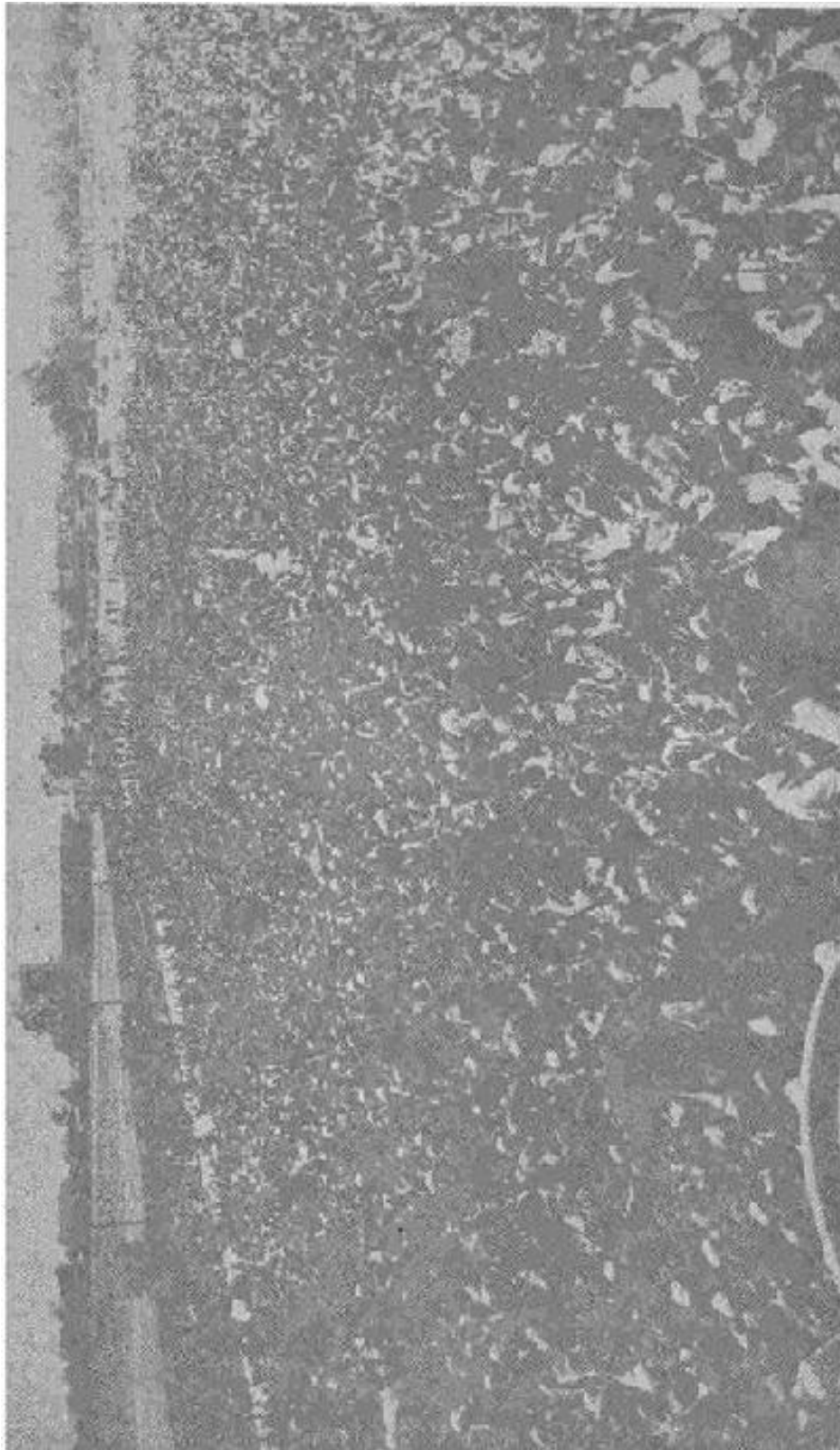
The Branham Meetings For Natives At Bloemfontein, October 27-28th, 1951

By Missionary A. Kast

Through the "Voice of Healing," the ministry of Brother Branham and Brother Bosworth were well known here and every effort was made to advertise these two important meetings all over the Freestate and Basutoland. Many buses were hired and special coaches on all train lines secured to bring the many hungry souls and sufferers to Bloemfontein. The second largest Church of the Location was rented for the meetings while six other big halls were used for sleeping accommodations. For months, many prayers were sent to the throne of God, that the meetings may be a mighty manifestation of the power of God.

The first gathering was to be on Saturday at 2:30 p.m., but many arrived already

two days before, and all Saturday morning the people surrounded the Church waiting eagerly to enter the building. Since the Church could only seat 800 people, only the blind, deaf, crippled, and stretcher cases were admitted inside; whereas many thousands had to remain outside. The doors were locked, but in spite of that some tried to enter the Church through the windows. Brother F. F. Bosworth arrived and was pleased to see such a large gathering praising God with their songs. The Word of God was preached and faith was growing to the level where everyone expected great things. About thirty persons who had lost their hearing in one ear through operation or sickness were called to the platform and were personally prayed for by Brother Bosworth. In every case the hearing was



A section of the Sunday morning native service at Bloemfontein.

Photo by Oliver Studio

restored immediately and the audience marveled at the things God had done

through His humble servant. Many others had desired to be called to the platform in order to be prayed for by laying on of hands, but Brother Bosworth made the following bold announcement: "Everyone of you can be healed of any disease, if you only can believe the Word of God!" He promised to pray for all at the same time, asking the audience to repeat his prayer. This was done and God worked mighty miracles. Right after prayer, Brother Bosworth asked for testimonies, and many came to the microphone to tell of God's healing power. Everybody praised God when an old woman said: "I came to the meeting blind and deaf, but now I can see and hear." When asked how many received hearing, there were 67 inside the Church and outside were so many healed that they could not be counted. Everybody was grateful to God for what was done, expecting still greater things on the following day when Brother Branham and Brother Baxter were expected to come. Sunday, the 28th of October.



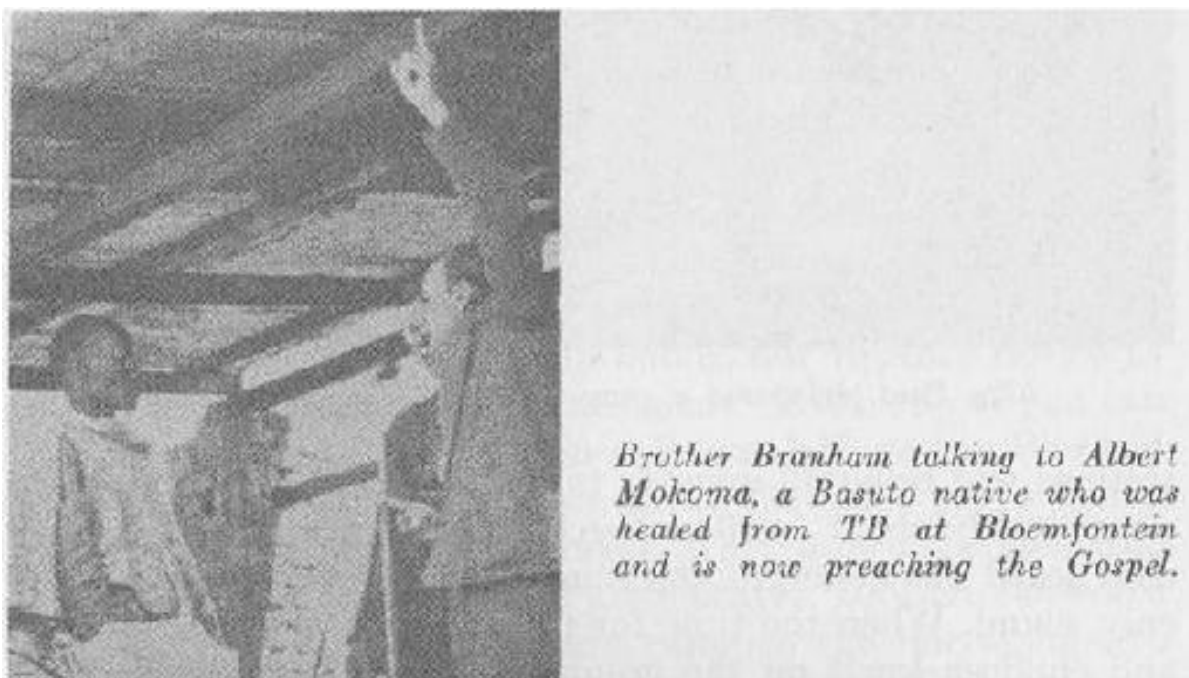
Billy Paul giving out a prayer card at a native service.

A day never to be forgotten! Realizing that no church or community hall would hold the expected crowd, it was decided to have the meeting on the football grounds. Early in the morning began the work of installing loudspeakers and preparing a preaching place. Again many hours before the service was due to begin, thousands streamed to the grounds. Missionaries and national workers

were soon organized to seat the crowd into sections and bring all invalids to the front. At 9:30 a.m. there were

already about 5,000 gathered. We began to sing and those who heard the wonderful harmony shall never forget the heavenly sound. When the time for prayer came, all men, women, and children knelt on the ground praying simultaneously for a mighty visitation of God. It was a cry to Him and our tears flowed freely, seeing the hunger of every heart. After a fine gospel address by a missionary, the people were exhorted to expect great things from God. They were told that it was not necessary to be prayed for individually, but one could receive healing anywhere in the audience. The testimony about what God had already done in other centers strengthened the faith of the believers.

At 10:30 a.m. Brother Baxter and some others arrived and a short gospel message followed by His anointed servant. When the call was given to surrender to Christ, thousands of hands were raised and God saw every one of them. How great a salvation! By this time, all were waiting anxiously for Brother William Branham. When this humble servant of God arrived, he was moved with compassion as he saw the many cripples lying in front of him, but with assurance of faith he said that many of these unfortunate ones would be walking. Ten natives were called to the front and Brother Branham, by the Spirit of God, told each one their sicknesses and then prayed for their healing, which was granted to them. By this time the number of the audience had risen to 12,000 and Brother Branham prayed fervently for the healing of everyone, commanding Satan to leave the afflicted in the Name of Jesus Christ. God heard the prayer and saved the sick, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick and the Lord shall raise them up" (James 5:15).



No eye could see what God wrought in those holy moments. There was no time for testimonies at the service, but one simply told the other: "I am healed. I can see, I can walk. I am free from pain. Hallelujah!" The great service came to a close with a mighty song of praise.

During the weeks prior to the meetings, over 4,000 names of people were received asking for prayer. Two baskets filled with letters were taken to the meetings where Brother Branham laid his hands on them, asking healing for the unknown sufferers. The following weeks we heard numerous testimonies from every part of this land. From this Mission Station, "Mount Tabor," Basutoland, fifty went to the meetings (115 miles) and except for a few, all of them returned healed. From another village, Thaba Tsoeu, twenty-three went to Bloemfontein and during our visit to that place, fifteen testified to having received healing. Going to a further center, Mhaleshoek, the owner of a bus, told me: "I carried a lame man into the bus, but when he returned from the meetings, he could walk himself." Many others were wonderfully healed there. An evangelist from the Basutoland mountains brought us the report: "Nearly all who went to Bloemfontein are healed, one dumb boy speaks now, a lame arm has been healed, etc."

When arriving at Zastron, O. F. S., hundreds came to our local church there on account of what God has done at Bloemfontein. One blind man testified that he sees now and read the Bible before us. A woman who suffered over twenty years

and was unable to do any work is completely healed and is working since that day. Two women testified that they could not walk, but do so now. About half of those who attended the Branham meetings from that town were healed. Wherever we visited, people reported marvelous healings. Others wrote by letter telling of the mighty works of God. One woman taken by plane from the Basutoland mountains was perfectly healed from asthma and high blood pressure, and many other ailments. She could do no work for twelve years and is now well. A paralyzed minister from Kroonstad wrote that he can walk now without crutches, and that six other members of his church also were healed.

We consider that at least one thousand people got their healing during the two meetings, for which we praise God. Although three months have passed since then, requests for prayer are reaching us every week. They all refer to what has been done in Bloemfontein and believe that they too can be healed. Thousands here are eagerly waiting and praying for an early return of the Branham Party to South Africa.

From Bloemfontein we traveled southwest for about nine hundred miles to Capetown. Capetown is often referred to as the Gateway to Africa. The founding of modern civilization in South Africa lies in Capetown located at the foot of Table Mountain. It was there in 1652 that Jan van Riedeeck established the first outpost on the trade route to the East Indies. Today it is a modern city with half a million people, a world famous port, the parliamentary capital of the Union, and well known for its beautiful scenery.

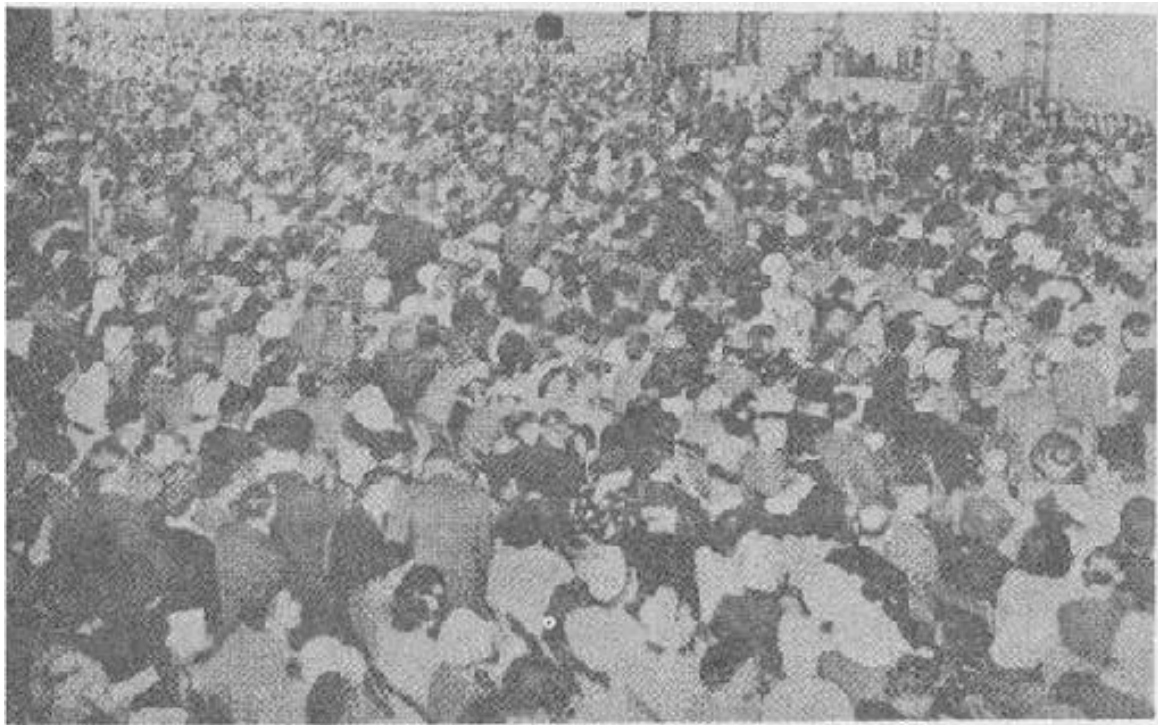


Photo by Staples

Hangar No. 3 at Wingfield Airport.

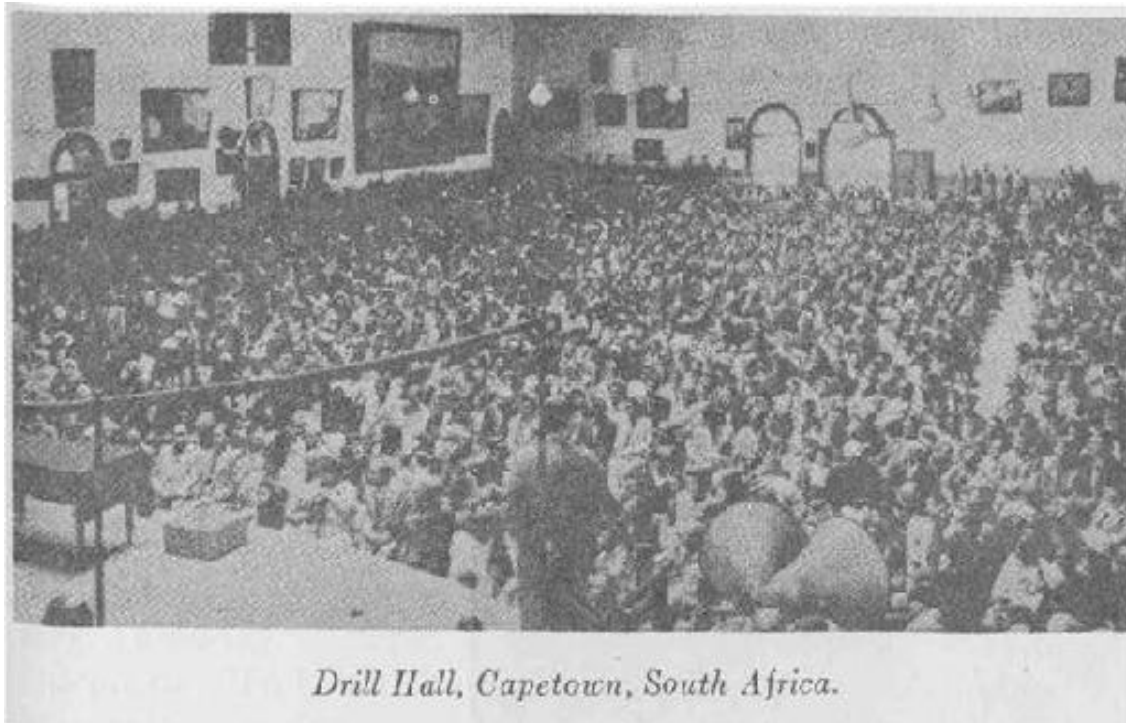
The meetings there were held at the Wingfield Airport, operated by the South African Airlines who offered one of their hangars free of cost. Each service had five to ten thousand people in attendance. Here again as usual the seating capacity was filled by six o'clock in the evening. Therefore, the services would often begin at that time, giving the people opportunity to hear a message from both Brother Bosworth and Brother Baxter, as well as the manifestation of the Gift operating through William Branham.

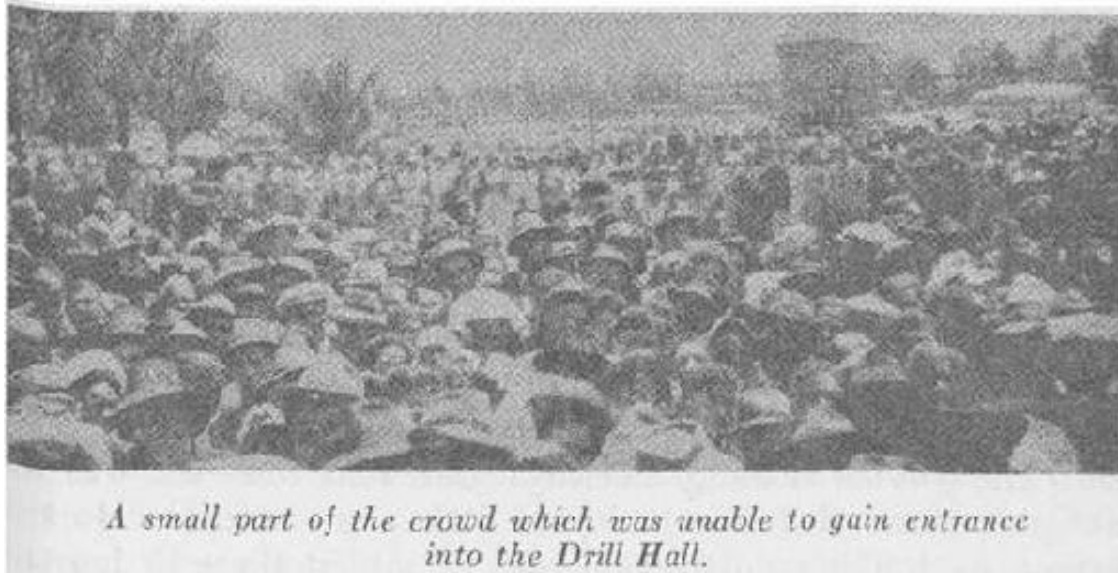
The meetings for the non-Europeans were held in the Drill Hall at Capetown. During one service conducted there, fifty-three persons claimed their eyesight had either greatly improved or become entirely normal. Many of these had previously been totally blind.

The Sunday morning service, held for the non-Europeans, was to begin at 10 o'clock, but the people began to gather at 1:30 in the morning. They sat by the hours waiting for the service to begin. Then when the doors were opened only a small part of those who had gathered outside were able to get inside the hall which held less than three thousand people. At the afternoon service I talked to

several police officers who told me they estimated that at least fifty people had fainted during the day waiting to get inside the hall.

After the sermon entitled "Responsibility and Encouragement" a mass prayer was given for all those who were in need of healing. After prayer we asked for testimonies. Scores came forward and gave testimony as to the healing they had received. One girl who was carried into the Hall had a broken ankle which would not heal. She received her healing, walked onto the platform perfectly well, and gave her testimony. Some told how they could hear better. Two who had been blind testified that they could then see. Their faith was high.





A small part of the crowd which was unable to gain entrance into the Drill Hall.

I recall during the message as I was sitting on the platform watching the people and their reaction to the message of faith being brought to them, I noticed one lady who was sitting about thirty or forty feet in front of the platform. She was looking at her hands. You could see by the large knuckles and the apparent stiffness of the fingers that she had suffered from arthritis. She was unable to move her fingers but as she had heard the Word of God expounded, her faith had grown and she looked down at those crippled fingers and tried to move them. At first there was practically no movement at all. She continued to exercise her faith and as she did it became evident that she was able to move them more than she had before. After a few more minutes, she opened and closed her hands with perfect ease. A smile came over her face as she realized she was then free from the crippled condition which had been caused by arthritis.



*Brother Branham, under
the Anointing, praying over
handkerchiefs according to
Acts 19:11-12.*

Photo by Staples

One day while Brother Bosworth was walking down the street, he was approached by a lady who assumed that he was an American and asked him if he were connected in any way with the Divine healing meetings. She said that she was an unbeliever and therefore had paid little or no attention to the campaign, but her doctor had told her about three or four of his patients who had been in the meetings and received healing. She had heard of Spiritualism and Christian Science and wondered if these meetings were sponsored by either of them. As her doctor had told her about the meetings and advised her that maybe she could obtain some good from them, she felt that they would probably be worthwhile for her to attend.

While Brother Branham is under the anointing, it is very important that one does exactly as he requests. His words are then not his own words, but the words of the Holy Spirit, speaking the will of a Divine and Sovereign God. I would like to quote from a letter which shows the importance of this. "The lady from Wingfield who was healed of cancer and was told by Brother Branham to be baptized attended a baptismal service last Thursday evening, but did not get baptized. She said to the pastor, 'To think that all these years I have been a member of a church and never was saved even though I was a Sunday School teacher. But now I am saved and healed.' She rejoiced in her salvation and healing, but forgot what Brother Branham had told her to do. She was not baptized. The Saturday following, she died. She paid the price for her disobedience."

While Brother Bosworth was preaching to the natives one Sunday afternoon in Capetown he said this, "If you native ministers will believe God, God will give some of you the gift of healing this afternoon." Brother Bosworth was rather startled by the words that he himself had spoken, having said them before he realized what he was saying. After the service he told me, "I believe God directed me to say those words. If you have an opportunity to follow this up, I believe we will find that there was some native pastor there this afternoon who has received the gift of healing."

I inquired of some of the missionaries if they had heard of any native pastor there who had received the gift of healing as Brother Bosworth had mentioned in the service. One of them told me of a native pastor who had believed in Divine healing, but because of lack of faith in his own prayers had never prayed for a sick person. However, after this service, he went around to the various ones who were sick and prayed for them, and many received their healing. Later this same missionary wrote me a letter in which he said this, "The native who has received the gift of healing was a native from Angola, Portuguese, Africa. He is so illiterate that often he cannot make himself understood. He is just a young boy but God has elevated His servant and he is now very much in demand. Lorry (truck) loads of sick are being brought long distances to be prayed for by him. Yesterday I passed the place where we held the meetings for the coloreds and natives, and there he was holding an open-air meeting."

Other reports of this native verify the fact that God gave the gift of healing to

a native pastor there who would dare believe God and step out in faith.

Again I shall quote for you a report written about the meetings in Capetown published in the British Isles by Redemption Tidings and later in America by Herald of Faith.

Stirring Revival News From Capetown

By Frank G. Holder

Never before in the history of international aviation has a hangar been put to such profitable use, with such far-reaching results among the local inhabitants. Normally the shelter of passenger aircraft, Hangar No. 3 was suddenly transformed into a "Gospel Hall" seating about four thousand inside and almost two thousand outside.

Its bare iron structure and un-appealing atmosphere left much to be desired in architectural beauty, but enthusiasm among the gathering throngs soon produced an atmosphere of unusual anticipation. This place being situated several miles outside the town, one might imagine a modern John the Baptist was calling his congregation out into the wilderness to hear his message from God.

Added to this strange, undignified ecclesiastical arrangement was the array of ambulances depositing their stretcher cases on the cold cement floor before the improvised platform. The halt, maimed, blind, and sick of all kinds poured in to take their places in the ever-enlarging Sick Bay.

Brother William Branham and his party from the United States had arrived in Capetown with a message which may be proclaimed with equal confirmation of heavenly dynamic by amazing signs and wonders, in elaborate modern auditoriums, or in airfield hangars. Already the news has stirred the place, for those who have shaken Johannesburg, Kimberley, Bloemfontein and many other South African towns have arrived in Capetown,

From the first day miracles began to take place as Pentecostal power and glory was shed abroad. The gatherings increased until seats were luxuries, and miracles became too numerous to record. The lame leaped and walked; the deaf heard clearly; cancers withered away, demons fled, and weak hearts were made strong immediately. As Brother Branham declared by revelation the nature of a person's complaint, never once being even partly wrong, faith rose and the people were healed. Healing power would fall over the congregation and it only needed faith to take what was required, and it was possessed. Hundreds of unbelievers were convinced of the truth of the Gospel and accepted Christ as their Savior.

Capetown has been shaken by the power of God, and it all happened in five days. Whether riding in buses or walking along streets, one incessantly heard folk talking of the Wingfield Airport meeting and the marvelous miracles.

Special meetings were held separately for the colored people, and among them even greater things took place. The power of God was present to heal, so that they were laying hands on each other and receiving deliverance. One man who had been crippled for many years decided to try out his legs which had been made whole. He ran through the streets and was chased by a policeman who

demanding an explanation. Needless to say he received it! Outside the meeting on the Parade Ground in the town, colored people were receiving healing of all manner of sicknesses.

Never before have we witnessed such a multiplicity of signs and wonders, or such evidences of divine revelation and power. This is a visitation from God, and in the midst of it, our hearts were yearning over our Homeland. We pray it may please the Lord to speedily send a tidal wave of blessing over the British Isles. Until it does come, let us pray, believe, and prepare our hearts for all that God has to impart!—Redemption Tidings

—Herald of Faith

The results of the meetings are not only the salvation of souls and the healing of bodies but also the faith that was inspired by God's prophet. And this faith is having its effect upon the ministry of other laborers in the field of South Africa. Many pastors and missionaries have reported that their own

ministry has been enlarged as a result of the Branham meetings. This is evident in the following letter received by Brother Bosworth from a missionary who reports on a campaign held after the Branham Party had returned to the United States.

"I am sure you will rejoice with us for the mighty power of the Lord Jesus continuing with us here in South Africa. How much I valued your book and messages in the Pretoria and Orlando native campaigns. Especially have I looked back to the personal conversations and help in those meetings. Now in the Moroka campaign-near Orlando-the signs have been following the preaching of the Word in a very gracious way. The sick were healed, the deaf heard, the blind saw, and the lame walked. All glory to our wonderful Lord! That was just two weeks ago.



*Brother Branham with a
native pastor*

Then yesterday evening we had a great battle in the home. Mother, who knew you in the earlier days of Zion, developed tetanus in no uncertain way. With her jaws firmly locked we prayed through until she herself was able to pray with us for full deliverance from the awful pain. Then the enemy came in worse than ever. Her eyes rolled, jaws locked worse than ever and with spasms of pain, finally went into unconsciousness. Quickly I sent our daughter Eunice to phone for Brother W. F. Mullan. Leaving his

supper table he came at once. After a short word of prayer he rebuked the enemy in the mighty Name of the Lord Jesus, and victory was achieved! A moment later she burst forth into rapturous praises, speaking in other tongues; tore off the bandage from the affected part and right away got up well and served supper herself, if you please! We surely had a wonderful time of praise and thanksgiving for sparing this sixty-nine year veteran of the cross, who for thirty-two years has been constantly on the firing line without furlough. We are looking to God for that furlough now that she might be a blessing to the churches at home. She has been a life-long monument to the Lord's healing power without

ever touching medicine since 1907, though she has had some outstanding battles with the enemy. Nearly blind, a cripple through a horseback accident, pneumonia four times, ptomaine poisonings with the highest temperature ever recorded here and live, and now this great and speedy victory. All I can say is hallelujah.

One of the outstanding cases of healing in the Moroka campaign was that of an eighty-year-old woman nearly deaf and almost blind, as well as paralyzed in her left side. The Lord healed first her ears, then her eyes, and as faith mounted she was commanded in the Name of the Lord to raise her arm. Up it went quickly without any difficulty and a moment later she was walking without aid of any kind. Glory!

Another that brought special blessing to the natives who are so fond of children was of a well-dressed woman deaf in one ear and carrying a baby deaf in both ears. We prayed first for the mother with perfect victory and then for the baby. As it reacted to the snapping of my fingers behind its head the people were touched to see its little eyes moving first to this side and then the other trying to figure out the noise. Praise the Lord!

One girl of about sixteen was deaf in both ears and was healed. Then the enemy came back and shut one ear. She came back into the prayer line and after rebuking the enemy she heard the fine ticking of my wrist watch. This was a real blessing to the people who had come from the Witbank Bible School to help in the meetings.

Detecting faith in a boy of about eight who was deaf in one ear, I felt God would work in a way that would encourage the faith of the people, so simply plugged up the good ear and asked, 'Can you hear me?' His bobbing head and ready 'Yes' was a real blessing to the people. Praise our wonderful Lord Jesus.

In between the afternoon and evening, meetings of the last day, I was resting in the pastor's home (David Mzolo) and in a woman bent over with pain of long standing, leaning heavily upon a stick. Detecting faith in her conversation we looked to God for the prayer of faith, asking the Lord to heal her from head to foot. He did just that! Skipping around like a school girl and praising God for healing her, she suddenly stopped and shouted, 'I can see through my blind eye.' We did not even know she had a blind eye.

But these are only a few of the many things wrought by the power of our glorious risen Lord Jesus. May He be glorified in a yet greater way in the

coming campaigns.

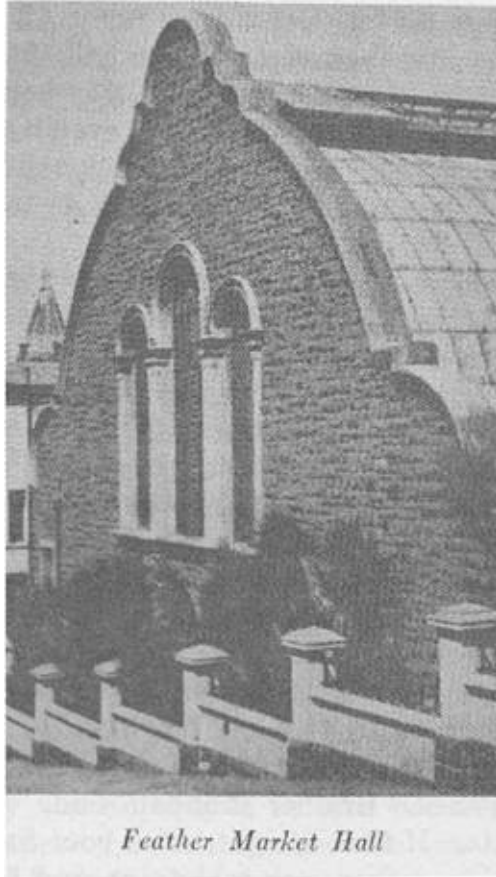
Many came forward for salvation nightly—sometimes as many as fifty and sixty were kneeling seeking salvation. One man testified to having lived a life of sin, but all that was now changed. Another

said, 'Now I have both a new heart and new ears.' He had been both saved and healed. Truly our hearts are overflowing."

J. S. R.

At this time we motored on to Port Elizabeth by way of the Garden Route. This is rated by many as the most picturesque drive of all the vast coast line of South Africa. Along this route there are some trees over a thousand years old and growing to a height of one hundred and twenty feet. There are very few places in Africa where flowers flourish in such profusion as they do along this route. On one side of the highway there are the beautiful beaches of the warm Indian Ocean and on the other side the magnificent Outeniqua Mountain Range. There are over two thousand varieties of wild flowers in this section. It is not uncommon to find calla lilies that measure eight inches across.

The Port Elizabeth campaign was conducted from November 7th through the 11th. At first the meetings were held in the Feather Market Hall but were later moved to the Davis Stadium. Here again the crowds were the largest ever seen in the city of Port Elizabeth. One evening Brother Branham pointed out an elderly man who was lying on a cot. He told him, "The Lord will heal you. You can now get up, fold your blanket and your cot and walk." The elderly man got up and started folding his blanket when several Red Cross men, who were always at the meetings and ready to help the sick, came over to assist him. He spoke loudly and emphatically as he said, "Brother Branham told me to fold my blanket and my cot and that doesn't mean that you're supposed to help me. So go away and don't bother me."



Feather Market Hall

It was a rather humorous incident yet it brings forth a point worth noting. When a prophet of God, speaking under the Anointing, gives a command, it is of utmost importance that it be carried out exactly. If Naaman had only dipped six times in the River Jordan he would not have received his healing. It was the exact fulfillment of the directions given him by God's servant which enabled him to see the visible manifestation of his healing. So it was for this man in Port Elizabeth. He was determined to do everything that Brother Branham had told him to do so that he might, receive the promised healing.

Another evening Brother Branham pointed out a man who had a very large bandage on his face, and said to him, "Would you accept Christ as your healer, if He will reveal to me what is wrong with you?" The man nodded, "Yes." Brother Branham said, "You've got cancer. Get up, go home and you will get well." When the man had come to the hall that evening, his face was swollen so that his upper lip was hanging over the lower lip. When he left the hall that evening, most of the swelling was gone and he reported to us several days later that the cancer had fallen from his face, leaving no trace of it in his body.

Brother Branham also pointed out one of the nurses in the front row and said, "Lady, you're concerned about somebody. It is not yourself nor a person here tonight. It's about your mother who is home with a very bad heart condition. Nurse, you can go home now, because your mother has been healed."

During the Sunday morning service in the Feather Market Hall, an Indian was in the prayer line. As he came up to Brother Branham he was told, "You are not a Christian but you have believed more these last five minutes because of what has happened on this platform than you have in all your previous life." The man nodded his head. Brother Branham said, "I can not ask Christ to be your Healer unless you will take Him as your Savior and King. If I should be able to tell what you are suffering from, will you take Christ as your Savior and King?" The man said, "Yes." Brother Branham said, "You are suffering from diabetes. If that is right, raise your hand." The man raised his hand and then was told to go and by believing he would receive his healing.

That evening I talked to a Red Cross lady who gave testimony of her mother's healing. She then asked me if I recalled the Indian who was healed at the morning service. She was his private secretary and had encouraged him to come to the meeting. When she told me this, I recalled what Brother Branham had said during the lunch hour. He had told us that when he saw the vision of the Indian with diabetes he also saw a European lady. Although it seemed he had seen her before, he did not recognize her nor could he distinguish in what way she was connected with the man or his healing. As that part of the vision was not very clear, he did not say anything about it at that time. The previous Thursday evening Brother Branham had pointed out this lady with whom I talked and spoken to her about her mother, who was at home with a bad heart. At that time she had on her uniform. But when she worked for the Indian and spoke to him about the meetings, she was dressed in civilian clothes. This was the lady whom Brother Branham had seen in the vision in connection with the Indian, but he did not recognize her, perhaps because he had only seen her in uniform.

After one of the services a man came to me and said that he had seen an angel of the Lord standing directly in back of Brother Branham. I asked the man to describe him so that I might know whether or not the description was similar to that of others who had reported the same story. The man told me that the one he had seen was considerably larger than Brother Branham, clean shaven and dressed in a white robe. This was identically the same description that I had

received from three other people pertaining to the angel which they had seen on the platform with Brother Branham. This man also related that as Brother Branham stretched forth his arms and prayed for the people as a whole something fell from his arms like phosphorus. It seemed almost like sparkling water constantly dripping down from his hands and arms. Justus duPlessis, main interpreter during Brother Branham's visit to South Africa, told me that many times when Brother Branham was praying for the sick he saw a shadow on the floor. As he checked with the lights there definitely was nothing to be seen between the light and the floor, yet there was this shadow. He was fully convinced that this could be nothing but the shadow of the angel of the Lord.

After one of the services I saw a man hobbling along on his crutches in a very difficult manner. As he got outside of the door he paused for a moment, bowed his head, dropped his crutches and started walking off perfectly normal.

It was in Port Elizabeth that a man came and told me that the previous night he had gone home in a taxi, actually disappointed because he had not received his healing. His heart was sad and heavy because he had been so sure that he would receive his healing that evening. As he stepped out of the taxi he realized that the crippled condition in his body was gone and he was able to walk perfectly well.

The morning we left Port Elizabeth, Brother Baxter, Brother Branham and Billy Paul went down town. On their way back in the bus, Brother Branham told the others that there was a lady in the bus who was trying to contact him. He pointed out a lady in a brown dress who was sitting in the front of the bus. Brother Baxter reminded him that the lady could not possibly know that they were on the bus because she was sitting in the front and they had entered from and were sitting in the back. Nothing more was said about it until the lady got up and walked to the back of the bus. She came up to Brother Branham and asked him if he was Rev. William Branham. He said, "Yes, lady, and you are suffering from female trouble and an abscess. Also you have a child at home who is very ill. You may now go home and get well, for your faith has made you whole." After this the lady turned and started to weep for joy.

From Port Elizabeth we motored to Grahamstown, a very pleasant and quaint English town. The local committee had secured for us the City Hall seating 1200 people. People began gathering at 7:30 in the morning for the afternoon service which was conducted at 2:30. Before the Branham Party arrived the local

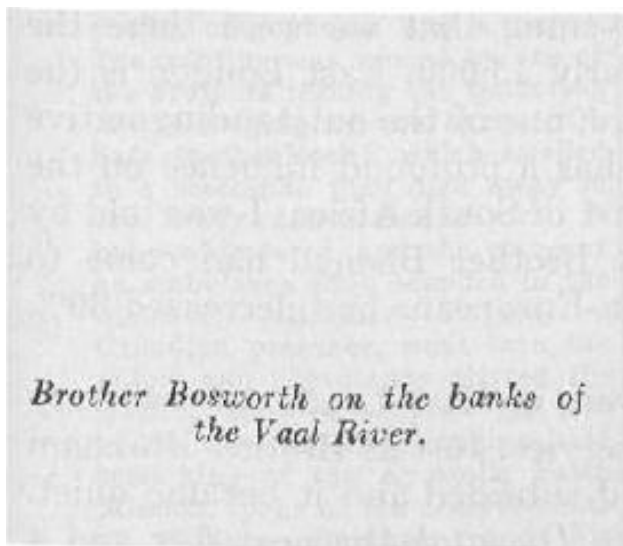
committee wanted to put an amplifier outside the City Hall to accommodate the people who would not be able to get in the building. The caretaker said that this was not necessary because never in the history of Grahamstown had there been any religious service in the City Hall, or elsewhere in town, where a public address system was needed. They were amazed when they saw the crowds fill the building and hundreds standing outside.

There were many healings in these two meetings that were held in Grahamstown but there were three incidents that I would like to call to your attention. One concerned an elderly man confined to a wheel chair. His testimony is included in the chapter devoted to testimonies. Brother Branham pointed him out and told him he was healed and that he should get up. The man got up. Afterwards I talked to him and asked him how long it had been since he had walked. He replied that he had not done any walking for two years until that evening.

Brother Branham also pointed to a lady. He said, "You've got TB. Get up and accept your healing." The lady did not move. He said, "Stand up. Christ can make you whole. Stand up and accept your healing." Still there was no response, Brother Branham then turned to someone else about whom he had seen a vision. It was another lady lying on a cot. He told her, "Lady, you have had a very bad heart condition. It is impossible for you to live much longer unless Christ will make you whole. If you will stand and accept it, Christ will make you whole." The lady stood and we later received testimony that she was then well. I would like to call your attention to the first lady, who did not stand when Brother Branham encouraged her to. We have never heard that she received her healing. It is doubtful that she did because she did not do as the prophet of God had instructed her to do.



*Billy Paul Branham, whose kindness
and consideration of others endeared
him to the hearts of the people.*



*Brother Bosworth on the banks of
the Vaal River.*



THOUSANDS GATHER TO HEAR BRANHAM SPEAK

No Healing at First Meeting

Cold gusts of wind made demented sorties across the Border Rugby Union Ground where a multitude was gathered last night to await the coming of William Branham, leader of the Branham Evangelistic and Divine Healing Campaign Committee.

Sparse globes of light spiked the darkness throwing into harsh relief stretchers bearing tightly-blanketed forms. There were cots, too. On one of them lay a thin-faced, large-eyed child and on another a young woman whose skeleton fingers plucked ceaselessly at the covers. Punctuating the long rows of seats were scores upon scores of invalid chairs.

A rough, temporary stage, canvas-covered, bore a row of chairs, microphones and a pulpit. The meeting was opened by one of the brothers leading the gathering in the singing of the hymn, "Oh Safe to the Rock," which swelled to a crescendo then died away in the heavy dew-drenched air. A baby whimpered, and the clang of an ambulance siren sounded in the distance. Brother Baxter, a Canadian preacher, went into the pulpit and expectancy stirred the waiting mass of people. He told of the work of the Campaign, told something of the Apostolic Faith Mission, spoke of the achievements of William Branham, and his divine "Gift of Healing."

BRANHAM ARRIVES

There was a momentary pause, and then it was whispered that this man, to whom an angel is said to have appeared five years ago and charged to take a gift of healing to the peoples of the world, had arrived at the grounds, and would soon come up to the pulpit.

He came. The wind dropped. An immense silence settled over the gathering. He is a little man. He is not a good speaker.

but rather, an inspired speaker. He speaks from the depths of his soul and with a sincerity which cannot be denied. And the depth of his sincerity would appear to be the fullness of his strength.

Brother Branham made no claims that he could practise the art of healing. Rather, he said, was he the instrument through which God chose to heal. But only those who believed in Jesus Christ, who believed that He had died that they might live, who truly and in all sincerity believed, accepted, that 1,000 years ago they were truly healed, that it was written that they were healed, only these could be healed.

He would not practise healing at this first meeting, he said, but would give those gathered on the grounds time to look within their hearts, to accept the word, and to come back on the morrow when he felt sure that the mercy of God would be vouchsafed, and many of those who had been lame, halt and blind, would walk and see, but only if they accepted the word. The meeting closed in prayer led by Brother Branham.



Photo by Howard Shaw

This girl's thumb was grown fast to the palm of her hand. We were told that they could not operate to remedy this because the nerves and blood veins went right across from the thumb to the palm of her hand. That is, the thumb was a part of her palm. While Brother Branham was conducting the healing service one evening in East London she reached out in faith, right there where she was sitting, and claimed her healing. After the service, she showed us her hand which was perfectly normal.



Photo by Howard Shaw

Once her eyes were crossed, but now they are straight.

It was after the evening service when Brother Branham, Brother Baxter and Billy Paul had left the auditorium that a lady came up to Brother Bosworth and I who were in back of the platform. She was leading a boy about six years old. To Brother Bosworth she said, "I know that you can't pray for everybody, but won't you please pray for my boy?" She explained that since birth her son had not been able to see very well. He could make out the figure of a human being if it were within three feet of him. Anything more than four or five feet away he was not able to distinguish. Brother Bosworth prayed for the boy and then told the mother to go over to the far corner, about thirty feet from where we were. He told her to stand there and not make any sound while we checked to see if the boy's eyesight had improved. Brother Bosworth then told the boy to go over to his mother. Immediately he started walking across the back of the platform directly towards his mother. The mother broke down in tears of joy, for never before had the boy been able to distinguish her or anyone else any farther away than three or four feet. This test was repeated several times. The boy confirmed

the fact that his eyes had greatly improved by saying that he could see his mother way across the room. He was happy and with a smile on his face he said, "I can see you, mother." It was another demonstration of the power of faith.

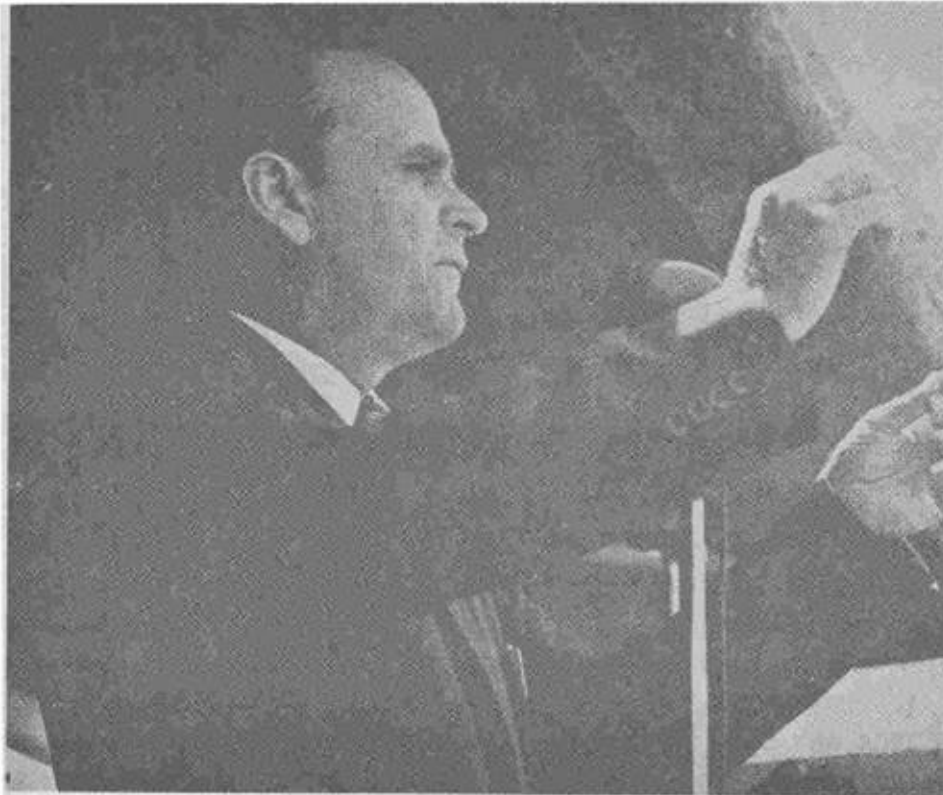


Photo by Howard Shav

Brother Branham ministering to the natives.



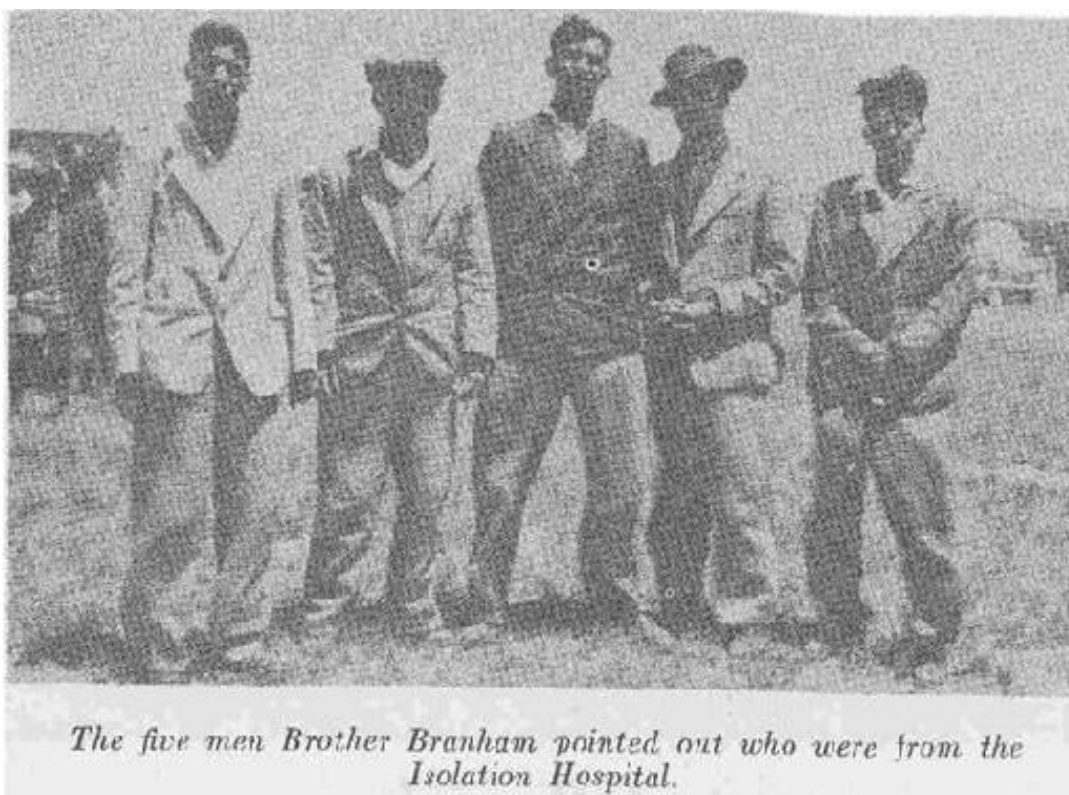
A native service in East London.

The meetings in East London were conducted from November 14th through the 18th, at the Border Rugby Union Grounds, the only place in East London that was able to accommodate the crowds. The average attendance was approximately 6,000 and the last evening that we were there the crowd was estimated to be nearly 15,000. East London is the headquarters of Brother Bhengu, one of the outstanding native ministers of South Africa. He has a profound influence on the non-European people in this part of South Africa. I was told by some police officers that after Brother Bhengu had come to their city, crime among the non-Europeans had decreased 30 during the first six months.



The first evening that we were in East London it was very windy at the beginning of the service. Just as Brother Branham came to the platform, the wind subsided and it became quiet. This was recorded in the Dally Dispatch the next day and a copy of the clipping is reproduced here.

The following Friday we had a similar experience with rain. It looked as if the meeting would have to be disbanded. But as Brother Branham arrived at the grounds, it stopped raining and within a few minutes the sky was clear. Then again Sunday night we had another demonstration similar to the one that took place Wednesday evening.



During a service conducted for the natives, Brother Branham pointed out a young man and told him he was from the hospital and was suffering from TB. He then spoke to the man seated next to him and said that he also had TB. It followed that Brother Branham pointed to five of them right there in a row, each suffering from bad cases of TB. He told them that if they would continue to believe, God would make them every bit whole. After the service I talked with them and took their picture. They told me they were all from the Isolation Hospital in East London.

While motoring from East London to Durban, Brother Branham had a vision of a native hut on a certain hill. As they continued on their way, he saw this hill and this native hut. He asked the driver to stop. While they were walking over to it, Brother Branham pointed out the hut, located among others exactly like it. He said that in it they would find a native woman lying on a bed very sick with TB. This lady would be a Christian and would be able to speak English. As they stepped into the hut, there was the native lady lying on the cot just as Brother Branham had described. She said that she had been praying for healing and that the Lord had promised her that He would send a prophet from another land to pray for her and she would receive her healing.

While traveling along, the southeastern coast of South Africa it was our opportunity to go through and visit some of the native reservations. Wherever we stopped and talked to the natives we found them to be very pleasant and congenial. Many of the natives could speak four or five tribal languages and it was not too unusual to find one who could speak English. We were very much

impressed by the fact that these people always appeared to be happy. They were never in a hurry and were always willing to give us a smile as we took their picture. We never found one person who hesitated to cooperate with us in taking a picture or telling us about their beads, various art works or their type of living.



*Brother Branham with two natives
near East London.*

Durban is a beautiful city. The air is heavy with the perfume of hundreds of varieties of wild and domesticated flowers sold in the flower markets. There are the beaches which are world famous. It is also the home of the colorful rickshaw boys. Then, too, there is the Indian Market, a place where the East meets the West. One finds himself in the domestic atmosphere of the East, for in and around Durban there are approximately 200,000 Indians, who were at first imported from Asia as slaves to work in the mines. All attempts to introduce western ideas to these people have been futile and they live as their forefathers have lived for hundreds of years. There are the quaint eastern carvings and other handicrafts. The Indian women wear silk saris, while many of the Indian men

have their heads covered by red fezzes. The city of Durban is also affected by the European population of approximately 130,000 and the native population of 110,000.



Photo by Lynn Acuti

People, unable to gain entrance into the Durban City Hall, stood in the City Gardens and listened to the service over loudspeakers.

The outstanding meetings of the entire South African campaign were held in Durban, the Miami Beach of South Africa, where services were conducted from the 21st through the 25th of November. Some of the meetings were held in the City Hall, others were held at the Greyville Race Course.

At the opening service on Wednesday evening, held in the City Hall, a mother brought her eleven-year-old son in a wheelchair. She left her boy in his wheelchair up in front where the rest of the sick people were congregated and took a seat for herself farther back. When Brother Branham prayed for all the sick people at the end of the service, the boy stood up. The mother thought someone was holding him up. When they got outside, she inquired of him and found that the boy had stood up without any aid. She said to him that as he was able to stand up by himself, maybe he could walk. She told him to get out of the wheelchair and try. He did and was able to walk, the first time for several years.

Approximately 20,000 people were at the meeting Thursday afternoon at the Greyville Race Course. Brother Bosworth brought a message on personal salvation. Thousands stood to signify their desire to accept Jesus Christ as their

Savior and Lord.



Some of the members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade who volunteered their services.

After delivering his message on personal salvation, Brother Bosworth spoke to them for a few minutes on the truths of Divine healing. Then he prayed for them and encouraged them to claim the healing which Christ had purchased when He paid for the penalty of sin. Within a few minutes five different people, all of whom had not been able to walk for years, came up and testified of their healings. Some of them were children who had never been able to walk properly, another was a lady who had been in a wheelchair for five years. A missionary by the name of Pastor Brown reported that directly in front of him sat four deaf and dumb mutes. They had not been able to hear anything in the service but when they saw these five people get up from their wheelchairs and walk, some of them perfectly normal, others of them struggling along but believing God for complete deliverance, they must have realized that God was healing people and so it was time for them to claim their healing. Nevertheless, whatever conclusion they reached as they sat there, not hearing but seeing what God was doing, God did restore their hearing. For the first time in their lives they were able to hear sounds. Pastor Brown related to me that he had never seen anyone as happy as these four men when they realized that they were able to hear.

Friday Brother Branham went downtown to buy a pair of slippers. Going into

Cuthberts Shoe Store, he was approached by a clerk who recognized him. The clerk pointed out a man, just walking out of the store, who had been in and bought his first pair of shoes in twenty years. His feet had been so deformed that he was unable to wear shoes. During the first evening service there in Durban when Brother Branham prayed for the people as a whole, this man received his healing and now his feet were normal.

I have mentioned to you before about people reporting to us that they saw the angel of the Lord on the platform with Brother Branham. While we were in Durban I received a letter and I would like to quote for you part of it.

"I had been praying for some while that God would permit me to see the angel of the Lord, when Brother Branham visited Durban. On Thursday night, the 22nd of November, I attended that great meeting, held especially for the non-Europeans, at the Greyville Race Stadium. After Brother Branham had been on the platform for a short while, I suddenly noticed the clear outline of another man standing directly behind Brother Branham. The outline took on the form of a bright light. This man was a great deal longer of stature than Brother Branham. I wanted to be sure that this was no imagination of the mind so kept my eyes intently fixed on Brother Branham. This other form was revealed to me three times. Besides this, I was also privileged to see, when Brother Branham lifted up his hand while preaching, a liquid substance which looked like phosphorus (very bright), dripping down from his hand and arm. I was satisfied that God had answered my prayers. Praise be to God for Brother Branham, a prophet sent from God."

O. C.

Our last day in Durban was Sunday, November 25th, a day that we shall never forget. This date should be printed in red print, because it was a red letter day for thousands of people in and around Durban as well as all the members of the Branham Party.

The activities of that day began at 6 a.m. when the ushers reported for duty at the Greyville Race Course. People had been gathering at the entrance since four o'clock in the morning and when the ushers arrived they found so many people it was difficult to direct the crowd. During the day there were over seventy-five police officers on duty and they asked for help to direct the crowd by calling for the Active Civilian Force. As I have mentioned before, the South African Police

were courteous, efficient, pleasant and always helpful.

Brother F. F. Bosworth, a dean in the Divine healing ministry, conducted the morning service. When he arrived he saw the largest crowd that he had ever seen gathered together for a religious service in the forty-odd years of his ministry. He brought to the people a Divinely inspired message on the truths of Divine healing and explained the gift which God has given to William Branham. A great degree of the success of the meetings was the result of the foundation laid by the able ministering of F. F. Bosworth in the hearts and minds of the people pertaining to Bible truths of Divine healing and the unusual gift which operates through Brother William Branham.

After Bible instruction on the subject, he called for several people to come to the platform in order to demonstrate what he had been teaching them. He asked for those who had had a radical mastoid operation on one ear; the other ear had to be good, so that the person had heard the Word of God, and hearing the Word of God had received faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God," Romans 10:17. In order to have faith, there must be something to put your faith in. After testing

the hearing of the first three cases that Brother Bosworth prayed for, we found that each of them could hear with their ear which had been deaf. They had received a new eardrum by the creative power of God. When he finished praying for the fourth person, we likewise tested his hearing but found that he could not hear. We learned that the man had not heard the message nor the promises of God, and therefore had no faith. This was a demonstration of the importance of hearing and believing the Word.

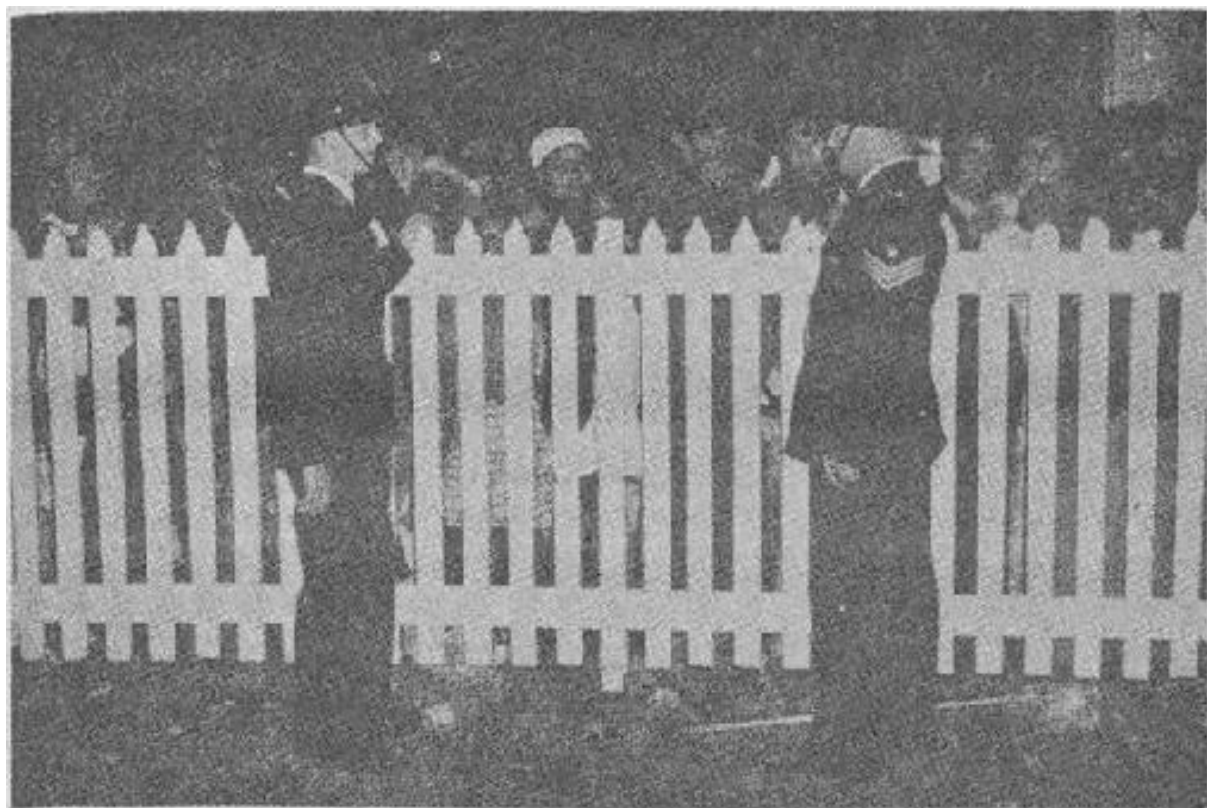


Photo by Lynn Arutt

Two of the seventy-five members of the South African Police Force who directed the crowds at the Greyville Race Course.



Mr. T. A. Nair, of Stellenbosch Road, Durban, now brought to the Durban City Hall, on this afternoon which, after a long delay, was picked up after the American evangelist, the Rev. William Brewster, told him last night that they were about to start back to America, but to return with a special message.

Bedridden Woman Walks At Evangelist's Command

A DURBAN woman who had been bedridden for the last 10 months, rose up from a camp bed to the Durban City Hall last night when she had been taken to hear the American evangelist, the Rev. William Brewster, and declared: "I feel as if I were two years old."

The Rev. Mr. Brewster, after a session of music had come on to the stage to receive God's blessing and to thank the people for their faithful service to the cause.

A. M. M. of Stellenbosch Road, Durban, told the Rev. Mr. Brewster, that she had been bedridden for the last 10 months, and that she had been taken to the Durban City Hall last night when she had been taken to hear the American evangelist, the Rev. William Brewster, and declared: "I feel as if I were two years old."

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The newspaper clippings pertaining to the meetings in Durban are taken from the Natal Mercury.



M**R****S.** J. A. NAUDE, of Blythwood Road, Durban, spent a quiet day yesterday, mainly resting, after her cure on Wednesday night by an American evangelist, the Rev. William Branham. After she had been bed-ridden for 10 months, he told her to get off her camp bed and walk. When a "Mercury" photographer called yesterday he found Mrs. Naude arranging flowers, while her daughter, nine-year-old Anne, watched, delighted at her mother's return to health.

Rises From Spinal Cast At Words Of Evangelist

A DURBAN woman who had not walked for four months rose from a plaster spinal cast and, supported by helpers, walked shakily across the City Hall stage last night after the Rev. William Branham had weakly spoken the words: "I have prayed for you. Go — you are cured." The woman, Mrs. M. M. van Niekerk, of Wentworth, has been in hospital for more than four months with spinal tuberculosis.

The City Hall was packed, and an overflow estimated at 3,000 people crowded the city gardens to hear Mr. Branham's words through loudspeakers.

An elderly man in the audience, whose disease Mr. Branham diagnosed as arthritis, was told to rise. He did—and the pain he once felt he felt no more.

"The lady next to you," Mr. Branham went on, "is your wife. And you, Madam, also suffer with arthritis. Rise—you are healed."

Another woman, Mrs. E. Raath, of Fynnland, rushed to the stage with an eight-year-old girl, who, she claimed, had had a squint. Her eyes had become perfectly normal.

Scores of people whom, it is said, doctors had given up for lost clambered on to the stage, declaring that they were no longer ill. "I lost my job because I had tuberculosis," said one. "Tomorrow I shall look for another job."

Reprinted from the *Natal Mercury*, Durban

Cripples Rise From Wheel-

Chairs And Walk

SCENES of mass-healing, of cripples and stretcher cases getting up from wheel-chairs and beds and walking, followed a prayer by an American evangelist, the Rev. William Branham, before many thousands at the Greyville Racecourse, Durban, last night.

Mr. Branham, who exhorted all cripples, sick, deaf and dumb people to be healed, was led from the platform sobbing and supported by two helpers.

After he made his appeal one small boy, sitting in a wheel-chair, staggered to his feet and, with the support of two men, walked towards the platform. One after another others followed until a huge crowd surged forward; crippled women and children throw down crutches and leg-irons; mothers wept as children took a few steps, for some the first in their lives.

A Native rushed forward with his boy, who, he said, had had a twisted foot and body. "I was crying," he told "The Natal Mercury," "when I saw my boy's foot was straight; it was flat. He is whole."

An Indian boy went up to the stage and gave up his crutches

and leg-irons. He walked up and down the steps. A club-footed Indian girl took up her discarded club foot.

One Indian girl, a tuberculosis and meningitis case, had been let out of hospital yesterday morning to attend the service. She was supposed to have gone back but she had not. Instead she went away, healed (she said) with her parents.

A cancer case who had not walked for nine months came to the service on a stretcher, got up on Mr. Branham's exhortation, and took away her stretcher. An Indian who had had a "locked" ankle for six months told "The Natal Mercury" that he was healed. He had come in the afternoon, he said, with his ankle stiff and immovable. He could now move it easily.

Men were praying over stretchers in cases where patients had not been healed. They prayed and urged the cripples to walk

and the sick to be healed. On the other hand scores of people, mostly non-Europeans, flocked to the platform to testify cures.

In the background stood little Native girls on crutches, people with twisted bodies—smiling for the recovery of others, yet weeping because they had not been so fortunate.

Earlier Mr. Branham dealt with a 17-year-old Indian boy who had been deaf and dumb from birth. He clapped his hands and the boy smiled. The first words that came from his mouth were "Mama" and "Papa."

"I AM HEALED"

Mr. E. C. Dennis (45), of 365a Flower Road, Clairwood, stood on the platform at Greyville, blocking his left ear. He had not heard with his right ear since he was seven.

Another Evangelist, the Rev. F. F. Bosworth, whispered into his right ear, and Mr. Dennis repeated combinations of numbers over a microphone. The crowd, mostly Natives and Indians, cheered as they heard him say: "I am healed."

Before Brother Branham came to the afternoon service, Brother Ern Baxter delivered a message, in his easily understood yet eloquent style, explaining God's wonderful plan of personal salvation. After emphasizing the fact that this salvation was bought by a great price and if they were to receive the full benefits of it they would have to give their life to Him just as Christ had given His life for them, he asked those who wanted to become Christians to stand. They stood by the thousands. Everywhere people rose to their feet. Those in sections for the Europeans and non-Europeans alike showed a great desire to accept Jesus Christ as their Savior and Lord. Brother Baxter turned to us who were sitting on the platform as if to say, "They must have misunderstood me. There couldn't be all these thousands who want to become Christians." After explaining the importance of their step he asked those who wanted to become Christians to wave their hands. Such a sight we had never seen before, During the three services of that day it was estimated by the local pastors that over thirty thousand stood as evidence of their desire to accept Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

Before the afternoon service started, reports were coming in of those who had received their healing in the morning service. It would be impossible to relate the many cases of definite healings which took place in Durban that day. As Brother Branham saw visions of healings he pointed out the people and told them that they were healed. There were those who stepped out of their wheelchairs and walked, some for the first time in many years. There were the deaf and dumb who smiled and made vocal sounds as they were able to hear for the first time in their lives. There were the little children who could not understand it all but who were now able to walk as they had never been able to do before.

Truly this was a great day of spiritual awakening in the city of Durban. According to the police force fifty-five to sixty thousand people had come to hear the Gospel in addition to fifteen thousand who had been turned away from the gates for lack of room in the largest and finest racecourse in South Africa. God had spoken to the hearts of thousands and had caused them to come out to hear the Gospel and receive healing for both soul and body.

In the January-March issue of the "Standard Bearer," published in Durban, we have reports from three of the local pastors. These reports not only give a very good picture of the meetings in Durban but a general view of the entire campaign.

South Africa's Great Visitation

By Pastor A. H. Cooper, Chairman,

Durban Branham Committee

When the Rev. Wm. Branham and his co-workers, the Rev. W. J. Ern Baxter and the Rev. F. F. Bosworth, began their services of Divine Healing Campaigns in South Africa, on the 4th of October, not many people anticipated the spiritual upheaval which followed their ministry. Truly, the Lord hath done exceeding abundantly above our asking and thinking.

Never before have such meetings been held in this country. Never have so many lives been moved Godward or transformed in so short a time. Never have such manifestations of God's saving and healing power been witnessed, and it is the conviction of many that the mighty spiritual impact of their campaigns will continue indefinitely.

In all the campaigns the ministry of the miraculous was evident. To keep a record of those who were healed was out of the question, but hundreds upon hundreds experienced the healing power of Christ, and sent in their testimonies. Numbers experienced healing without a human touch.

Each campaign, attended by thousands and thousands, far exceeded the highest expectations of the people in the various cities visited. Fully 10,000 persons or more attended nightly the Johannesburg services at Marantha Park. In every city the largest halls proved totally inadequate to accommodate the mass congregations.

[Various pictures-full page]

Day after day, hundreds of men and women in the different meetings accepted Christ as their Lord and Savior as the result of the faithful and soul-stirring preaching of Evangelist Baxter; his inspiring messages to the Christians we shall never forget.

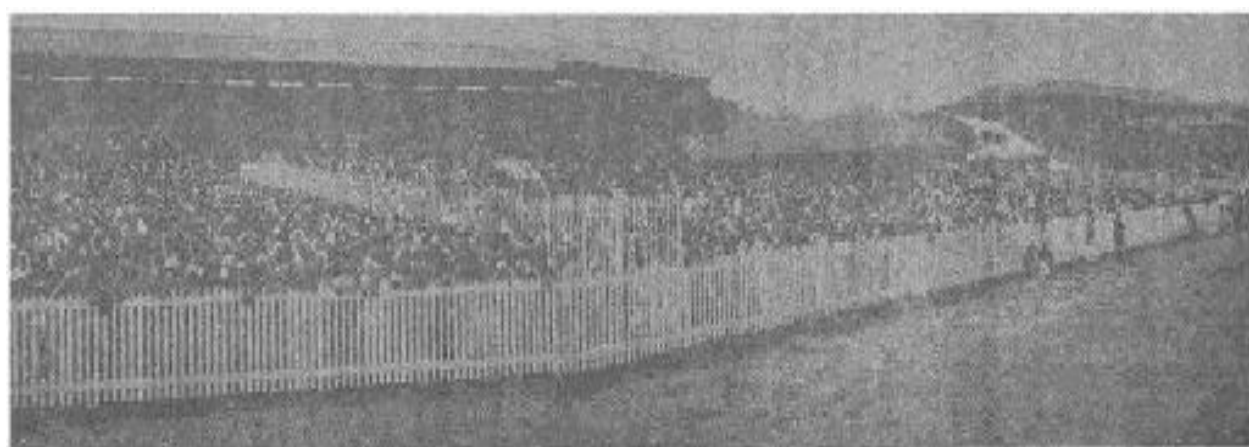
Neither shall we forget the precious teaching of that Apostle of Faith, Rev. Bosworth, which played an important part in each campaign, in creating and stimulating trust in the Great Physician. Again and again, under his ministry, we saw deaf spirits cast out and eardrums recreated. No case of sickness daunted the

enthusiastic faith of this veteran warrior. He labored unceasingly and we certainly learned to love him.

Brother Branham's Ministry

It has been well said that unique in Brother Branham's ministry is the amazing gift which enables him to detect and discern the diseases that people have. This manifestation is one hundred per cent perfect. It is a continuous and astonishing thing. For Brother Branham, by the Spirit of God, is able to perceive in seconds, without error, what sometimes only weeks of observation in a clinic is able to duplicate. This is a mighty sign, proving that God is visiting His people.

A still greater and more remarkable and more recent manifestation in Brother Branham's ministry is his gift of Discernment and the Word of Knowledge, which enables him when under the anointing to instantly tell the people the secrets of their hearts. Sometimes there are sins which people have hidden away and that are un-confessed, which hinder them from



One view of the Durlon meeting which broke all previous records of attendance.

Photo by Louis Aratt



The non-European section at the Sunday afternoon service at Durban.

Photo by Currier

receiving their healing. This amazing discernment, once manifested in the ministries of Christ and Elisha, is profound, unique, and glorious; its exercise brings a solemn spirit over the meeting, and indeed transports the beholder back to the miraculous Bible days.

Disclaiming any power of his own to heal, never once did he fail to point men and women to the Lord Jesus. Ministers of different denominations attended the services— some believed and were much blessed, and others again disbelieved and are now opposing.

The Historical Durban Campaign

Church history was made on the last day of the campaign when approximately 45,000 Indians, natives and Europeans gathered together for the afternoon service on the Race Course. Some estimated a much higher number. Long before the meeting began the gates were closed and thousands were left outside in the streets. In the morning service approximately 25,000 were present and in the evening 23,000—according to a very conservative estimate by the press. And these staggering numbers endured— for hours—the most oppressive heat, followed by hurricane winds and later by rain. Never, never will those who were privileged to attend these services forget the awe-inspiring sight, nor the glorious results which followed.

The spiritual impact in Durban of these wonderful five days of meetings has been felt by thousands of men and women in every station of life. South Africa has not known anything like it.

The services held entirely for the Europeans were conducted in the City Hall. It was packed to capacity with a congregation numbering at least 4,000, and hundreds and hundreds standing outside listening through the loudspeakers. In spite of the rain, many of them stayed to the end of the meetings and with upraised hands, joined with the great company inside who accepted Christ as their Lord and Savior.

Glory to God in the Highest. No words of the writer can express the gratitude of the thousands who were led to Christ during this campaign and others.

Mass Healings

One of the astonishing features of the campaigns was the mass healings.

Brother Branham often exhorted the people to lay their hands on each other in the mighty name of Jesus and claim deliverance for those who were bodily afflicted. His impassioned prayers which followed deeply moved the people to faith in God. They were instantly healed of different diseases and afflictions

—the deaf heard, the lame walked and the blind saw. Amazing!

What is just as wonderful is that outstanding healings are still taking place—according to the testimonies the writer is receiving from day to day. To our risen Lord and Savior do we humbly give all the honor, praise and glory.

"Only believe, only believe, all things are possible, only believe" was the keynote of each campaign and although 1900 years have passed since they were uttered by the Christ of Calvary, countless thousands in South Africa have awakened to the fact that they are just as true today as when they were first uttered.



Photo by Lynn Acutt

*An Indian boy who was instantly healed in the audience of a
paralyzed and short leg.*

The Durban Branham Campaign

By Pastor John F. Wooderson

"Because thou knewest not the day of they visitation... thy house is left unto thee desolate..." Addressing my own congregation two Sundays before the Branham Healing Campaign was to commence in Durban, I found myself, whilst speaking on the text quoted, constrained by the Holy Spirit to make this remark:

"We are soon to have what I believe will be a supernatural visitation of Almighty God to this city. Let it not be said of any of you, 'Thou knewest not the day of thy visitation...' Get into the line of blessing! And if God chooses to use you during the next few days, place yourself unreservedly at His disposal."

The visit of Brother William Branham and his colleagues, Brother Baxter and Brother Bosworth, proved indeed to be God's time of visitation to our beautiful city, FIVE DAYS ONLY... but five days which will never be forgotten by thousands upon thousands of men and women. It is impossible to estimate even a fraction of what was accomplished in that short space of time. To sum it all up—this city received the greatest spiritual upheaval it has ever known.

Although there had been considerable preparation for many weeks for the meetings... large posters placed throughout the city, cars everywhere carrying banners as advertising mediums... yet it was not until the first service was held in the City Hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 21st of November, that the citizens of Durban realized something unusual was taking place. The City Hall packed with crowds unable to gain admission to a religious service—and that on a mid-week afternoon, was something entirely unprecedented. The news spread like a prairie fire! That evening, besides the approximately 4,000 people inside the hall, a number estimated by the local press at about 2,000 stood outside listening to the service through the facilities of a public address system. And although Durban experienced an exceptionally severe electric



Photo by Lynn Acutt

These buses are "Specials" waiting to take the crowds home from the race course. Durban is a large city and has a large fleet of Municipal and privately owned buses but there were not enough buses in all of Durban to accommodate all the people.

storm that night, many remained through the pouring rain, gripped by the power of the Word of God ministered through Evangelist W. J. Ern Baxter. This was but the commencement! And what followed is difficult to describe! The confirmation of God's Word with signs and wonders, as the sick were prayed for in that first service, created a stir similar to that which took place during the earthly ministry of the Lord Jesus.

From the beginning it was clear to all that the greater stress was upon the salvation of the soul. "You can go to Heaven with a sick body, but you cannot go there with a sick soul," said God's servant in his powerful, arresting and convincing presentation of the Truth. And irrespective of class, creed or color, men and women were made to realize that there was only ONE way, and that was GOD'S WAY... through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ... whereby they might be saved. It was no wonder then that every time an opportunity was given to decide for Christ, multitudes stood to their feet and eagerly put out their hands to receive a decision card. What a mighty heart-searching move of the Spirit of God took place! Many have since testified to the fact that although they came to the services with their physical needs, these were almost completely forgotten through the consciousness of sin and guilt which came to them. GOD WAS THERE, and THEY KNEW IT! I have personally contacted more people than I can remember who are now "new creatures in Christ Jesus"... gloriously converted and born again of the Spirit of God. I was stopped by one news editor in the street and was told the following: "Mr. Wooderson, my brother who was a real 'hard-boiled' heathen is wonderfully changed. I can't get over it, and if Mr. Branham only came to the city for what has happened to him... it was worth it." AND THIS PHASE OF THE BRANHAM CAMPAIGN has brought to us the deepest sense of gratitude to God for the visit of His servants.

But is it not the MINISTRY OF THE MIRACULOUS given to men by God in these days which is a most vital factor and potent force in the spiritual awakening of the countries of the world? Is not this God's answer to an age of apathy, unbelief and skepticism? Under the God-honored ministry of Brother William Branham the most amazing scenes were witnessed. One could not help but be reminded of New Testament days. From everywhere the sick came... with all manner of afflictions... some on crutches, wheelchairs, and stretchers. The extraordinary gift possessed by God's servant, which was manifested in the diagnosis of the ills of men and women, together with his deep humility and overwhelming compassion for suffering humanity was convincing proof that he

was indeed "A MAN SENT FROM GOD." Never will we forget those prayers which came from the innermost depths of his soul, as he called upon God to "have mercy upon these poor people and HEAL THEM." And whilst he prayed, the answer came! All over those vast gatherings men and women were delivered from the power of Satan in their bodies. Crooked limbs were straightened, the blind saw, the deaf heard. Cancers, growths, heart ailments were healed in the name of Jesus. Brother Branham faithfully pointed his large audiences to the only source of healing, and never failed to discredit the idea that he had any ability to heal.

The constructive teaching on Divine healing given by Brother F. F. Bosworth, whom we regard as a 20th century pioneer of the ministry of the miraculous, inspired and established the faith of many. His undaunted faith in prayer for deaf mutes and the results which followed became an incentive to thousands to trust God for their healing.

History was made in Durban on Sunday, the 25th of November, the closing day of the campaign. What was witnessed was completely beyond the expectations of all. At the Greyville Race Course Stadium (kindly placed at our disposal for the 22nd and 25th of November) the greatest international services ever held in this country took place. A Race Course authority conservatively estimated the crowd at approximately 40,000! This number did not include the thousands who stood outside, unable to gain admission. Thousands and thousands of Indians and natives stood through the entire day from long before five a.m. under the most trying weather conditions... excessive heat in the morning, a furious gale in the afternoon, and rain in the evening. But neither they nor the many thousands of Europeans were disturbed by the elements. Throughout the day all over this tremendous concourse of people God was healing the sick. Way over in the native section, from where Brother Branham could scarcely ever be seen, the most amazing miracles were reported. As the wind blew and the rain fell, men and women listened with unabated interest to the soul-stirring ministry of God's servants. What could have brought all this about but a MIGHTY VISITATION OF GOD HIMSELF TO THIS CITY! Never was such singing heard as filled the air when Brother Baxter led the enormous congregation in his beautiful rendering of the well-known chorus, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Sweetest Name I know; Fills my every longing, Keeps me singing as I go." Only the records of Heaven will reveal what took place on that memorable, unparalleled day. Thousands accepted Christ as their Savior, signifying it by the

upraised hand, and great numbers received healing for their bodies. The singing of the old hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the even tide," was a glorious climax to the greatest service ever held in South Africa.

It was with mingled feelings that we gathered the following day at the airport. As Brother Branham and his party were about to board the plane the following message was conveyed to them over the loudspeakers: "Calling... Rev. Branham, Rev. Baxter, Rev. Bosworth and Billy Branham! The Durban Branham Committee, on behalf of the citizens of Durban, wish to express their profound gratitude to God and to you, His servants, for your visit to this city and the blessing brought to many thousands through it; and pray that the Lord will grant you traveling mercies and bring you back to us." And when reviewing just what the visit of His servants has really meant to this city, we feel the words expressed above are wholly inadequate.

The Branham Party had gone... BUT THE WORK WENT ON! A greater realization of the events of the previous five days dawned upon us. The city was stirred! Every section of the community had felt the mighty impact of this visitation of God. There seemed to be one topic of conversation. Men and women who hitherto had no thought for God or His claims were becoming anxious inquirers. On the other hand the voice of the critics became louder, and as is usual, no effort was made to conceal their ridicule and skepticism. But with this opposition there was a flood of testimonies pouring in from every direction, of the physical and spiritual blessing received... until, as in the day of Christ, "there was a division among the people;" some believed, others did not. The unbeliever will always find that which will foster his unbelief, but the Lord Jesus Christ said: "All things are possible to him that believeth." And as thousands sang the words of that much-loved chorus, "Only believe, only believe, All things are possible, Only believe"... MANY reached out the hand of faith, "touched the hem of His garment," and were made whole.

Five Days' Unforgettable Revival

By Pastor H. W. Oglivie

Oh, for the pen of a ready writer! In attempting to describe the recent Branham Healing Campaign held in Durban from November 21st to 25th, 1951, one would like to have supernatural words to express the supernatural ministry of the Lord among the people. This remarkable visitation of God, together with the amazing record crowds which thronged the City Hall and the Greyville Race Course, made the visit of Brother Branham and his co-workers never to be forgotten.

It is estimated that 50,000 Indians, natives and Europeans attended the Sunday afternoon service- -the greatest number of people ever to gather for a religious meeting in South Africa. The Revival Party acknowledged that they had never seen anything like it. "God is wonderful!" "It is marvelous!" were the expressions heard everywhere. The City Hall was altogether too small, and even the extra, seating accommodations were inadequate. Literally thousands were unable to obtain admission. However, loud speakers had been installed for the benefit of those outside and it was an inspiring sight to see so many of them raising their hands when the call was given for decisions for Christ.

Great were the manifestations of God's healing power and many with incurable diseases were healed without hands being laid upon them; the deaf heard, the lame were healed! Others took steel braces off their legs and others again held their crutches in their hands as they walked to and fro to demonstrate their healing. Then there were those who rejoiced in the recreating of a new eardrum and claimed they could hear the faintest whisper. Truly, God's mighty power is beyond human understanding. Hallelujah!

Thousands of people in Durban and district will never be the same again after having attended those momentous services. The powerful preaching of Brother Baxter, the penetrative teaching of Brother Bosworth, and the passionate ministry of Brother Branham have changed lives, broken stubborn wills, restored backsliders, removed prejudices, revived faith and confidence in God and in His Word. Many who served sin and Satan now serve the Lord. Many who blasphemed the name of Jesus now sing His praises.

"Jesus, Jesus, Jesus,

Sweetest name I know,

Fills my every longing,

Keeps me singing as I go."

* * *

A Recording of a Complete
Healing Service by

**WILLIAM
BRANHAM**

(A Man Sent From God)
will be given at the

**Divine Healing
Service**

in the
**FULL GOSPEL
CHURCH
WENTWORTH**
(7 Brighton Road, Jacobs)

TO-NIGHT (SUNDAY)
7 p.m.

For those who did not hear Rev. Branham this is an opportunity to do so. Come and hear the mighty prayer that healed the sick, blessed the stricken and cast out all manner of evils.

NOTE: At the conclusion of the recording the Healing Ministry of the "Laying on of Hands" (Jms. 13.4) will be administered to the sick in Jesus's Name.

**COME BELIEVING . . .
GO AWAY WITH HEALING!**

67M2

A newspaper clipping advertising a Branham Meeting by means of a tape recording.

While we were in South Africa tape recordings were taken of many of the services. These tapes were left with Sidney Smith of Durban who loaned them out to anyone who wanted to use them for European or non-European meetings. Here I have an excerpt of a letter which he sent me and I shall quote: "We gave the first recording of a Branham service last night at the Full Gospel Church in Wentworth, and although it was pouring with rain it was the greatest night I think the church ever had. These tape recording services reminded the people that although Brother Branham had left for the States, yet his voice had not gone. They would be able to come and hear the mighty prayers that Brother Branham had given in intercession for the sick, both for body and soul."

After the close of the meetings in Durban, William Branham, Ern Baxter, and Billy Paul Branham flew to Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, and conducted meetings there November 28th and 29th. Reports of the meetings indicated that those two days proved to be a great blessing to many thousands. Hundreds of people came in from various parts of Southern and Northern Rhodesia who were not able to attend the meetings in South Africa.

Meanwhile, Brother Bosworth and I went on to Pretoria, where he ministered to the people,



A very small section of the crowd at the Saturday evening service.

preaching three and four times a day. Pretoria is the administrative capital of the Union and has played an important role in the history of South Africa. Over a century ago it was settled by the Boer Trekkers who came up from the Cape, being pushed northward by new settlers from Europe. Near Pretoria stands a great and magnificent monument known as the Voortrekker Monument. The frieze of beautiful sculptured marble tells the history of the Trek from the Cape Colony. One could not help but marvel and stand in awe, realizing the price that these pioneers had paid in opening the interior of Southern Africa to the white race. This monument is built after the pattern of the altars which were built in the time of

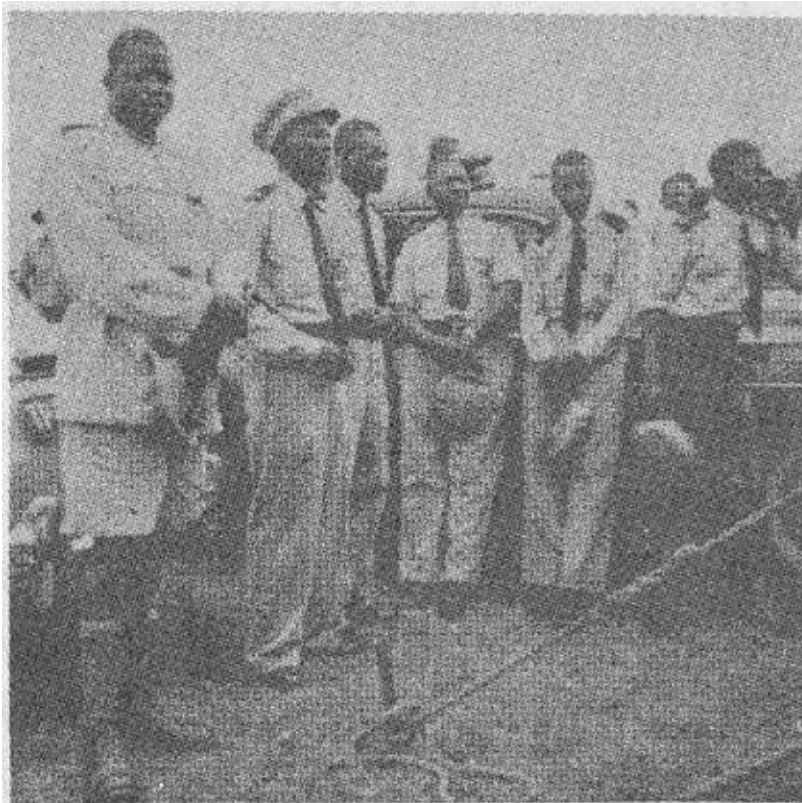
Abraham. A parallel is drawn between the departure of Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees to that of the Voortrekkers who left Capetown and went in search of a

new country. No monument could mean more to its people than what this monument means to the Afrikaan of South Africa.

Brother Branham, Brother Baxter, and Billy Paul returned from Salisbury in time for the evening service at Pretoria Saturday night. Fine preparations had been made by the local committee. The people had been well instructed and with faith and anticipation they listened intently to the message by Brother Baxter and then Brother Branham.

Sunday was another day during which many found Christ as their Savior and applied to themselves the physical healing which is part of Christ's Atonement. Our meetings at the Fairgrounds in Pretoria closed on Sunday night, the 2nd of December, with nearly 10,000 people in attendance.

The following is a report from Brother Gschwend pertaining to the effect which these meetings had among the natives.



Native police officers who directed the crowds at native meetings in Pretoria.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; Who healeth all thy diseases; Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." (Psalm 103:2-5)

It is with a heart full of gratitude that we testify of the blessings received through the ministry of the Branham Party. It was really God's visitation through His gifted servants. Although their ministry to the native population was limited through their obligations to the European communities we think God that His power was not limited! We were led to start with large tent meetings on the 28th of November, which from the very beginning were wonderfully well attended. Every morning at six o'clock several hundred men and women gathered for prayer. The afternoon and evening meetings were attended by the greatest crowds we have ever witnessed in these parts. The crowds grew to over 6,000 (although others estimated the number to be much higher). Four large tents had been erected, one of which was occupied by the Indians and coloreds of Pretoria.

The very first afternoon that Brother Bosworth ministered, God blessed the ministry of His faithful servant in a most remarkable way. The preaching of the Word truly found entrance into the hearts of the listeners, creating faith for the healing of their bodies through Christ Jesus. After having prayed with a number of sick ones, amongst whom were some deaf and dumb, all were healed on the spot with the exception of one who, however, we trust still may be healed. This, of course, brought the faith of the listeners to a still higher level. Then Brother Bosworth turned to pray for the masses, telling them to put their hands by faith on the sick part of their body, and while they joined in prayer with him, God in His wonderful grace touched many of the sick bodies and healed them on the spot.

One totally blind man who had been blind for seventeen years and an inmate of the native blind institution suddenly started to praise God shouting, "Kea bona, kea bona"—(I can see! I can see!) And thanks be to God he can still see today. A deaf and dumb girl about ten years old received her hearing as well as her speech, although having never spoken before she had to learn to express the words, but learned very quickly. A woman who had been paralyzed on one side for forty years, and could never sleep on that side, neither could she use her hands, found herself sleeping on the lame side the next morning after she had

been healed the day before, and also regained the use of her hands. One of our evangelists came along full of joy, praise God, telling us that he had brought four sick people, and they were all healed! One was deaf, another one for over ten years had a swollen neck and throat, which caused him much pain and robbed him of his speech, but he was not perfectly healed, besides the others with internal troubles. One of our own native servants had a growth in her womb for many years, and her parents had paid three beasts to the witch doctors for her healing without getting any help. She was told by European doctors to have an operation, but she trusted God. Now God met her at the first Divine healing meeting when her growth disappeared, for which we do thank God.

An elderly totally blind woman received her sight, so that she can now do her work again, praising God. Another woman had just recently paid thirty-five pounds and a white ox to one of the native doctors, but feared that his treatment would kill rather than cure her. On hearing about these wonderful meetings, she ran away to come and listen to what God could do. God met her and cured her of all her internal troubles, and she is perfectly healed. One woman who had been blind in her eye and deaf in her left ear came to me and told me how God had healed her blind eye so that she could plainly see, but she wanted to know why God had not healed her ear. Looking at her I noticed a big earring dangling from the deaf ear, while she had no ring on the sound ear. This made me understand that she had put that ring on as a charm for healing her ear. I said to her, "You trusted God for your eye, and He has healed your eye. But you are trusting that idol of a ring on your ear to heal your ear, and of course God cannot do anything for you. Pull that idol off and trust God for your ear as you trusted for your eye, and He will heal you." After having been persuaded by others she took off her false god, and God graciously met her and opened her ear. This was an eye-opener for many who still secretly trusted their heathen medicines and charms of the witch doctors.

We were glad to see many throwing their false gods away so that the living God could meet with them. We also thank God for working in their hearts so that they were not only seeking healing for their bodies, but salvation for their souls. During two evenings a great number came forward throwing away their cigarettes, tobacco pipes, snuffboxes, heathen charms and medicines. Even dices with which they used to gamble were brought to the platform, and we were surprised to see some of the "Tsotis" and "Amalites" (African gangsters) bringing their knives with which they used to stab people. Although we had not

been preaching against outward adornment of the women, we were so glad to see many of them pulling off their earrings, bangles, etc., surrendering them to God, while they surrendered their hearts to Him. While the healing services continued each afternoon, God also continued to work and healed many afflicted ones by His wonderful grace. One crippled woman who could scarcely walk, being bent low by years of suffering, was loosened from her infirmities and can walk straight again. Others who could hardly exist through asthma, TB, and other sicknesses were healed. The testimonies are still coming in of such who could not testify at the meetings, but are now writing from their various homes telling us how God met them.

We were very sorry that the ministry of our dear Brother Branham was so limited but we do thank God for his brief ministry on Sunday afternoon, and that God by His grace made up for it by touching again many afflicted ones by His divine power. God's hand of blessing rested so much so upon the meetings that Brother Bosworth sacrificed his only day of rest and ministered again on Monday night, which was a wonderful day, God's presence being so wonderfully manifested in the three meetings held.

The news of the wonderful workings of God quickly spread all over the country so that even after the official meeting's were over and the tents had been taken down, groups of people from all over the country kept on coming. They came so that for a whole week our new church, just opened a few months ago in Lady Selborne, was filled with needy souls and sick people who looked for the Lord to heal them. Three to four meetings were held every day to break the Bread of Life to them, for although God's specially gifted servants had left we realized that God was still with us, and He had sent His Word to heal them, and His Word abideth with us forever.

It is difficult to describe such meetings. The fervent prayers of so many thousands, the lusty singing, the wonderful preaching of the Word of God with power and demonstration of the Holy Spirit cannot be described—it can only be witnessed. We cannot thank God enough for the way He met the needy souls and sick bodies, and for the many who had been healed in the audience, even more than those who were personally prayed with. This was an eye-opener to our native people. It was good for our natives to see that God could heal the people without their using holy water, ashes, wearing special dresses or girdles, or practicing any of the other things which remind us so much of the witch doctor

practices.

We do thank God again for this wonderful visitation and the encouragement it has given to all our native Christians and workers, besides having been a wonderful object lesson to those who minister to the sick. It has also encouraged us very much to keep on praying that God's mighty, saving, healing and sanctifying power be manifested as never before in preparation of His soon coming.

* * *

Brother Bosworth received a letter from a missionary and his wife, reporting some of the healings which they witnessed in the Capetown meetings. The letter is quoted here in part.

"My husband and I had been missionaries of the Assemblies of God of Great Britain, in India, and during our last term after a war in Hyderabad State, we accepted an invitation from the Full Gospel Churches in South Africa to take up ministry there. We were in charge of one of their churches in Capetown when the Branham campaign took place. But God had been speaking to us about returning to our work in India, and He opened the way for us to come back to England, where we arrived on January 11th. We are going around the Assemblies on deputation work and are booked to sail back to India on September 16th, God willing.

We would both like to tell you what a great spiritual blessing and inspiration it was to us to be in those meetings. I personally received a touch in my body (nerve pain at back of neck) in either the last Sunday night or the following morning when we spoke to you and Brother Branham at Pentecostal Park.

I wonder if you knew that during Brother Branham's prayer for all the remaining sick en masse just before he went off the platform, a little boy about three years old who was born blind received his sight?

I was sitting just behind, and during the prayer he started to cry and rub his eyes. When I looked up I saw his mother was crying and she told me that her child who was born blind had just received his sight. Also, his brother, about eight years of age had been terribly cross-eyed, and in the same instant his eyes were made perfectly straight. I saw these same children myself, and the little fellow was crying because the bright electric lights hurt his lovely new eyes! I

asked the mother if she was a Christian, and she said she was and belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. I told her to go back and tell the people what God had done and live for God for the rest of her life.

About five people in our own little church were healed in the campaign, one young man of severe heart trouble. He was a new convert; after a life of dissipation, his heart was in a bad condition, and his face was always deathly pale, and he had bad nose bleeding, having been in the hospital for this just before the campaign. However, he gave himself to Christ, was baptized and was standing at the back of the Hangar as an usher. Brother Branham pointed to him and said, 'You at the back, with heart trouble, Jesus heals you now.' David said that a bright light came towards him, he shut his eyes and a warm glow went down to his heart, which seemed to be tugged and turned, then he opened his eyes and the light receded to Brother Branham. Next day his face had lost its paleness, he testified to perfect healing. And a week or two later he had to have a doctor's examination in order to apply for a post in Rhodesia. He brought us the certificate which pronounced him 100% fit. Praise God.

An old sister from our Church, a fine, spirit-filled woman, sat right at the front on the last Sunday night meeting, and she was weeping and praying that God would touch her. She had suffered from severe rheumatism for twenty odd years, which was so painful that she could not sleep at nights. When Brother Branham was praying for the sick, he suddenly pointed down at her saying, 'You, sister, there in the red dress—why are you crying? Look, Jesus has healed your rheumatism.' She jumped to her feet, her arms up, praising the Lord, and she was healed. She slept like a child that night and testified to her healing in our meetings afterwards."

G. Stewart

From Pretoria we returned to Johannesburg, conducting another campaign in the Maranatha Park Tabernacle, where we concluded as well as began our South African tour. Remembering what they had seen during those few days that Brother Branham had been in Johannesburg, the faith of the people was high, as they waited to receive the healing that God had for them.

The healing from the last service which I shall always remember was that of a blind lady. Brother Branham had seen a vision of a lady sitting out in the audience who had been healed. He pointed her out and told her to stand up and

accept her healing. She did not respond. While he was encouraging her to stand, another lady in the same row stood up. He turned and looked at her for a few seconds. Then he said, "What are you standing for? You are of the Jewish religion; you do not believe that Jesus is the Christ. You are blind. Do you think that Jesus Christ could restore your eyesight?" At this she nodded her head. "But I could not ask Him to be your Healer without first being your Savior and Lord. If you will accept Him as your Savior, the Messiah, He will also be your Healer. If you do, raise your hand." She raised her hand and immediately she was able to see. While we were at the airport the following morning about to leave for the States, a man came and reported that she could then see perfectly and she was out visiting her friends whom she had not seen for years.

Thus ended ten weeks in South Africa, during which time the people had seen and heard great and wonderful things done by our great and wonderful Lord through the ministry of His servant, William Branham. People never ceased to be amazed as they saw the Gift operate through Brother Branham, as they saw him discern the sicknesses as well as the spiritual needs of the people. They never ceased to rejoice when he turned to audience and pointed someone out, describing their illness in addition to various details, and telling them that Christ had made them whole. Many wept as they saw the lame walk, the blind see and the deaf hear, and many went away to say that truly God has been in our midst.

We have listed comparatively few of the many miracles that could be reported. To many people their healings meant life instead of death. To those who became Christians, it means life more abundant and eternal fellowship with God. To the thousands of Christians who attended the meetings, seeing God work and sensing His presence, it meant great inspiration to press on to a closer walk with God. All this was the result of the unfolding of the Word by Brother Bosworth and Brother Baxter, the confirmation of this Word by the operation of the gift of God through Brother Branham and the faithful efforts put forth by the Christians of South Africa.



An Afrikaan newspaper featuring an interview with Brother Branham.

In closing the report of what God did in South Africa I wish to include two other reports I have received. One of these is from an Evangelist, the other from the Secretary of the National Committee which made all the arrangements for the campaign.

A Report From An Evangelist

By J. H. Grobler

I am very glad and thankful to God for this opportunity to express my conviction and gratitude. I am afraid that no language would be adequate to describe my impressions and experience.

I am an Evangelist who has also been ministering Divine healing with great success in South Africa. As a matter of fact, I was the only full-time Evangelist in the Pentecostal work in South Africa for many years who ministered Divine healing in mass. I had the privilege of seeing the blind see, the lame walk, the deaf hear and whatever other disease you may think of healed in the Name of Jesus through my ministry.

When I heard of the Branham Party coming to South Africa I was determined to go and investigate for myself. I went without prejudice or respect of persons with the intention of making a thorough study of whatever I was going to see and hear.

The first thing that impressed me was the preaching of the Word, true, solid, straightforward and with power. It was evident from the beginning that these men were not here to demonstrate some power to draw attention to themselves, but to declare the whole council of God. It was pressed home every night that the salvation of the soul was more important than the healing of the body, No wonder numbers of souls were born into the Kingdom of God every night. Who would not be thrilled with such a sight, when you have a passion for souls?

I shall never forget the sensation that first night when Brother Bosworth so ably declared the truth that Divine healing was included in the Atonement and that people could be healed while listening to and believing the Word of God. How it inspired me! When that dear servant of God expressed this truth my heart was thrilled and my eyes filled with hot tears as I said to myself, "The same Holy Spirit who taught me in South Africa also taught Brother Bosworth in America." To God be the praise and glory.

The next impression was the powerful, yet clear and simple teaching of Brother Baxter on the victorious life. Oh, how it thrilled my soul! How I was lifted up to God until I felt I never wanted to come back again to the valley,

unless it was to help poor suffering humanity. Oh, how those precious truths confirmed my own ministry. It enlarged my vision, the vision that has been fascinating me for years—namely, to be seated with Christ in the heavenlies and from there to rule over our enemy and have power and exercise it over all the power of the evil one.

The first thing that struck me about Brother Branham was the love of God that could be discerned in that passionate "Good evening, friends," upon his arrival on the platform every night. When he spoke, I knew God was with him. In his ministry it was not the miracles of healing that struck me most, for I had experienced that in my own ministry. But what impressed me beyond description was the operation of the Gifts of the word of wisdom, the word of knowledge and the discerning of spirits. I was stunned as one person after the other came before him on the platform every night and in seconds he would diagnose the disease and disclose the hidden secrets of their hearts without error.

I watched the operation very closely and being honest with God I was ready to admit any mistake made by him during those operations. Glory to God, I can declare that I found none. They were one hundred per cent correct. Only God can do this.

One incident that was very impressing was when a man rose in the audience and shouted, "Brother Branham, by what power do you do these things?" The spontaneous answer flowed from his lips in what seemed to be a supernatural voice, a voice so different from the one we hear when he so passionately deals with the sick and suffering. It sounded strong and with great Divine authority when he declared, "Through the man of whom you know very little, Jesus Christ." The answer so thrilled the audience of approximately ten thousand that they started to clap their hands. When the applause subsided he said humbly and solemnly in the old passionate voice, "Please friends, don't cheer, give praise to God." Those who were there will never forget that incident.

God became so great to me, so real and so precious. I felt so small in His presence I could but weep and love Him. I can assure you my life and ministry has been enriched by the ministry of these servants of God. To me, Brother Branham is undoubtedly a prophet of God, Brother Baxter an evangelist, Brother Bosworth a teacher sent by God to South Africa in answer to the many prayers for a revival.

With The Branham Party In South Africa

By W. F. Mullan

It would be almost impossible to describe the eager anticipation that prevailed in South Africa as we awaited the visit of the Branham Party. The days and weeks sped by quickly as we made all preparations for the visit. Preliminary advertising met with much greater success than we had hoped for. The response from the public grew apace as the date of the visit drew nearer. We were inundated with letters of inquiry and the telephone rang so incessantly that one hardly knew how to find time to relax.

At last we were at the Palmietfontein Airport, Johannesburg, watching the skies for the first view of the approaching Pan-American Airways plane from New York. The excitement developed as the crowd grew bigger and bigger. A speck in the distant skies began to take shape until the crowd was hushed into silent anticipation as they watched the great mechanical bird circling the airport preparatory to landing.

A few minutes later and the plane doors were opened and the passengers began to descend to the ground. The Chairman and Secretary of the National Committee responsible for the arrangements of the Branham Party visit to South Africa, namely, A. J. Schoeman and W. F. Mullan, had special permission from the authorities to go onto the field to welcome the members of the Branham Party. Everything was in order; the advertising had been carefully attended to and the country was awaiting this very moment.

Descending from the plane could be seen Brother W. J. Era Baxter, and Brother F. F. Bosworth followed by a third. As they were welcomed Brother Baxter said, "Brother Branham is not with us." Then he explained that Brother Branham, who would be accompanied by his son, Billy Paul, had been delayed at the airport in New York and would be coming on the next plane. The third member of the party was Mr. Julius Stadslev.

As the group made its way from the airfield to the Customs Department some members of the waiting crowd inquired, "Which is Brother Branham?" While the other members of the group went ahead, Brother Mullan explained to the crowd that Brother Branham was not with the party but would be following on the next plane. This piece of information left the people almost speechless. Just to think that Brother Branham was not with the party and the meetings were to

commence on the morrow and it would be at least three days before the next plane would arrive. To the crowd the most terrible and major disaster had apparently taken place.

The first series of meetings were held in Johannesburg, the large industrial center of South Africa, and the largest center of population. Unable to find a central venue in which to hold the meetings the Johannesburg committee had accepted the kind offer by the Apostolic Faith Mission to use their Conference Grounds on the northern outskirts of the city. But even their large auditorium would be too small and the committee obtained their permission to enlarge the building. The work was undertaken and executed in very short time and the auditorium enlarged to accommodate approximately 8,000 people. By leaving one side of the building open it would be possible to seat another two to three thousand people on an embankment where they could see and hear very well, and on the other side of the auditorium a further three to five thousand people could be seated in comfort and could hear but not be able to have a very clear vision.

Brother Baxter and Brother Bosworth courageously faced a very difficult task. They had to minister to a crowd that had been disappointed by the non-arrival of Brother Branham. Brother Baxter commenced the series of meetings with a ministry that captivated the attention of the people and assured the success of the whole visit. Brother Baxter's ministry is one of faith building. The world has largely confused "faith" with "hope"! Brother Baxter began his task by ministering on "The Measure of Faith" and followed this with a stirring message on "How Faith Acts." These first few days of ministry as we awaited the arrival of Brother Branham were most helpful. The Word of God was ministered to hungry souls and the tide of faith was rising to a high level. Brother Bosworth played a great part in the meetings as he prepared the people for prayer and with great boldness and calm assurance of faith called for any who had lost the hearing of one ear through a radical mastoid operation to come up onto the platform for prayer. Then he prayed for them and over and over again we saw the mighty power of God manifest in a miracle of re-creation as deaf ears heard again despite the fact that the entire organs had been removed by surgical operation and it was impossible for the ear to hear again apart from God's power.

Then Brother Branham arrived. Brother Schoeman met him at the airport and brought him straight to the crowded meeting where there were 10,000 people

waiting in eager expectancy. Brother Mullan welcomed him on behalf of the people of South Africa. It was a moment tense with eager expectancy. After speaking to the people for a short time Brother Branham prayed for them "en masse" and one can safely say that miracles took place that first night. The Durban Sunday Tribune later reported the case of a young boy, Ernest Blom, whose one leg was several inches shorter than the other and who was healed that first meeting as Brother Branham prayed. The attendances grew rapidly. On Sunday afternoon the crowd totaled 10,000 and on Sunday evening 12,000. By Wednesday evening the crowd reached the 14,000 mark. The meetings were spoken of everywhere. Unfortunately the meetings had to close too soon, as arrangements had been made for the Branham Party to proceed to the next series of meetings at Klerksdorp, a hundred miles away. Had the Johannesburg meetings continued longer it would have been impossible to have reckoned the results.

In a few short weeks the Branham Party had visited twelve cities in South Africa. It was my privilege to accompany them to many of these cities and I have seen so much that I can hardly separate one high point from another. Everywhere the crowds came together, and as one writer in a popular weekly magazine put it, the majority of those who attended the meetings were satisfied that they had indeed seen "signs and wonders."

In each center the main meetings were held among the European community, but provision was also made for non-European meetings, too. In Bloemfontein one evening Brother Baxter spoke on the text, "There is no difference." (Romans 3: 22) When the appeal was made for men and women to decide for Christ as their Savior approximately 2,000 people stood to their feet. It was glorious. In many places the response to the message of salvation was astounding. Literally hundreds, and in some places thousands arose to signify their faith in Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

The Branham meetings were held in a variety of venues because no public hall was large enough to accommodate the crowds. We made use of open-air stadiums, football grounds, sports grounds, show grounds, a race course and an airplane hangar. In East London a platform was built on the Rugby Football Grounds and the grandstands were used for seating the people as well as the open playing field. The platform used at East London was the special dais used by the royal family during their South African visit.

There were at least 10,000 non-Europeans gathered for their meetings at Bloemfontein and probably the same number at East London. At Durban the meetings were held at the race course and all nationalities were able to assemble for the meetings. Here the crowds totaled 50,000 people of all races on the Sunday afternoon, while thousands turned away, unable to get in.

Brother Bosworth ably carried out every task allotted to him. He ministered the Word of God to the gathering thousands and prayed for many sick people and God blessed his ministry. He has endeared himself to the South Africans. Everywhere Brother Baxter was hailed as the outstanding preacher and long after everything else is forgotten, if indeed such meetings can be forgotten, Brother Baxter's ministry of the Word of God will live on. His ministry inspired people to believe the Word of God, to act their faith, and above all to accept Christ as Savior and Lord.

We found Brother Branham to be all that had been reported concerning him. He came into our midst as a sincere, humble man and it was very evident that the blessing of God was with him. Over and over again we saw God manifest His power through Brother Branham. As people came into contact with Brother Branham he would immediately declare the sickness or disease from which they were suffering. As he prayed we were conscious of his intense sympathy with the suffering around him. Sometimes standing on the platform he would pick someone out in the audience and declare what disease they were afflicted with.

More than once when the meetings had to be held out in the open we would be amazed to see people sit calmly and listen intently even when rain began to fall. Here was sufficient evidence, if any were needed, to prove that God does draw people to Himself when the whole truth is preached to hungry mankind.

Having accompanied the Branham Party to many of the South African cities visited I can say that it was very evident to me that the people who believed most received most.

* * *

"This is the Lord's doing; it is marvelous in our eyes. This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it" (Psalm 118: 23-24).

CHAPTER 6 - TESTIMONIES

"Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name..."

I Chronicles 16:29

This chapter contains about a hundred of the first testimonies that came direct to Brother Branham and myself. We understand that the greater majority of them were sent to local chairmen and time did not permit us to obtain them.

I have not given the full name after the testimonies because I did not take the time to obtain permission to use all their names. Nevertheless these testimonies are on file and their full name and address can be obtained. Most of the testimonies have been condensed to give only the most important facts.

Teacher Healed of Rheumatoid Arthritis and Varicose Veins

About three and a half years ago I had to discontinue my teaching work because I was suffering so with rheumatoid arthritis and varicose veins. My trouble started about eleven years ago. Nothing seemed to help me very much. Oct. 6th I went to the Maranatha Park and stood for three hours. I had difficulty getting inside as the hall was full. Finally I was admitted inside and stood against the wall on the left side.

Brother Branham had just come from the airport and one could see he was very tired after the ride from the States. He suggested mass praying for all the afflicted. He asked them to lay hands on each other. Then he pointed to the side of the hall that I was standing on and said that there was a woman who had arthritis. I was the only woman standing up against the wall. Now, there was no one in that vast crowd who knew I had arthritis, except Sister Quinn and she didn't know that I was there. But she and many others had heard Brother Branham say, "There is a woman with arthritis." Glory Hallelujah! From then on I felt very much better. I went to subsequent meetings and witnessed many healings, including another case of arthritis worse than mine. She came in an ambulance and after she was prayed for was able to get up and walk about. Also there was the case of the girl who had a broken back and got up, when told to do so by Brother Branham, and was perfectly well.

God bless Brother Branham and all those connected with the meetings who made all the healings possible, including mine.

E. S.

* * *

Diseased spine Became Normal While Thanking God for What He Had Done for Others

After a lengthy illness of 18 months, I had been left with a diseased spine and could not walk without the aid of a stick. Some days the pain was bearable, other days excruciating; no words can explain. In trying to walk, my spinal cord would click, dislocating with intense pain. I also suffered with severe veins for 25 years, congealed clots in the blood stream. The last four years I was forced to bandage my legs, otherwise I could not stand on them.

On the 7th of October, 1951, my sister, Mrs. Scott, took me to the William Branham meetings at Maranatha Park where I witnessed 56 cases of Divine healing of diverse diseases, a wonderful manifestation of God's power in the deliverance of poor suffering people. I was so overjoyed with seeing them delivered that I wept and wept with joy. After the service I was sitting in the car meditating on the wonders I had seen, and I forgot all about myself, while praising God for what He had done to the others that I witnessed. Suddenly I felt the power of God demonstrating on my spine. I was pulled up by the power of God, standing on my feet. Then and there the dear Lord adjusted my spine and straight way all pain left me. I went home praising God and testifying to everyone I met. First thing I did when I got home was to remove the bandages from my legs; by God's grace I have not worn them again. I am able to do all my home duties. I have had no pain since and need no stick. At present my knees are a bit weak but painless. I am trusting God for anything that is not quite strong. He is the Author and Finisher of all good work, to whom I give all the praise and glory.

A. C. G.

* * *

Confirming Her Sister's Healing and Telling of Her Own

This is to support the testimony of my sister, Mrs. A. C. Gribble. I praise God for what He has done for her. She was brought to me very, very ill. Brother Hugo can confirm it. For eighteen months she was in my care.

The same evening, during the mass prayer, I was healed of a sprained ankle and a weak stomach. We give God all the glory.

M. M. S.

* * *

Healed in the Audience

I thank God who healed me from a continual pain. I was not in the prayer line but was just one out in the audience who believed God when Brother Branham offered a prayer for us all. I praise the

Lord I am healed of that tormenting pain. When I heard the preaching of Brother Branham and the way he prayed for the sick, I began to think of our Lord Jesus Christ when He spoke to Martha saying, "If you believe, you will see the glory of God."

H. K. M.

* * *

Healed of an Injured Spine

I am enclosing two references of my doctors who have given me treatment for my back before I received Divine healing at Brother Branham's service at Maranatha Park. These doctors examined me after I had God's wonderful healing, and was much surprised to see me totally healed. We had prepared for a dangerous operation of the spine.



I received my healing on the eleventh of October, nineteen fifty-one. I had been ill exactly one year, and had doctored in many ways. I was sure I was healed shortly after Brother Branham spoke to me. Brother Branham told me that I had gotten hurt a year ago and told me exactly how I felt. He told me he knew I had strong faith and that God would heal me. I was healed instantaneously.

One year before I received my healing I slipped on a smooth polished cement floor in our kitchen, and broke a small bone at the lower end of the spinal cord. The effects were I could only get up on my feet with great difficulty after sitting or lying down, I had much pain in my back most of the time, and it was awkward in school for I could not sit or stand up for any length of time. My healing has made my faith stronger, my family is thankful, and can never stop talking about God's wonderful power.

I have X-ray films showing the broken bone, and will be glad to send them to you if you so desire.

H. J. N.

* * *

Delivered from Cancer While in the Audience

I just wish to briefly give my testimony. Jesus met with me in a wonderful way. I suffered of cancer and the doctors did what they could. I was operated on and yet my condition became worse, until it became internal. I spent restless nights knowing that it was futile to seek help from the arm of flesh, and so called upon God.

God spoke to me and I stretched forth my hand of faith and thanked the Lord, He heard and answered immediately there in my chair. I praised the Lord, and all the people stood amazed at what Jesus had done.

Thank God for the wonderful Savior we have. That night Jesus came before me on the cross, and a soft voice spoke to me. Jesus did not only hang on the cross for your sins but also your infirmities.

Thank Jesus, He took away all my infirmities immediately, just as He did my sins.

J. K.

* * *

The Cancer Is Gone

I herewith wish to testify of the wonderful power in the blood of our precious Lord Jesus Christ. Unto Him be all the praise and honor for ever!

Jesus healed me of cancer under the ministry of our Brother Branham.

You may come and see. I am in possession of the plates which were taken and also the doctor's report. Praise His Name!

N. J. O.

* * *

No More Pains in the Stomach

The Sunday afternoon when Brother Branham was out at Orlando, I received my healing. For many years I have had sharp pains in my stomach. At the close of the service Brother Branham told us to lay our hands on each other and believe for healing. I did this and, praise God, I was healed. Since that time, and it is now nearly three months, I have never experienced a pain in my stomach. Praise the Lord.

R. P.

* * *

Left Side of Face Was Totally Paralyzed

I am writing this to testify how God healed my face of total paralysis of the one side. I could not move any of the muscles of the right side of my face and neck. "Bells Paralysis" it is called.

Three weeks before you were due to arrive in South Africa I saw a doctor. As I am in Municipal Service I had to take sick leave and was sent for daily massage and electrical treatment to the hospital. This went on for two weeks with no response to the treatment. Then I was given certain capsules which had good results in other cases, as it is now thought to be a "virus" which causes this paralysis.

This was just before your healing campaign which started at Maranatha Park. I did not take these capsules as I expected healing from the Lord. I asked the Lord please to touch me as I had to report to the hospital after four days—re- the effect of the capsules which I was not taking. This was Thursday. On Friday we went to both meetings, also on Saturday. Saturday night I felt better in myself but the face was still paralyzed. Sunday I reminded the Lord that I had to report at the hospital on Monday, re- the capsules which I was not taking. Many of my friends were praying also. On Sunday we attended all the meetings and I just kept on accepting my healing from the Lord every time prayer was made for the whole congregation. Sunday night I could smile with both sides of my face and the other muscles started to improve. On Monday morning I could ring the hospital and tell them that the Lord had touched me and that I will take no more treatment but will see them as soon as the services stopped; which I did and they, the doctor and nurses, were all very much surprised to see me, and I was declared healed.

J. P. P.

* * *

Intractable Vomiting and Goiter

I suffered for five months with terrible vomiting. The last two months I could take very little water and food. I had four very big abdominal operations. Several specialists attended to me. I had two very big operations within six months in Kroonstad, one after the other. Finally Dr. Dykman refused to do anything more for me. I was in Johannesburg in the Kensington Hospital several times attended

by specialists. I also had a goiter which the Lord has healed completely.

After my healing I went to the doctor and he gave me a certificate and said that one could also be gotten from the specialists.

W. J. G.

Mrs. J. G. has been a patient of mine for a number of years. She has had four abdominal operations in connection with her gall bladder and pubic organs. In addition she had a goiter. For approximately five months she suffered from intractable vomiting. She was attended by several specialists in Johannesburg. She is now apparently perfectly well.

Dr. H. J.

* * *

Pastor Reports Four Healings

We enjoyed the God-sent Branham meetings with its inspired sermons preached by the different members of the party, but with regard to the personal ministry of our dearly beloved Brother Branham we have not words to express our gratitude toward our Heavenly Father for graciously sending him to us, who received more than tongue can tell. My wife and I together with our church in general were so awe inspired and divinely impressed that many received their healing by simply looking on. Sister Fourie (my wife) suffered for over nine months as a result of the birth of our little baby, who is with God now, but while she was hearing the divine message of healing, she accepted the truth of the matter and was instantaneously healed. That was in Klerksdorp.

Brother Ben Meyer of our assembly was suffering from a badly swollen nose, his eye was also affected and became bloodshot and eventually so bad that after three months it was obvious to all who knew cancer that the brother was to die a most awful death. I encouraged the brother to go to the meetings in Kimberley and told him about the sister's experience in the previous town. He decided to go and was healed in the very same manner whilst listening to Brother Branham telling others to believe. He also accepted it to be for him personally and after traveling over eighty miles that night going home, the swelling of the nose was gone and the eye became the same as ever before.

Passing through our village on their way to Kimberley the party was led by

God to touch on at our parsonage as we prayed to God to send the brother to us with a personal message and also use him for the healing of our little Betty (five years old) who was suffering with acute pains across the abdomen with spasms following and also a certain sign which worried us a great deal. As Brother Branham entered our sitting-room he noticed her and spoke to her in such a gentle and loving way as I thought nearest to how the Lord Jesus would Himself have done. He referred to his own dear Becky and at that moment I could not control myself and said: Betty always says that if Uncle Branham prays for her she would be healed. So he said, "I am going to pray for her," and laying his hands upon her he moved the Heavens with his humble faithful prayer. Turning to the sister he said: "Sister, do not worry any more, she is completely healed." He also told us exactly what she used to suffer from and that was the end of her sufferings. She is completely healed, praise be to almighty God. That sign is also gone. I am so thankful to say that they are all still healed. As the brother left that day he also remarked: "Sister, the Lord Jesus gives you your heart's desire." How happy we are for knowing that God still answers prayer.

Mrs. Wessels, Robyn Street, Christiana, was pointed out by Brother Branham in Saturday's meeting (20th October 1951) and told that she was suffering from her kidneys but she is healed and it was so. She is still healed. There are a few skeptics in town but the greater majority believe that Brother Branham is a man sent from God, and concerning our own members, we all know it and have accepted it with all our hearts. My own experience is that I have come closer to God than ever before. I am a different person altogether and God is blessing my ministry more than ever.

May God's richest blessing remain on your ministry.

D. P. F., Pastor

* * *

Now Walks Perfectly Normal

The sinews in my hip were torn while I was running. I was to undergo a very serious operation on my hip. After I came out of the hospital I still limped but last night I felt that the Lord touched me while Brother Branham was praying for everybody.

I thank the Lord from the depths of my heart that I can walk perfectly normal.

J. B.

* * *

Reading About Brother Branham's Ministry Inspired Faith for Her Own Healing

For ten years I suffered from a severe "Heart Disease." The doctors gave up all hope and said that I had to be contented and live the life my heart would allow me to live. I had frequent heart attacks. I was also rushed to hospital for oxygen. God's children were praying but I felt I was slowly sinking. No hope, no hope, until at last we received the good news that Brother Branham was coming to South Africa.

My husband immediately, per urgent telegram, ordered Brother Branham's book in Durban and gave it to me to read, knowing that when I read the book my faith in God will increase. When I read the book my faith in God became stronger and stronger until I was sure that I could trust God for my healing. Knowing Brother Branham was coming to South Africa I realized that thousands will come to be prayed for and what hope have I to come in the prayer line. I immediately started to fast and pray, asking God to put me in the first prayer line, so that Brother Branham could speak to me personally.

God answered my prayer. On the 17th October, 1951, the first night of Brother Branham's campaign in Kimberley, I was given a card by Billy Branham with the number 3 on it. Numbers 1-15 were called out to form the prayer line and, praise God, I was the second one to be prayed for. Brother Branham said, "Good evening, sister, you are a believer. You suffered with a heart disease. You were healed at a communion table a few months ago. You fasted and prayed in your bedroom, asking God to put you in the first line and that is why you are here in the first prayer line. Sister, go, God has healed you completely now."

Praise God, I received my healing instantaneously and there and then I had the assurance that God had healed me. Praises and hallelujahs filled the town hall when Brother Branham pronounced me healed. Everyone that knew me knew how I suffered for ten years and now they were all praising God with me for my healing.

Brother Branham mentioned that I was healed at a communion table. This is true. One Sunday morning the pastor of the Kimberley Full Gospel Church of

God and my husband prayed for me. I was critical. I desired to have communion that morning. The pastor knowing I was very weak thought it impossible. I insisted, and the pastor took me to church. This morning it was the dedication of office bearers. All the church council with their wives were asked to come to the front. After the dedication we had communion. I stood beside my husband who was holding me up. I was very weak and fighting for breath. The assembly had their eyes on me knowing not what was going to happen next. Communion was served and as I took the Bread (the body of Jesus) God healed me and I left the church without any help and my heart was normal. Praise God.

After Brother Branham prayed for me I asked the doctor to examine me and he said: "Go and rejoice and never think that you ever have been troubled with a heart disease." God has given me a new heart, and I am now well and strong, always going about testifying and telling people how God has healed me.

Well, you ask me what effect my healing has upon my spiritual life. Firstly, I praise God for healing me, but the words Brother Branham uttered, "You are a believer," means more to me. I always realized that I can go to heaven with a sick body but not with a sick soul. This is why those words mean everything to me. Secondly, people are astonished when they look at me, others again said, "You are a miracle." My husband and I now are going into full time ministry to bring to others this glorious Gospel of salvation and healing. Once more, join in with me and say "praise the Ford." Let us say again, praise the Ford.

V. O. N.

* * *

Gradual Deliverance from Pains in the Abdomen

I had been suffering with pains on my right side and in my abdomen. After Brother Branham prayed for me at Kimberley I gradually improved until now I feel like a new person. The doctor is surprised to see how much I have improved. Thanks, for with God all things are possible.

E. J.

* * *

Free in Every Way from Various Ailments

For twenty-three years I had been suffering and doctoring for arthritis, cancer, high blood pressure and an operation wound that would not heal. On October 21, in Kimberley, Brother Branham spoke to me. He said that I had cancer and other ailments and that God alone could save me from the grave. After praying for me he said that I could go home for I was healed.

My healing came gradually but within three weeks all pain was gone and I was free in every way. My Dutch Reformed pastor was pleased to hear about it and after examinations my doctor gave me a statement stating that there was no cancer or arthritis in my body. Praise God it has made the Lord real to me.

W. J. B.

* * *

History of W. J. B., Andalusia, age 54 years.

Had gall bladder removed and later another operation for adhesions. Cancer salve applied for a lump on right arm for over fifteen years. Also has salve on left breast for lump in breast. She also had trouble with pain in her back. Now on examination she was found to be a stout but otherwise healthy looking woman. No paleness or jaundice. Extensive scar on right arm and left breast, both scars healthy. No lump on breast. No enlarged glands in the armpit, neck, or elsewhere. Abdominal scars sound-liver normal-chest, lungs, and heart normal. She feels well and has no symptoms.

Dr. R. N.

* * *

Swelling on the Face Is Gone

I can testify that God still has power to heal. During the visit of Rev. Branham to Kimberley I was healed instantly on the 21st of October, 1951. The same evening when I arrived home, I looked in my mirror and could see evidence of the miracle God had performed.

For 3 1/2 months I had been suffering from a swelling on the left side of my nose, so that my nostril on that side was blocked practically all the time. I feared that it had developed into cancer. My only hope was to reach the prophet of God,

so that I as a child of God might be healed. Praise God, my healing is complete and lasting.

B. P. M.

* * *

Healed of Stomach Trouble

I wish to praise the Lord because He has healed me of stomach trouble which has bothered me all my life. For nearly twenty years I have also been suffering because of a bad liver. I have spent almost my entire income on doctoring which has given me only temporary help. I received immediate healing of my stomach troubles, but my liver improved gradually until it, too, is now perfect. Today I am a healthy man and praise the Lord because He has made me a new person.

N. W.

* * *

Suffering from Liver Trouble

When the Branham Party was conducting Divine healing meetings in Kimberley, I received my healing immediately. For two years I had been suffering with liver trouble. It is now more than six weeks ago since the meetings closed and this experience has strengthened my faith and brought me closer to God.

R. S.

* * *

Delivered from Bronchitis and a Blood Clot

I want to thank God for the healing which I received at Kimberley after suffering for over 20 years with bronchitis and a blood clot. I was sitting in the service, very conscious of the presence of the Holy Ghost. Neither Brother Branham nor anyone else spoke to me nor prayed for me, but I reached out in faith and God healed me. A month has now passed since that time and there is still no sign of the affliction.

B. A. J.

* * *

Walks Again

For four years I was unable to walk. Brother Branham told me to get up and walk and now I am completely healed.

I give God all the praise, the honor and the glory.

J. J.

* * *

Another One Walks Again

Some time ago I had a stroke which paralyzed the whole left side of my body. My mind was also going. I was a complete invalid for about five months.

One night Brother Branham said that those who believed would be healed and told all those who had faith for their healing to get up and walk. I got up and walked.

Mrs. N.

* * *

Blood Condition Now Normal

My daughter had been sick since she was eight years old. She first had her appendix removed and then became worse and worse until the Kimberley doctor sent her to Johannesburg, where she was kept in the Norman Nursing Home for thirteen weeks. She had three different kinds of injections every three hours, day and night, but she became thinner and thinner and finally I decided to bring her home by airplane as she could not stand the train journey.

Then I just trusted in God. Later on (1950) Marlene had her spleen removed and her blood stream altered (her spleen was fifteen times longer than normal). Hemorrhaging started. After the operation she still vomited blood. She got a bad mouth which the doctor said is due to the blood condition. She has had many blood transfusions, and was supposed to have a pint of blood in November, but now it is not necessary.

We wrote to Brother Branham before he came to South Africa and Brother Bosworth sent her an anointed handkerchief which she now wears. We have

been coming every night and can truly thank God she is completely healed and I am sure God has even put a new spleen into her.

M. W.

* * *

Fibrous Tumor

Brother Branham prayed for me on Wednesday night and told me that I had a fibrous tumor on the ovary and that, within 72 hours from then I would receive my healing.

On Saturday night as I sat in the audience and Brother Branham, the prophet, was ministering to the sick, approximately 72 hours after having been prayed for by him, the Lord showed me a vision of a cross on a little rise. What struck me as most remarkable was that it was all in darkness about the cross. Immediately alongside the cross, as it were in the air, there appeared something which I can only describe as a fibrous growth. I praise the Lord for healing me.

N. M. C.

* * *

Tumor

Before we were called out into the prayer line I already felt that something had happened. I can only testify that I know I am healed and that the Lord has done the work. I had been suffering from a tumor in my female organs for one year and four mouths.

H. Van E.

* * *

Rheumatic Heart for Twenty Years

I was three years old when I got rheumatic fever and this caused a rheumatic heart from which I have been suffering for twenty years. I came to Brother Branham and he prayed for me and I was healed. My friends and relatives are very glad to see that I am healed.

My tongue is too short to thank and praise the Lord for healing me.

J. L. O.

* * *

Arthritis Is Gone

I had been suffering from terrible pains in my body. Since June, when I was stricken with a heart attack, the doctor told me to keep very quiet. All along during these services I felt that God was going to heal me. Last night I received instant healing when I left the hall. I could not move my left arm until last night, I had arthritis in both my hands, but I can move them now. I thank God for what He did for me and promise to stand true until He takes me home to the Better Land.

W. M.

* * *

Pain in Breast and Shoulder Gone



I was suffering for two years with my right breast and I also had much pain in my right shoulder. The doctors operated on me three years ago without success. I went to a Doctor K. of Petersburg and he told me that if it goes on like that, it will be cancer very soon. I decided to trust In the Lord.

Brother Branham's healing campaign started on the 24th of October, 1951, at Bloemfontein and the first night I received a card from Billy, Brother Branham's son. I was called up to the platform to be prayed for. As I stood in front of Brother Branham, he looked at me and said, "You are a child of God. They operated on you." I replied, "Yes," and he then said, "Something is moving out of your breast now, and the Lord has healed you. Go home." He did not touch or pray for me, but just spoke to me. From that very hour I was healed.

When I stood near Brother Branham, a holy feeling came over me and I felt cold shivers. Brother Branham is a real servant of God, a man that makes me think of Jesus.

I feel like a new person. My spiritual life is built up. I pray more and feel like testifying for my Lord everywhere I go. My cup runneth over with joy. I feel like living wholly for my Jesus because He Has done so much for me. I have no more pain in the breast or in my right shoulder. I praise His name for it.

S. S.

* * *

Troubled with Rupture

Together with the Psalmist in Psalm 103, we can exclaim "Bless the Lord, O my soul and all that is within me, bless His holy Name."



My heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude to the Lord for what He has done for me. He knew of all my trouble, and how I had suffered with a rupture for 27 years. I went through agony, but I kept trusting God for healing. I had read in "The Comforter" that the meetings in Bloemfontein would commence on the 24th of October and decided to go there.

As I did what Brother Branham had told me I felt as though a great weight had been lifted from me. I noticed it especially when I walked; my stomach felt so easy.

I had never been able to sleep in any other way than with my left hand supporting the rupture. Now this is not necessary any more. My burdens and cares are now all rolled away. I can only say, "The love of Jesus is wonderful, wonderful," and I give God all the glory.

J. M. H.

Co-signed by Pastor: J. J. G.

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Kidney and Heart Trouble

I want to testify for my friend who is twelve years of age. This child was ill for seven years. She had rheumatic fever when she was five years and was in and out of bed with heart trouble, and other things. We came with high faith to these meetings, believing that Brother Branham was going to be able to pray and Jesus

would heal her completely. She got a prayer card but was not called to the prayer line, and was disappointed, I know. But he picked her out from the audience. As he spoke about her kidney trouble, I thought, Oh! he is not going to pray for her heart trouble. But he did. He saw it, too. Jesus showed that she also had a heart condition, and she is healed of both of them.

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord.

S. R.

* * *

Stomach Trouble and Rupture

I just wish to testify that Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, still performing signs and wonders. He is unchangeable.

I have suffered for four years because of my stomach. I have spent many restless nights. The doctor prescribed powders but they were of little help. When Brother Branham was in Bloemfontein, we decided to go there and be prayed for. While he was praying for all the sick the Lord touched and healed me. My wife was also healed the same evening of a rupture. Praise God for His mercy.

H. C. H.

Co-signed by Pastor J. J. G.

* * *

Heart Trouble

I have suffered from heart trouble for many years. I was not able to exert myself in the slightest way without feeling the effects of it, but praise God, I have been healed! While attending the meetings at East London, November the 18th, I accepted my healing from the Lord. Under the ministry of Brother Branham the Lord touched me and healed me completely. During the meetings which followed my healing, I helped carry the sick patients up and down the steps without feeling any reaction. This is something I could not have done unless God had healed me.

J. H. P.

* * *

Suffered from Angina

This is the most wonderful moment of my life. On Wednesday morning I could not have walked at a fair pace the length of the football ground without palpitation, shortness of breath and a bad pain in my arm, that anyone knows about who has suffered with angina. When you cannot walk and besides you cannot bend to do a bit of gardening, and you dare not pick up a watering can, or pick up a few flowers, then all is not well. And so on Wednesday I came to the meeting with every faith that somehow I was going to find God in His full

blessing.

Brother Branham opened his speech, and he spoke with such velocity of faith. This wonderful upliftment flowed through the whole of my body and ran off my hands like electricity. I knew then I was healed, although I dared not say it. I thought I would wait for tomorrow, but I knew before I got home that my body was better because the walk to my car was so easy. The next morning I walked on the

Eastern Beach with my wife and back again against a strong wind. I did some gardening and hoeing, and today I walked the stiffness off because I have never had such good walks in my life. Praise the Lord.

S. C. H.

* * *

Youth Healed from Dreadful Headaches

After being sick and doctoring for five years, I received my healing in Bloemfontein the 24th of October. Brother Branham told me that I was suffering from the most dreadful headaches, which was the truth, but I was instantaneously healed after he told me that Jesus had healed me and that I could now rejoice in the healing which was mine. I am fourteen years old and because of what Jesus Christ has done for me I have surrendered my life to Him.

A. S.

* * *

Infantile Paralysis and Cancer

I suffered with infantile paralysis for over twenty-seven years. Lately I have had internal cancer, but was healed instantly after the collective prayer the 24th of Oct. in Bloemfontein.

My doctor says it is a real miracle and is very glad that I am healed. My healing has brought my husband and children to the Lord. Praise His holy Name.

G. E. D.

* * *

Three Members of One Family Receive Healing the Same Evening

For me it is a great privilege to be able to testify of the blessing and healing received during the Branham campaign at Bloemfontein. I received my healing on the 27th of October at Bloemfontein and I cannot thank the Lord enough for my deliverance. For five years I suffered rheumatic fever annually and the sixth year, when I turned ten, my nerves gave in. For six months I was in the General Hospital in Bethlehem. When I was twelve my left knee started swelling up. The first two or three years it was not so bad but later the condition became worse. Of recent times, after venturing to walk a mile, my leg would become so aggravated that for five or six days I'd be unable to walk.

I consulted twelve different doctors. We had even gone as far as to consult witch doctors but none could do anything to help me.

The doctors and specialists of Bloemfontein told my parents that they could neither do anything nor make a proper diagnosis,

Doctor Visser of Bloemfontein said that I'd had knee trouble and that it would become normal at about 24 or 25 years of age. Only a week previous to that Dr. Scheepers of Johbg. diagnosed torn cartilage which could be rectified by means of an operation.

Because we were resident in the O. F. S. the operation had to be performed in Bloemfontein. The following week the specialists at Bloemfontein refused to operate and very downhearted and disappointed I returned home the same night.

My condition became worse and my knee was not only swollen but by now my whole leg and ankle and foot also. I was given a different injection as the doctor thought I had dropsy. A second night I never slept. Following day we consulted another doctor. Dr. Kellerman and Doctor Jordaan examined me very well and they believed that the muscles above the kneecap had weakened too much to keep the kneecap high enough in position, thus causing water to collect.

Dr. Kellerman prescribed that I should stay in bed for a week and do certain knee exercises. Thursday of the following week my right hand and arm also began to swell. I slept for three days and three nights and the doctor feared that I might have been getting "sleeping sickness." When we heard of the man who was sent by God to heal the sick through prayer, my parents immediately

decided that they would take me to him for healing.

It was wonderful to behold cripples rising from their beds and stretchers and to see ambulances leaving the meetings empty.

Two of my father's sisters and I received our healing on Thursday evening. From that day I have no more pain in my leg and hand and have been able to do embroidery work with that hand and walk just where I want to without any ill effect.

I was a member of the Dutch Reformed Church of Bethlehem. I, as well as my parents and the whole family, are thankful to the Lord for the healing which He has granted me, after suffering for

nearly twelve years.

J. D.

* * *

Kidney Ailment and High Blood Pressure



Ever since I have been two years old, I have suffered from a kidney ailment. The last few years my hands and feet have been swollen and I have been suffering from high blood pressure. During the meetings in Bloemfontein, Brother Branham pointed me out and told me that I had been suffering because of a kidney ailment. He asked me if this was correct, and I nodded my head. Then he asked me if I believed in God and if I believed God would heal me, whereupon I again answered in the affirmative. He replied by telling me that God had already healed me. The following morning all the swelling was gone, the blood pressure was normal, and my kidneys have not given me any trouble since the 24th of October, when Brother Branham spoke to me. I want to thank God for this experience because it has brought me closer to Jesus and my parents and I feel very happy about it.

A. P.

* * *

Infantile Paralysis, Appendicitis, and Stomach Trouble

I was suffering since my birth. I am thirteen years of age. I suffered from infantile paralysis. I could not eat anything or I would start vomiting. I was swollen under the breast, and had pains in my stomach which occurred after meals. I went from one doctor to another but no success. I used any kind of medicine but nothing helped. I am very thin and tiny for my age and look like a child of eight years. The 26th of October I was called to the platform to be prayed for. I stood in front of Brother Branham. He said, "Sweetheart, do you believe?" I said, "Yes." He said, "You suffer from appendicitis and a severe stomach trouble." He laid hands on me and prayed for me. I felt like I rose from the ground and a thrill went through my body. I knew from that moment I was

healed. Now I can eat, jump, run and do everything I could not do before. The dear Lord has done so much for me.

V. S.

* * *

Both Husband and Wife Delivered

Praise God, both my husband and I received our healing the same evening. Brother Branham turned to me and said, "You on the last stretcher are a dying woman and unless you get up out of your bed you will never recover. It is your liver, is it not? You're healed." I got up at once and since then I have never looked back. Praise the Lord. I had been in bed for five months with an abscessed liver but since that evening I have been perfectly well.

G. K.

* * *

Sinus Trouble

I received my healing in Capetown. I had been suffering from sinus trouble but within a week after I was prayed for there was no trace of it. Praise God I have been delivered.

R. J. K.

* * *

Deaf in One Ear Since Birth

I received my healing the 4th of November at Capetown. I had been deaf in my left ear since birth but my right ear was good. Brother Bosworth prayed for me and I received my hearing in that left ear instantly. Thanks be to God. Yours faithfully,

G. A.

* * *

Asthma and Bronchitis Are Gone

Since I was about a month old I had been suffering from attacks of asthma

and bronchitis, and approximately two months ago I was in bed with pneumonia. After being allowed to get up by the doctor I had been left with a very bad pain in my lungs.

It was quite coincidental that I should have attended your second meeting, the date being November 11, 1951. I was asked by Mrs. Van Dar Westhuizen if I could find the time to pick her up after this meeting had ended at about 10 p.m. that evening. This I did, arriving at Wingfield about 9:40 p.m. I was just in time to hear the closing of the meeting. It seemed to convey something to me, what, I did not exactly know, and I decided to attend the full meeting the following night.

I had been fascinated with the service because my faith in Jesus had been growing right through the meeting. Before even leaving the area, I felt the pain in my chest had begun weakening and within two to three days the pain had left, all but a mere stab now and then. Since then I have removed the excess clothes which I had been wearing, considering them unnecessary. I have not found it necessary to wear these articles since and have not had any signs of difficulty in breathing.

L. W. H.

* * *

Leakage of the Heart and Severe Headaches

I was healed in Capetown on October 31, 1951. Since I was a child I always had to take tonics as I was very weak. When I was sixteen my parents took me to a doctor and he declared that I had a leaking heart. I always felt tired out. Then I had rheumatic fever when I was seventeen, and this also affected my heart. As I got older, my heart got weaker. A few weeks before Brother Branham arrived, I felt I was gradually going down. I only prayed to live until Brother Branham arrived, as I was sure that Jesus would heal me.

The first night of Brother Branham's meetings, after he had prayed for the sick on the platform, he told us all to believe, and I was healed instantaneously. I felt like a new person from that very moment.

Also, I suffered from severe nervous headaches. I could never be in crowds. After big meetings my head was usually in such a state that I could not open my eyes. On the Friday night (Nov. 2nd), it suddenly struck me in the meeting that

the Lord had healed me from that as well. I never had a headache since that Wednesday night.

I praise and thank Jesus for healing me through the ministry of Brother Branham. It will be three weeks tomorrow. I cannot help telling everybody about the healing power there is in the blood of Jesus. Praise His Name.

E. S.

* * *

Healed from Bronchial Asthma

Oh, hallelujah! Glory to God for there is sunshine in my soul today. Jesus has come to dwell in my life, turning darkness into daylight, and sorrow into joy. Oh, what a wonder-working Jesus.

For fifteen years I was suffering from bronchial asthma. While Brother Branham and party were having a healing campaign at Wingfield, Capetown, South Africa, I asked the Lord not to pass me without healing my body. Every morning I left my house before ten o'clock to be sure of a seat for the evening service. On November 1, 1951, while Billy was giving prayer cards he passed my seat without giving me one. Then Billy Paul came back to my seat again and gave me a prayer card. In my heart I gave thanks to my dear Lord as I knew the Lord had answered my prayer and was going to heal me. When the prayer line was called up that evening, Brother Branham said, "Only those with cards number

F50 to F60 must come on the platform." I looked at the back of my card. It was F54. Oh, how I thanked my dear Lord for answering prayer. While I was standing below the platform, my body started shaking. I could hardly write down my name and address on the back of the card. When I went up to Brother Branham he looked at me and said, "My sister, you are healed from your asthma; you were healed while you were still standing down below the platform." Oh, how I praise my Lord for healing me.

M. H.

Doctors' Statements 24/10/45

This is to testify that Mrs. M. H. is suffering from bronchial asthma.

Signed Dr. R.

8/11/51

This is to certify that I have examined Mrs. M. H. and can find no clinical evidence of asthma at present.

Signed Dr. I. J. W.

* * *

Heart Becomes Strong Again

On the 4th of November, 1951, in the city of Port Elizabeth I received my healing from a weak heart. Brother Branham pointed me out and told me that I had been healed and that I could go home. I received assurance of this a few days afterwards when I could notice a marked improvement in the condition of my heart. Praise God.

M. M.

* * *

Severe Nervous Condition

I wish to praise the Lord for the healing which I received in Port Elizabeth. Since the birth of my last baby, which was six years ago, I have been suffering from a nervous condition and that has affected my heart. Also the last month I have been suffering from terrible, painful feet which enabled me to do very little walking. I have seen several doctors but no one could really help. The afternoon that I

received my healing, all pain left my feet. I can now eat anything, which I never could do in my previous nervous condition. I have gained fifteen pounds during the three weeks since the Branham party was here in Port Elizabeth. I thank God for what He has done for me and will be very glad if you will pray God to make me a light that shines as I know I should, but I am too weak to do that of myself.

Best wishes to you.

D. M. P.

* * *

New Eardrum Created

I would like to testify that the Lord has completely healed me. In 1932 I had a radical mastoid operation but, praise God, when Brother Bosworth prayed for me, the Lord gave me a complete new ear and now I can hear perfectly. Praise the Lord!

C. A. D.

* * *

Freed from Cancer and Female Disorders

I herewith wish to testify that God healed me during the visit of Brother Branham to Port Elizabeth, on Wednesday, 7th November, 1951.

I had been suffering from my female organs for nine years. I went from one doctor to another, but to no avail. At the beginning of the year a growth started on my neck. The doctor advised me to have this removed, but this only served to aggravate the matter. Three months after it had been removed, I decided to see a cancer specialist, because the itching and burning was dreadful. The doctor's diagnosis was that I had cancer. He removed the cancer, which was then larger than a half crown, but the glands were already affected.

There was a lump on the right-hand side of my neck, and the pain and burning was terrible. I always felt tired, and had a continuous headache. I suffered for four months, and matters were getting worse and worse. In October I consulted a specialist, and he advised that I undergo radium treatment. I should have gone to the hospital on the 24th of October, but I decided to trust God for my healing. I prayed and believed that God would hearken to my plea.

On the 7th November, the first meeting of those to be held in Port Elizabeth commenced. I was in dreadful agony, but went to the meeting believing that God would heal me. I was not even given a card, but that soft voice said, "It is not the fact that you have a card that you will be healed," Then suddenly I pictured the Lord Jesus hanging on the cross, and realized it was not only for our sins, but also for our sicknesses that He died.

While Brother Branham prayed for us all collectively he suddenly said, "There is a mother here in front of me," and I prayed fervently, "Lord, let that one be me." Brother Branham continued, "It is a mother suffering from cancer and from her female organs, heal her, Lord."

When he said "cancer" it was as though a knife was being thrust in that hard lump, and I prayed that God Himself would do the operation. Instantaneously the pain disappeared, and the stiffness in my side had gone.

On my way home that night I started vomiting up hard objects, and suddenly I felt quite well. That morning my husband and relatives were surprised to see how well looked. I praise God and give Him all the glory. I testify to everyone whom I come across. Some are happy with me, but others will not believe me. I am so thankful to God for the miracle which He performed.

H. K.

* * *

One Ear Totally Deaf for Forty-five Years

I lost the eardrum of one of my ears as the result of an explosion which took place when I was a boy of ten years. That was forty-five years ago and this ear has been totally deaf.

As Brother Bosworth prayed for it, my hearing was restored perfectly. Praise the Lord!

D. J. D.

* * *

Crossed-Eyes Straightened

Something wonderful has taken place within our home. Our little twelve-year-old native girl who has been in our employ during the last few months was hideously cross-eyed. She was so cross-eyed that one could scarcely notice that she had eyes at all. Her eyes seemed to look down upon her nose and be half hidden in the corners. People would look at her when she was present in the room and when she had left would say, "Don't you people feel terribly unlucky to have such a girl working for you? I feel horrible whenever I look at her." We, ourselves, would stand up for her and protect her by saying that it would indeed

be very wicked of us if we had to give her notice just because she was cross-eyed. In fact, God had blessed us in many ways since she had come into our home.

Then we heard that Brother Branham was coming to Port Elizabeth. We had been told of the many wonderful healings which had taken place at his meetings. We thought to ourselves, "If Brother Branham can pray for other people and they can be healed through his prayers, why can't he pray for our little native girl's eyes?" We told her of his coming, and she believed that if she had faith she would be healed. Early last Sunday morning she went to the Feather Market Hall where the meeting was to be held. At first she was very disappointed as she was not chosen to go in the prayer line. But towards the end of the meeting, Brother Branham told all those who wished to be healed to stand while he said one prayer for all of them. She was one of the many who stood.

She went home and was disappointed when she found that her eyes were still crossed, but she decided to go on believing in spite of what she saw.

Imagine our great joy when two days later we saw that her left eye was straight and perfect and, praise God, two days later her other eye, too, was straight and perfect. Praise the Lord! Before she looked at things and the world seemed topsy-turvy, but now she can see perfectly. Praise the Lord!

D. G.

* * *

Asthma for Fifteen Years

I am glad to send you my testimony of how Jesus healed me with great Divine healing power. Praise the Lord.

Since I came back from the healing campaign I feel very well. I never used to do any of the strenuous jobs, which had effects on my chest, as I had asthma trouble for fifteen years. I can do any job now without fear. I thank Jesus for healing me.

D. M.

* * *

Healed from Rupture

I thank God for healing me! On the evening of the ninth of November, 1951, while in Port Elizabeth, God healed me instantly while at one of Brother Branham's services. I was not called out to be prayed for, but Brother Branham said, "All things are possible for those who believe." I believed God would heal me, and He did.

I suffered eight years after an operation for appendicitis which later turned into a rupture. I could never fasten my shoes or even bend, but thank God that same evening I was healed. I could bend and do everything I did eight years ago. I give the Lord all the praise.

A. J. R.

* * *

Healed of a Hernia the Size of a Football

After my son was born in 1926, I was left with a navel hernia the size of a football. Doctors have operated but have not been successful.

On the same evening Brother Branham pointed out my husband and told him what he had been suffering from, and that he was healed, I was pointed out too. Brother Branham told me to stand. After telling me of the hernia, he told me also to accept my healing. Bless God! Immediately the hernia left my body and there is no trace of this hernia which was the size of a football. Thanks be to God because He healed and touched my body.

M. G.

* * *

Lung Dried Up for Thirty-four Years, Functions Normally

During the First World War, I was gassed in Flanders Field, and for more than thirty-four years I have had the use of only one lung as the other one was completely dried up. My heart also was in a very bad condition. Doctors had given me up as hopeless and not being able to live much longer.

November 7th, 1951, I went to the Feather Market Hall with the full expectancy that the Lord would heal me. When Brother Branham pointed out my wife, who was sitting next to me, and said, "You are healed," I said, "Lord, me too; don't leave me behind, please, Lord." Then Brother Branham said to me "Stand up!" He told me what was wrong with me, diagnosing my complaints perfectly and told me I was healed. Immediately I began to breathe more freely and I can praise God that I am completely healed and there has been no trace of the effects of the gassing since the meetings in Port Elizabeth.

F. G.

* * *

Deaf for Thirteen Years

For thirteen years I could not hear at all but I do praise the Lord that He healed me completely. I can hear the faintest whisper now. Praise God for His wonderful touch.

G. F.

* * *

Pains in the Back and Fallen Womb

I want to send my grateful thanks for the healing which I received at the meeting on Thursday, the eighth. I suffered for years with pains in my back and a fallen womb. While sitting in the meeting I received instant healing for which I thank our Heavenly Father.

B. C. H.

* * *

Growth on the Brain

I am very happy to be able to testify what the Lord has done for me. Two and a half years ago I started to suffer from a growth on the brain. During 1950 I was in the Johannesburg Hospital three times where I was treated by a prominent doctor. He could do nothing and instructed me to return within twelve months to see how it had developed. All he could do then was to prescribe radium treatment. I received only one treatment, after which the doctors declared they could do nothing for me. The growth caused me considerable pain and also spoiled my eyesight. When a person stood before me I could only discern the face but nothing more.

The first night that I was there I took my place in the area reserved for the sick. I believed and knew that I could be healed. After Brother Branham prayed for about five people, he looked in my direction and spoke to me. At that moment I felt something happen to me and the darkness before my eyes vanished. When he spoke to me I was not looking at him, but immediately I turned my face towards him and could see him and the pain had also disappeared.

It is now three days and I have experienced no pain and can see perfectly clear. I now live and sleep without drugs and I know it is as a result of what the Lord has done for me. I will never stop thanking Him.

N. P.

* * *

Nervousness and Stomach Trouble



All my life I have been suffering with nervousness and a prolapsed stomach.

God was good to my wife and me in permitting us to get into the prayer line. When I came up to Brother Branham he said, "You are partially deaf, nervous and suffering from a prolapsed stomach. They are all healed now." A great calm came over me and I have stopped taking the pills for my stomach. It has functioned normally ever since. My hearing is better, too.

I have always lived near to my Creator but it is wonderful to think that He has come and touched me. I have not ceased thanking Jesus for healing me. A friend of mine loaned me a book called "Christ the Healer" and it was a thrill for me to learn that our Lord's death on the cross was also for bodily healing as well as salvation of the soul.

A. L.

* * *

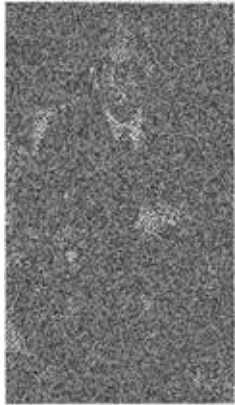
Skirt too large When Delivered from Enlarged Liver

I have been bedridden for five years and nine months. My heart and my liver were enlarged, the liver by eleven and one-half inches. During an afternoon service I was asking God to heal me, and quietly in my heart I just kept on believing. When I got up to go home, I felt my skirt falling down over my hips. I had had to pin it together as I could not close the side-opening when I came to

the meeting. Now there was such a sudden shrinkage of my waistline that the pins left too big a gap. By the time **I** got home there was no swelling at all. **I** praise the Lord for my healing.

H. R.

Wheelchair Patient Delivered from Many Ailments



I was healed in the city of Grahamstown on the 13th of November, 1951, after suffering from asthma for fifteen years. I will never forget that day of joy and happiness. I have spent hundreds of pounds on doctors and medicines. It did me no good and eventually my heart gave in. My doctor suggested recosin injections to strengthen the muscles of my heart but it helped very little.

When I heard that Brother Branham was coming to Grahamstown I decided that I must get to his one and only meeting there at all cost. For fifteen days I lay in bed counting the days and hours. At times I was so ill that I thought I would pass away before the 13th. I was so weak that I had to be pushed in on a wheelchair. We arrived at the hall at ten a.m. and stayed there until eleven p.m.

Brother Branham came very quietly to the platform at about nine. He prayed for several people who came onto the platform and also some in the audience. At about 9:30 he pointed his finger at me and said, "You in that wheelchair, with your asthma, weak heart and many other ailments, you are healed." Praise God, friends, only those that have suffered as I have done can picture the joy and gratitude of my heart. From that moment I began to improve. Despite being weak in my body and legs I walked out of the hall. I thank God for His mercy and deliverance from my suffering and praise Him for sending Brother Branham ten thousand miles in answer to my prayers for healing. That night I went to bed and took the mass of pillows away, leaving only three. Usually I had to have at least a dozen. I had the most restful and peaceful sleep until 6:30 that following morning.

News spread that I had been healed at Brother Branham's meeting. Friends

came to see me, the parson came, but could hardly believe the change they saw in me, from a pale-faced man lying in bed to a man with a better complexion walking around. The doctor paid me a surprise visit, felt my pulse and said, "My, what a different man. I am so pleased to find your heart in this fine state." Another doctor came in to see me. He had attended to me for over three years but had given me up on account of my heart. He said that the asthma had ruined it and that there was no cure for me. He had heard about my healing and came to ask me if I had been to the "Faith Healer." I said, "Praise God, I am healed." He also remarked about how well I was looking.

This healing has affected my family and myself spiritually. I have always said that if I had my health how much better I would be able to do God's work. It has been a calling to all of us. We have been to several meetings to testify of my healing.

P. E. H.

* * *

Epilepsy for Fifteen Years



I can never stop praising and thanking God for the wonderful healing which I received in the Grahamstown Town Hall on November 13th, 1951. I received spiritual as well as physical healing, praise the Lord. Not a day goes by but I tell someone of my wonderful healing and some of my friends have since been to the meetings in East London and have also received healing. Tomorrow my brother and his little daughter leave for Johannesburg to go to the meeting on the 5th of December, as they also want to be healed, which I know they will if they believe.

I had been suffering from epilepsy for fifteen years. I had been to specialists. Finally I was sent to Port Alfred to be at the coast and was also never without tablets which I had to take regularly. I always had the fear that I was going to collapse in the street or at work, which quite often happened, and I was afraid to be left alone.

About two weeks before Brother Branham came to Grahamstown, I started suffering with terrible pains in the back of my head. Nothing would help me and I was afraid every minute that I was going to take a fit. Something kept urging me to go to the meetings, which I did. While I was sitting among hundreds of others, Brother Branham pointed to me and I felt as if a magnet were drawing me. It was a wonderful feeling and I just wanted to jump and shout, "Praise the Lord," as I knew at once that I was healed. When Brother Branham said, "The lady with the white hat—

a dark shadow comes over you; you are suffering from epilepsy." As I nodded my head and raised my hand, he said, "Praise the Lord, you are healed." Oh, what a wonderful feeling—I could just go on and on telling everyone I see to believe and have faith and they will also receive healing.

T. V.

* * *

Asthma for Twenty-four Years



I would like to praise the Lord for His wonderful healing power which took place at the Branham campaign in East London on the 15th of November. I had suffered from asthma for twenty-four years, since the age of three. But I praise and thank the Lord that He did not only heal me physically but also spiritually.

My healing took place the first night of Brother Branham's visit. My faith was so strengthened that I was healed without the Brother praying for me. The Spirit of the Lord was so mighty among us that all I had to do was to ask.

The last night of the Branham campaign I asked the Lord to have Brother Branham say something to me. He did. He said that I had suffered from asthma and that the Lord had healed me. I rejoice now in the Lord and promise to serve Him to the end.

G. R.

* * *

Cancer Disappeared

About sixteen years ago I got severely ill and a doctor was called in. After examining me he told me to call at his surgery for an internal examination. He examined me at his surgery and told me I had an internal growth, which was sapping my strength and my blood was not circulating properly, and that I should have an operation to remove this growth. The growth eventually started to protrude, and for the last six months I could hardly sit, and all the time the most severe pains passed through the lower part of my abdomen and bone structure to my back.

The second night of the Branham campaign in East London on the 15th of November, 1951, I was sitting in the sick bay, praying that I would get a prayer card. When Billy Branham passed me, he gave me one, and when the numbers were called, I was second in the line. As I got on the platform, Brother Branham said to me: "I see you are a Christian. You have a growth producing cells and growing bigger. It is a cancer. Some days you have a black cloud hanging over you, and you feel burdened. You are healed of your cancer." Immediately when he said this, I had a feeling that I was healed, and when I got back to my seat I felt that the growth was gone. On getting home I examined myself, and praise the Lord, the growth had disappeared.

I have a most wonderful feeling spiritually, and I feel so different towards other people. I have such a different outlook, and I cannot stop feeling thankful to the Lord Jesus Christ for this most wonderful healing.

E. M.

* * *

Report of a Dying Man and the Results of Believing God for Four Months in Spite of Symptoms

I would like to give you testimonies of two here in East London. The man was in a dying state with tubes all over his body. Brother Branham told him that there was a blackness behind him but then he saw the angel of the Lord and told this brother that God had heard his prayer and that he must go home for he was healed. He immediately arose, pulled all the tubes out of his body and went home. Hallelujah. He is now in good health.

A woman whom Brother Branham prayed for got worse and worse but she trusted God and after four months of terrible agony arose one morning delivered from the curse of cancer.

A. G.

* * *

Internal Piles and Female Trouble

I wish to thank God for sending His prophet, Brother William Branham, to visit South Africa to give the message of Divine healing, and that I was prayed

for by him.

I received my healing in East London, on the evening of the 15th of November, 1951. I had been sick since the birth of my son, and I was suffering badly at times. I doctored once, when I was very ill and in pain, but I was cured only for a while and then suffered more.

After the evening I was prayed for, I gradually got the assurance that I had been healed because the illness never came back again. That same evening, Brother Branham spoke to me and said, "Go home and be healed, and don't forget your promise to God to live all your life for Him." The nature of my illness was internal piles and female troubles. Now I've got no more pains and no more trouble with piles. My pastor and all others as well as my family are thankful for my healing.

I am also glad to testify that I am a child of God and want to serve Him all my life, because I could never find a better and more true friend than Jesus, who always understands my need and helps me along life's rugged road.

I testified among my friends and to my husband who is un-saved, and may God grant that only one soul, through my testimony, may find his way to Calvary.

May God bless you, Brother Branham.

M. C.

* * *

Deformed Back Now Normal

I am one of the sick people who received healing through the work of Jesus Christ. I praise the Lord that He has washed my sins away. I received my healing at East Bank Location. It was the 18th of November and I had been sick for seventeen years. My back was deformed since I was three years old but it is now normal. When Brother Branham was praying for all the people, he told them to put their hands on the part of their body that was afflicted. I put my hand on my back. During the prayer I felt something bend my back backwards. I asked my brother who was near me to look at my back. He was surprised as he touched it and told me I was healed. My back was straight and it is even so today. I was instantly healed before Brother Branham had closed his prayer. My minister, N.

Bengu, was pleased because he had prayed for me many times. My church people rejoice with me because Jesus has been wonderful to me. Yours faithfully,

E. M.

* * *

Stone Deaf and Other Ailments

When I heard that Brother Branham was coming to South Africa, I decided that I would go to East London and seek for prayer because I was miserably sick and stone deaf. I did not have the opportunity to have Brother Branham pray for me, but nevertheless I received my healing. The first night that I was there I saw some of the people going up towards the front. I was deaf and had not heard who had been called up, so I went forward with them. One of the ministers asked me what I wanted, or something to that effect. I told him I was deaf and having not heard what was said, I asked him to write what he said. He wrote and told me that my number had not been called and that I should find a place to sit down. Imagine my acute disappointment. I really cried when I went back to my seat. When Brother Branham prayed for the sick, I too earnestly prayed that God would heal me. Well, nothing happened, but I felt the Divine touch as cold and hot shivers went through my body and my heart beat rapidly.

Sunday morning I was really ill as I suffered for seven years with bad lungs, arthritis in my legs, and gall bladder trouble. I was miserable and told my family that I would rather go home and not stay and try to get in the prayer line. My daughter begged me to stay over until Monday. After lunch I noticed some noise in my ears, so I just said, "Thank You, God. I know and believe that you are healing me." I did not tell my children anything about it. On the way to the service I heard my oldest daughter telling her sister that if Mother would have faith she could be healed. I answered and told her that I had faith and that I was healed. They were very much surprised to hear that I had heard their conversation. I said, "Yes, praise God, I am healed and I heard what you said," I received my hearing instantaneously but I received deliverance from the arthritis and other ailments gradually. Now, thank God, I feel perfectly well. My pastor was glad and praised God with me, that God had healed my body. It has drawn us all closer to the Lord. Thank God for Brother Branham and his ministry.

M. M. N.

* * *

Epilepsy for Four Years



My little daughter received healing in East London when William Branham prayed for her on the 18th day of November. She had been suffering from epilepsy for over four years. We had her examined by several doctors.

Two chiropractors had also given her treatment. Not one could cure the child.

Last January while in Johannesburg she had three fits within three hours. We called on a doctor that day and she had to go into a nursery home for observation. The doctor contacted a specialist. We had her head X-rayed, which showed no bones were broken through falls. She also had to have other tests at the General Hospital. After three weeks they told me there was no cure, we must just continue to give her medicine.

We read Brother Branham's life story before he arrived in our town. I was quite positive God would cure our child through Brother Branham. We were so anxious to see him.

On Sunday, the last meeting, we got into the prayer line. Brother Branham said, "Mother, will you believe? I know what is wrong with your child." I said, "I will." He said, "She has epilepsy." I put up my right hand and I wanted to cry so badly. Brother Branham prayed so fervently. My girl and I felt so full of gratitude to God our Father and Brother Branham, His prophet. Then Brother Branham said, "Mother, do you believe your child is healed?" I said, "With all my heart." He then shook my hand and said, "She will get well, go home and don't worry." We went back to our seats in the hall and thanked God.

I realized during the Branham campaign that I had been praying wrong. I had always believed in God and prayer, but I was asking and pleading and had not accepted God's given promise as already done. Those wonderful meetings taught

us all something we had not learned before.

P. B.

* * *

Recovered from Tuberculosis

I can hardly express by pen and ink this testimony. I was admitted to the Isolation Hospital on the 20th of August for tuberculosis. My minister brought me my communion to the hospital. I asked him if I could go to your meeting. He gladly agreed and said we should do more of the laying on of hands. He told me how he laid hands on a little child very thin and next to death, and the little soul recovered completely from tuberculosis. The doctor gave me permission and wished me the best of luck.

When you, Brother Branham, came on the platform, I prayed so hard you would do something for us bed patients. I had a feeling that my prayers were holding you to do something. Then you said, "Lay your hands on each other." This we gladly did and you prayed so beautifully and said, "You can go away healed." I felt something working all through my body like a live-wire. I had such a peaceful feeling and went back to the hospital praising God. I waited until my X-ray came, and the doctor showed me it was a success. I could see the difference when the old X-ray and the new one were compared. I praise God for this. The doctor said I could go home and report to him again in two months' time.

S. S. K.

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Relatives Saved as a Result of Healing

I don't know what to say, for words fail me to find suitable language with which to praise God.

I have been a born again believer for twenty-five years and God has blessed me in many ways. For five years I have suffered from an internal complaint due to injury in childbirth. This became chronic and my system got so septic and poisoned that my Port Shepstone doctor advised me to have an operation. He left for England and I went to the Addington Hospital, where I was operated on at

the beginning of 1950. The operation was successful but my system was full of toxins and poisons.

While in the hospital I experienced a bad turn for the worse on the ninth day after the operation. I eventually left the hospital and arrived home weak in body and by no means well. About a month later I became paralyzed from my hips up, including part of my left leg. I had severe palpitations daily, some lasting an hour at a time. I had difficulty in breathing and eating and became so exhausted that I felt that I would die. I became bedridden for about nine months, getting very thin and weak.

After weeks in this condition and with two Port Shepstone doctors not being able to understand my case I began to seek after God in earnest prayer. I knew in my soul that man's extremity was God's opportunity, so I prayed God to undertake for me; I prayed for pardon, cleansing, and healing and for faith in the best way I knew how. I had already read Brother Branham's book a few times, and was also receiving his healing magazine from America. When everything else had failed, God in His mercy sent a native woman, whom I did not know and have never seen since, to pray for me and I immediately began to amend. The next day the paralysis was gone and it has never returned. I had received partial healing. In a very weak condition I was escorted by two ladies back to Durban for electrical treatment and massage. Treatment began October 24, 1950, and lasted till the second week in April, 1951, and was given by a well-known masseur living on Umbilo Road, Durban. He had told me I was one of the worst cases he had ever treated for fibrosis. This man came down to Port Shepstone to see me when I was at my worst. After five and a half months of treatment here I began to rally and was allowed to go home. However, I continued having severe headaches and some palpitations, also the pain from the fibrosis. I wondered why God had not given me complete healing.

In Durban coming under the powerful teachings of the Branham Party, the Spirit convinced me that all was not right in my life. I immediately, humbly but gladly, surrendered my whole will to the Lord, and on Thursday, November 22, 1951, while sitting way up in the grandstand at the Greyville Race Course, Durban, I felt God's healing touch and knew that I had been healed. I experienced a warmth and tingling feeling passing through my whole body and knew that this was God giving me my

healing. I am feeling fit and well now and am driving our car again which I have

not touched for two years.

My whole heart and soul is stirred to its depths, and I am filled with a great awe and wonder at the love and long-suffering of God for sinful man. I can never again doubt any of God's promises. May He unfold each one of them to me. "Lord, I believe."

During the Branham campaign, God gave me the joy of seeing my two brothers, their wives and children being received into the family of God after years of prayer for them. Hallelujah! Praise God for salvation. Praise God for healing.

A. D. C. J.

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Catholic Receives Deliverance from Diabetes and Stiffness in Legs

I want to thank the Lord because He has healed me from my ailments. While attending one of your meetings I sat and listened because I wanted to receive everything that God had for me. I am not a Protestant. I was raised as a Catholic. But you assured us that we were healed by faith and I believed God.

I suffered from stiffness in my knees and legs and for five years I have been taking insulin for diabetes. I first received indications that God was hearing my prayer and honoring my faith when the congregation stood to sing the song, "Standing on the Promises of God." I, too, stood up but felt dizzy and dropped my glasses. It seems, as I look back now, that I had been in a coma much of the time during the service because of the way I felt and I do not remember anything that happened. But as I got up to go home after the service I noticed that all the stiffness in the legs and knees was gone. I did not need the cane any longer. I went home so thrilled that I had forgotten all about my diabetes.

The next morning I made a test and found out that there was no sugar. There was no need to take insulin. I made the same test several times throughout the day without any trace of sugar. The following day I went to the doctor and he told me that he had also heard of other reports, but that I should watch and continue making the tests for diabetes. Praise be to God, there is no trace of diabetes in my body and the stiffness in my knees which I suffered with for many years has gone. Thanks be to God, He has heard my prayer.

Mrs. B.

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Free from Heart Trouble

To God be all the glory for healing me of heart trouble. I felt the touch of God's healing hand as our dear Brother Branham asked me to stand to my feet as the angel pointed me out to him. Whereas before my arms and legs and whole body felt bound, I now feel free.

L. E. H.

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Healed from Female Trouble

I was healed in Durban on the 22nd of November, 1951. I had been sick for one year. I had been to many doctors and even stayed in a hospital for many days but it brought no improvement in my condition. By the help of our Lord Jesus, I was healed. Brother Branham asked me if I knew him. I said, "No," and he said he did not know me. He said, "God knows you." Then Brother Branham said to the people that he would like to speak to me without a mike. Every word Brother Branham spoke to me was the truth. He did it with the help of God. I got the assurance I had been healed when I stepped out on the platform. The healing was instantaneous. I was suffering from female disorders. The effect of my healing has led me to a true Christian life.

S. C.

* * *

Healed from Cancer

"Greetings in the Name of our Lord Jesus. To God be the glory, great things He hath done."

It is with great joy that I write my testimony of my healing of cancer, I received my healing in the Durban City Hall, on the 21st of November, 1951.



I have had womb trouble for the past four years and have been treated by doctors and hospitals. For the past two years I have been very ill, and have had four operations and three violent hemorrhages, plus a number of mild hemorrhages.

About seven months ago I was advised by the doctor to undergo another operation to remove the cancer. It is one year exactly since I felt suspicious that I had cancer and upon asking two different doctors at two different times, was told that that was what they were afraid of.

I got the assurance of my healing the same night when Brother Branham rebuked the demon of cancer from out of me. I felt my abdomen moving up to my chest twice, and the third time I felt some wind come right out of my mouth. Then I could breathe freely again. Brother Branham told me that I was suffering from cancer, that I had had operations, and that I was a suffering mother. Everything that he said to me was true. I felt a great supernatural power about me, and seemed to be in a semi-trance. My friends and relatives afterwards told or reminded me about some of the things I did not hear. Brother Branham also said that I would be sick for seventy-two hours. That night when I went to bed, I hemorrhaged. After seventy-two hours, I stopped and have been well up to this present minute. I used to get terrible pains in my womb, back and from my spine up to my head. The head attacks were migraine, and I had to have a pair of spectacles made which I had worn for the last ten months. But I removed them after I left the city hall stage, and have not had any more of those maddening, cruel attacks. Amen! I am a new creature.

I went to interview my doctor a week ago, and he said that I had been a very sick woman a few months back and there has been a great and definite change ever since then. He was very glad for the change. My friends have all noticed a

great change in my appearance. My family is rejoicing in the Lord. My neighbors are greatly impressed and are eagerly awaiting Pastor Branham's return.

Thank God for the greatest revival meetings Durban has ever known.

F. H. G.

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Spinal Trouble Gone

I want to praise God for His wonderful works. Last night in my room I received healing for my back. I have been troubled for a long time with spinal trouble, ever since my baby's birth. I now praise God that last night I felt the power of God up and down my spine and since then I have not had a speck of pain. I praise and thank God for it.

W. M.

* * *

Delivered from Ulcers and an Evil Spirit

I received my healing at the Greyville Racecourse, Durban, on the 22nd of November, 1951. I was sick for the last two years. I had been to the doctor and for the last five weeks I was in the hospital. I got the assurance that I was healed as soon as Brother Branham touched me and blessed me in the name

of our Lord Jesus Christ. Brother Branham told me that I had ulcers and an evil spirit which used to trouble me at night. He told me to go home and eat anything I wished. The healing was instantaneous.

It was some time ago when suddenly I found that I couldn't eat anything at all, and when trying to force myself to eat, I got a sharp pain in the chest and began to vomit. I lost twenty-five pounds in weight during the first two weeks and another twenty-three pounds. I was unable to balance on my legs and if I had to take milk, I used to vomit.

All my friends and parents said that the Lord Jesus Christ really answered my prayers and healed me and gave me a new life because of my faith in Him. They did not expect me to live when seeing how seriously ill I was in the hospital. I

was healed in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ and there is nothing wrong with me. My pain and vomiting is all gone. Seeing strange things in the night such as evil things are all vanished. I thank the Lord Jesus Christ for healing me and giving me a new life.

B. R.

* * *

Now He Can Read

Last Thursday night I came to the meeting held in the Racecourse at Durban. I needed healing for my eyes. After the wonderful meeting when Brother Branham prayed for us all, I did not feel a bit healed, but was convinced I should step out on faith and trust the Lord to heal me.

On Friday night I went to the City Hall meeting but came home feeling very low. Sunday I bought a souvenir picture of Brother Branham and while waiting for the meeting to start, I turned to look at the description inside the sheet. I still had no glasses on. To my amazement and great joy, I found I was able to read the print clearly. I read on and on, and when I came to the replica of the letter written verifying the authenticity of the negative, I found myself even able to read that very fine print. For sheer joy I did not want to stop reading.

J. M.

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Nervous Stomach for Twenty-one Years

I have been suffering for twenty-one years and lately my nerves gave in. My stomach got so weak and bad that I could not eat. On November 24th, in the Durban City Hall Brother Branham prayed for me and immediately I began to improve. I went home and found out that I could eat anything without it coming up on me. I am now perfectly well.

S. R.

* * *

Bad Heart for 27 Years

I received my healing in Durban, the 23rd of Nov., 1951. For twenty-seven

years I had a very bad heart. It was getting worse all the time and finally my doctor said that there was nothing more that he could do for me. I could not bend. I was so sick that as I sat and listened to the ministry of William Branham I wanted to die.

Brother Branham picked out some in their seats and talked to them. Finally he turned to me, the lady in the black and white dress, and said that the angel was above me. "You have suffered because of a heart condition but you are now healed," Brother Branham said. I could feel the change come over me. I rose to my feet and praised the Lord. I am thankful for the healing which the Lord has given me.

H. B.

* * *

Insulin No Longer Needed

I wish to praise the Lord that I received my healing during the meeting conducted in Durban. For the last three years I have been suffering with diabetes and have been taking forty-five units per day. I accepted my healing by faith, when Brother Branham pointed me out and said, "Sister, do you believe that I am a prophet of God? Go home and be healed." Since that time I have not needed to take insulin and have consulted my doctor and he, too, could not find any trace of sugar. I praise God for what He has done for me.

L. L.

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Doctor Reports Heart Normal

I have the pleasure of informing you that I have fully recovered from the severe heart trouble I had. A month after you prayed for me I went to my doctor. He was surprised at my long absence from medical treatment. In reply I told him that through the mercy of almighty God I am feeling very much better.

After examining me, the doctor said to me that I was not only better, but completely well. Hallelujah!

R. S.

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Deaf Ear Becomes Normal

I want to testify that my left ear was deaf for six years until I was healed in Pretoria. When Brother Bosworth said that people with one totally deaf and one good ear should come forward, I was the third person to stand. After prayer Brother Bosworth spoke in my left ear and counted from one to ten. He asked me whether or not I could hear. I said, "Yes." Then he counted up to five and asked me to repeat the numbers. This I did. All the time I had to close the good ear the best I could. I was very happy. When I got home I went to the telephone and phoned my brother-in-law and sister to tell them that I could now hear. I listened with the ear that had been deaf.

M. J. S. deB.

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Pains in the Right Side

It was a blessing to my soul to have been able to attend the healing campaign in Pretoria at Lady Selbourne on the 2nd of Dec., 1951.

I have suffered from a pain on my right side since December, 1947. I have been to doctors, but found short reliefs. Last year in May I was X-rayed, but there was no satisfactory diagnosis.

On the 2nd of December, 1951, in the afternoon when you prayed for the sick, I felt a terrible pain on my side. I put my hand on the pain when you prayed. Thank God ever since then I have not felt that pain on my side again. Praise God. I have been able to go through my daily routine with ease. Indeed, Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever. Hallelujah.

I took my daughter, aged 12 years, with me. She suffered from jerks after strenuous exercise, but thank God, since our return she goes through the exercises with ease and sleeps soundly. How we wish you would come again soon.

W. G.

Leakage of the Heart, Nose Bleeds and Pain in Back

I was suffering with leakage of the heart, nose bleeds which often were very

difficult to stop and a bad pain in my back. I believe that I was healed when Brother Branham prayed for all the people at the close of the service on Saturday evening. Sunday evening Brother Branham spoke to me and told me that I had leakage of the heart and suffered from bad nose bleeds. He told me that I was a member of a Presbyterian church. All that he told me was the truth. Since the meetings I have never had a nose bleed nor any pain in my back. Praise God. It has had a great effect upon my mother, too.

M. C.

* * *

Poor Eyes Become Perfect



Over three years ago my one daughter died on her wedding day. Thank God, she was saved. The shock so affected my eyesight that I could not read one single word, not even in the sunlight, nor could I write a letter. That never-to-be-forgotten Sunday evening in Johannesburg when I saw the sick healed in their seats, I decided this was my opportunity. I said, "Lord, now is the time. I take healing on Thy Word." I went to sleep that night believing that something was going to happen.

While I was sleeping I felt something like a shock go through both my eyes and I woke up with a shout of praise and victory. The next morning I could read without glasses. I have never had them on again and am doing all my reading, writing and sewing and my eyes are continually growing stronger. I give God all the glory.

J. R. G.

* * *

Nothing Is Too Hard for God



It is just two weeks ago that the Branham party left our country but the blessings resulting from the meetings are accumulating daily, and we cannot thank our Lord Jesus enough for sending the Branham party over to South Africa. We are now looking for a return visit of the party.

Never before has the Union of South Africa been shaken to such an extent by religion. There is a new awakening to the reality of God's religion.

In our family we are still daily giving thanks to God that He sent Brother Branham to S. A. because if He had not, I am sure my father would not be living today. On the 24th of August, 1951, my father suddenly took seriously ill and relapsed into an unconscious state of mind until Sunday. During these three days two local doctors failed to diagnose my father's sudden illness. A specialist was called in and he said that the gall pipes had burst and an emergency operation was necessary that same night. His life hung on a bare thread the next four days as his system was very weak.

The crisis finally passed and in the second week of September my father was allowed to come home. For a week he progressed very nicely. We were so happy, and then disaster struck. Very suddenly he was taken ill again. He was rushed to the hospital and due to the serious state that he was in the doctors decided not to operate until Tuesday.

Again his life was in peril. Within a week he had two operations and the doctor told my mother that he would only live just a few days. Yet we did not despair. We kept on praying. The clouds were dark and there seemed to be no hope. We prayed earnestly to God that He would give Reverend Branham a vision so that he could pray for my father and he would be healed.

On Monday evening, the 8th of October, the doctor said that the end had

come. Yet we took him to the Maranatha Park. The following evening we took him again. When the ambulance men carried him in the Tabernacle he was suffering from acute peritonitis. He was carried in a dying man.

Throughout the meeting God's children were praying for him, for he was a well-known pastor. We felt that he would receive his healing that night "Only believe, all things are possible, only believe."

During the service Brother Branham turned to the audience, his eyes falling on my father. He said, "You have had one operation, two operations, no, three operations." Hallelujah. We had prayed for Brother Branham to speak to my father and God had answered our prayer. Brother Branham prayed for my father and told him to stand up. He did, the first time in five weeks. With tears streaming down his face he was praising God. That night God manifested His power in wonderful signs and many received their healing.

After the service my father walked back to the ambulance unaided. Praise be to God, The next day he felt much better and had no injections for pain. The day before he had twenty injections to kill the pain. The following Saturday he came home from the hospital and he has been progressing daily.

V. R.

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"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord..."

Psalm 92:1

Yes, dear reader, it is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord. The Lord loveth to be praised. These testimonies that you have read, represent only a small fraction of the thousands who were healed during the South African campaign. As you have read about what Christ has done for others, may you too, believe God for your own particular need. And remember, you have a right as a child of God, to claim the healing which is yours by virtue of the Atonement. We are always glad to receive your testimonies and maybe it will inspire others to believe God also.

In Acts 19:11-12 we read: "And God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: So that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the diseases departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them."

Those of you desiring a cloth prayed over by Rev. William Branham, in accord with the above Scripture, may obtain one by writing to: Rev. William Branham

Box 325, Jeffersonville, Indiana, U.S.A.